

No. 7

SEPTEMBER, 1937

Detective COMICS

10¢



DETECTIVE COMICS

MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON

Editor and Publisher

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

F. WHITNEY ELLSWORTH

Associate Editors

Hello, Fans:

Here's another issue of DETECTIVE COMICS, the magazine that gives you the kind of fast-action cartoons you really go for!

SLAM BRADLEY runs into some real trouble as an Atlantic City life-guard.....

SPEED SAUNDERS gets away from his regular job on the River Patrol long enough to get mixed up in a murder mystery at a big-time rodeo.

GUMSHOE GUS, that hare-brained sleuth, is on hand with some more of his goofy detecting.

COSMO, BUCK MARSHALL, LARRY STEELE, and the BOYS OF THE RED DRAGON and SPY are with us again too, with their usual full quota of thrills and adventure.

We know you'll like 'em.

Yours,

THE EDITORS

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VOL. I No. 7

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SLAM

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

BRADLEY

BOY! I DIDN'T
KNOW THIS LIFE-
SAVING RACKET
WAS SO MUCH
FUN!

POW

SIGHTING A MAN FALL OFF A PIER
INTO THE WATER, SLAM DIVES TO THE
RESCUE! MEETING HALF-CRAZED
RESISTANCE FROM THE DROWNING
MAN, BRADLEY LULLS HIM INTO
PASSIVITY WITH A STIFF SOCK
IN THE KISSER!

LATER... WHEN SLAM DEPOSITS HIS BURDEN UPON THE PIER...

HOW CAN I THANK YOU? YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE!

FORGET IT! -- THE NOVELTY OF HAVING SOMEONE THANK ME FOR KNOCKING HIM OUT IS REWARD ENOUGH

AT THAT MOMENT SHORTY RACES UP

SO HERE Y'ARE! I'VE BEEN LOOKIN HIGH AN' LOW--MOSTLY LOW--FER YOU! YA GOT A TELEGRAM!

TELEGRAMS MEAN TROUBLE BUT THAT'S WHAT I THRIVE ON-- LETS SEE IT!



POSTAL UNION

3MC-80-9
OCEANSIDE HOTEL, ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.
SLAM BRADLEY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
TAKE A PLANE TO ATLANTIC CITY
AT ONCE EVEN IF YOU HAVE TO FLY
IT YOURSELF STOP NEED YOU BADLY
GEORGE GRAYSON,
MANAGER

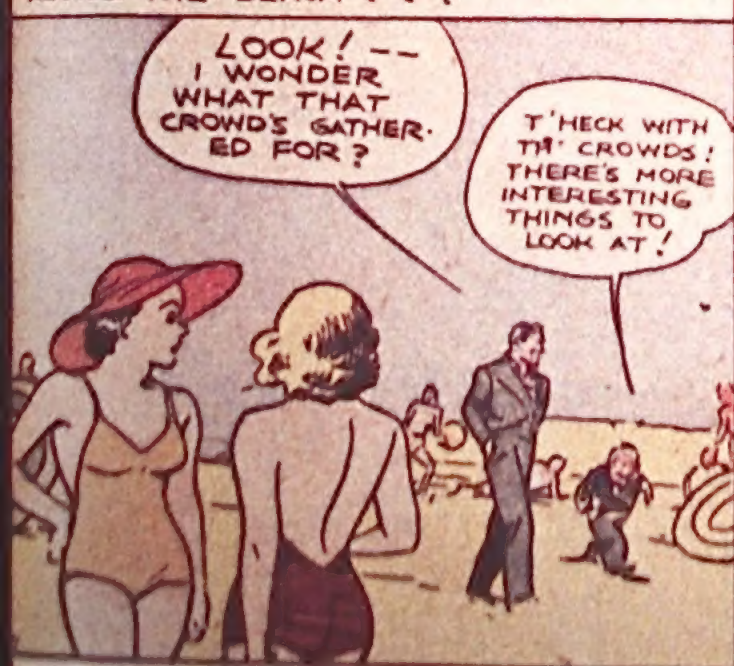
HOURS LATER -- A PASSENGER PLANE SWOOPS DOWN TOWARD THE ATLANTIC CITY AIRPORT WITH SLAM AND SHORTY ABOARD, BRINGING OUR FRIENDS TO THE THRESHOLD OF A NEW AND UNKNOWN ADVENTURE!



NO SOONER DOES THE PLANE LAND, THAN SLAM SIGNALS A TAXI AND IN A MATTER OF MINUTES HE AND SHORTY REACH THE OCEAN-SIDE HOTEL



SLAM AND SHORTY MAKE THEIR WAY ALONG THE BEACH . . .



SLAM FORCES HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD --



SHORTLY LATER WHEN SLAM RETURNS.

HERE, PUT ON THIS BATHING-SUIT. FROM NOW ON YOU AND I ARE LIFE-GUARDS-- AT LEAST, UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

HOT DOG! A DISGUISE! BOY, SLAM, YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING!



AFTER SHORTY DONS HIS BATHING-SUIT

WELL, HOW DO I LOOK?

LIKE THE ANSWER TO A MAIDEN'S NIGHTMARE!



BUT GWENDOLYN, DARLING, WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO THE HOTEL, PACK OUR THINGS, AND LEAVE AT ONCE! MR GRAYSON WAS THE FOURTH TO DROWN IN THE LAST WEEK AND I'M NOT GOING TO BE NUMBER FIVE IF I CAN HELP IT!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, SLAM? THREE OTHER PEOPLE DROWNED!

YES, I HEARD. IT ONLY CONFIRMS MY BELIEF THAT THERE'S SOMETHING PHONEY GOING ON HERE!



LISTEN! A CRY FOR HELP!

YOU LISTEN! I'VE NO TIME TO!

HELP!



HELP! HELP!

BE WITH YOU IN A SECOND!



THAT'S IT: RELAX
— WHY SOME
PEOPLE HAVE BEEN
KNOWN TO EVEN
ENJOY THIS!



THANK YOU --
I'M ALL RIGHT,
OH-- GUESS I'M
NOT MUCH OF
A SWIMMER--

I'LL SAY YOU AREN'T!
BUT IF IT WASN'T
FOR DIZZY DAMES
LIKE YOU, GUYS
LIKE ME WOULD
BE OUT OF A JOB



MAY I HAVE
YOUR NAME FOR
THE RECORDS?

ETHEL MANN--
EXCUSE ME. I'M
GOING TO MY
ROOM AND
REST.



A FEW MINUTES LATER, SLAM
WADES OUT OF THE WATER
AND DEPOSITS HIS LOVELY
BURDEN SAFELY ON THE SHORE,
TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF
CHEERS FROM EXCITED ONLOOKERS



LATER THAT NIGHT --

PS-ST, SLAM!
WE'RE BEIN'
FOLLOWED

YEAH? THEN
HERE'S WHERE
WE HAVE
SOME FUN!



QUICKLY SHORTY AND SLAM DART BEHIND SOME BUSHES. WHEN THEIR STALKER COMES ABREAST OF THE SHRUBBERY SLAM'S STRONG ARM REACHES OUT AND YANKS HIM IN!



M-MISS MANN T-TOld ME TO DELIVER THIS NOTE TO YOU!

IT'S JUST A BELL-BOY--SON, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW CLOSE YOU CAME TO INVESTING IN A PAIR OF FALSE TEETH

22



Please come to Room 1123 at once! I've something important to tell you!
Ethel Mann

LEAVING SHORTY, SLAM WASTES NO TIME IN REACHING ROOM 1123 . . .

I LIED TO YOU. I'M REALLY AN EXCELLENT SWIMMER!

I THOUGHT YOU HAD SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL ME!



DO YOU CONSIDER THIS IMPORTANT? I DIDN'T GET THE "CRAMPS"! I WAS BEING PULLED UNDERWATER BY A PAIR OF ARMS--AND THEY WEREN'T FLESH AND BLOOD EITHER!

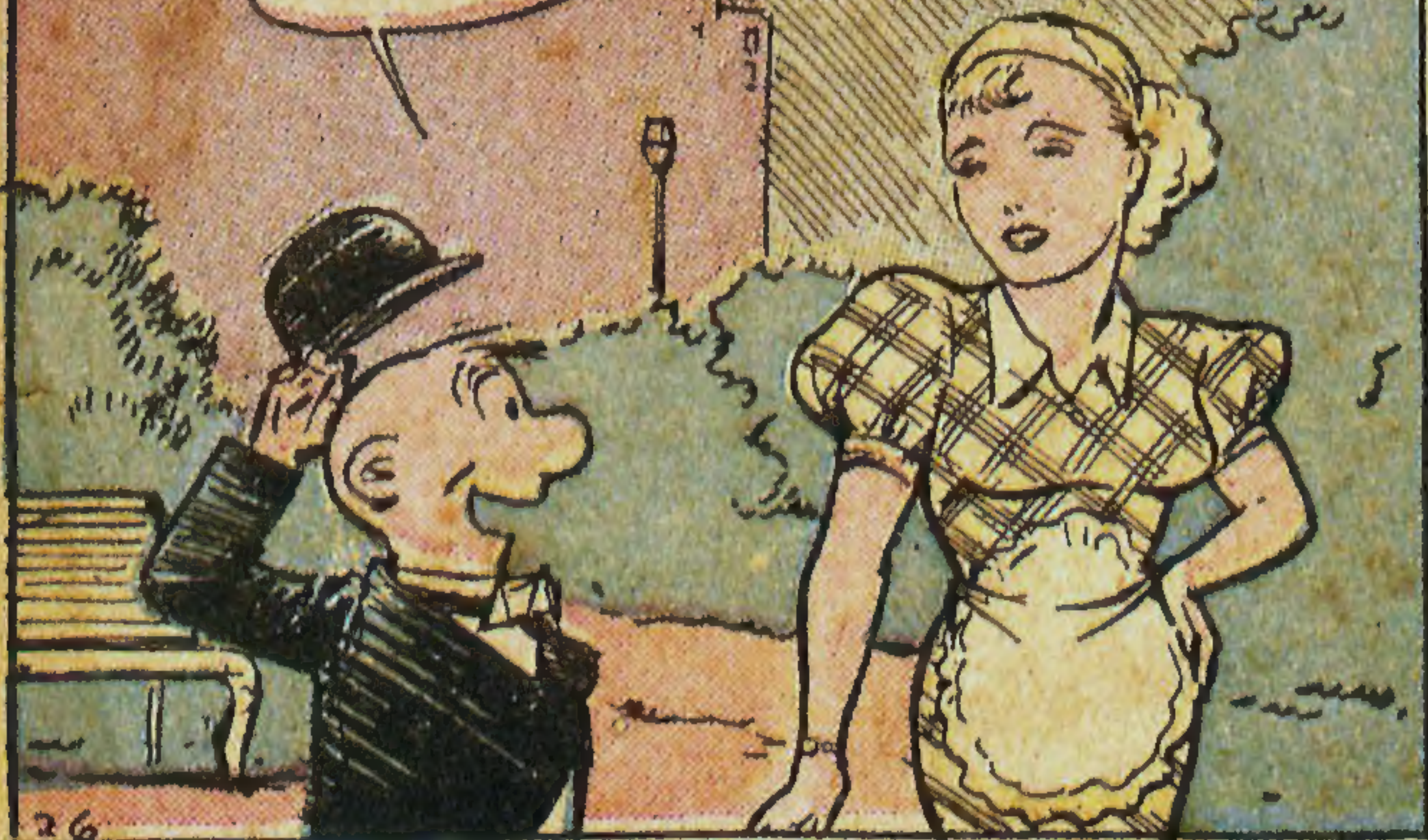
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THIS SOONER



MEANWHILE --

HELLO,
BEAUTIFUL!
GOING MY
WAY?

UH-HUH!
-- ARE YOU
GOING MINE?



26

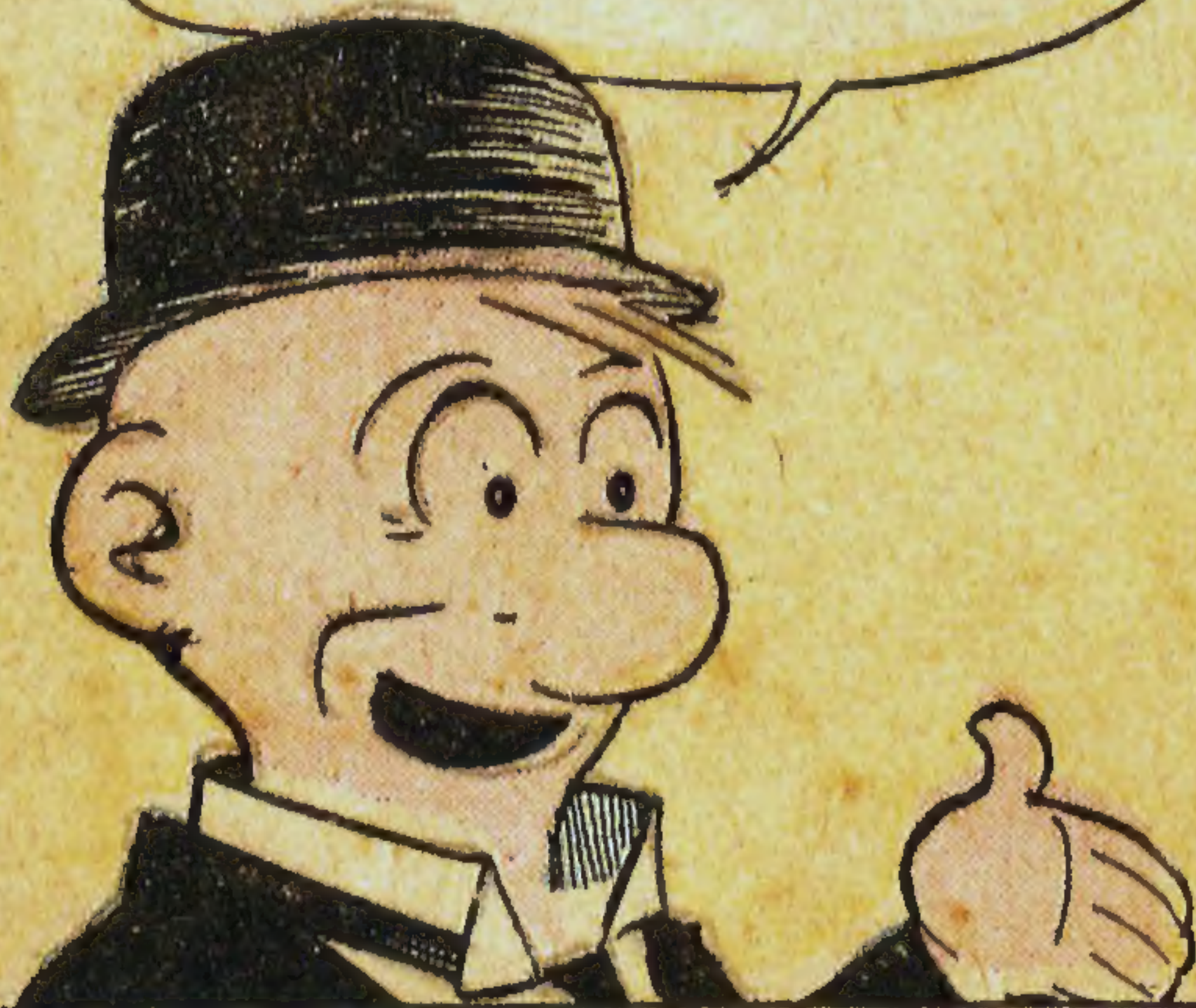
OUI! OUI!
-- THAT'S
FRENCH FOR
"AND HOW!"
-- I'M SHORTY
MORGAN. WHO
ARE YOU?

JUST CALL ME SELMA.
I'M EMPLOYED AT
THE HOTEL AS A
MAID. AND YOU?



27

I'LL TELL YA A SECRET
BUT SEE THAT IT GETS NO
FURTHER! I'M A FAMOUS
DETECTIVE AN' I'M DOWN
HERE TO SOLVE A COUPLE
MYSTERIOUS MURDERS!



28

UNDOUBTEDLY SHORTY WOULD NOT HAVE
SPOKEN SO GLIBLY HAD HE BEEN AWARE
OF THE MONSTROUS, FORMLESS SHADOW
LISTENING INTENTLY TO HIS EVERY WORD!



29

THE COURSE
OF SHORTY'S
STROLL TAKES
HIM ALONG
THE BEACH

SUDDENLY
THE WEIRD
FIGURE THAT
HAD OVERHEARD
HIS SPEECH
LEAPS UPON
SHORTY AND
COMMENCES
TO DRAG HIM
TOWARD THE
WAVES //

HELP!
HELP! SELMA!
RUN FOR
HELP!



30

SLAM HASTILY DEPARTS FROM ETHEL--

WOW! I CAN JUST
PICTURE SHORTY'S
HAIR STANDING ON
END WHEN I PASS
ON TO HIM WHAT
YOU'VE JUST
TOLD ME!

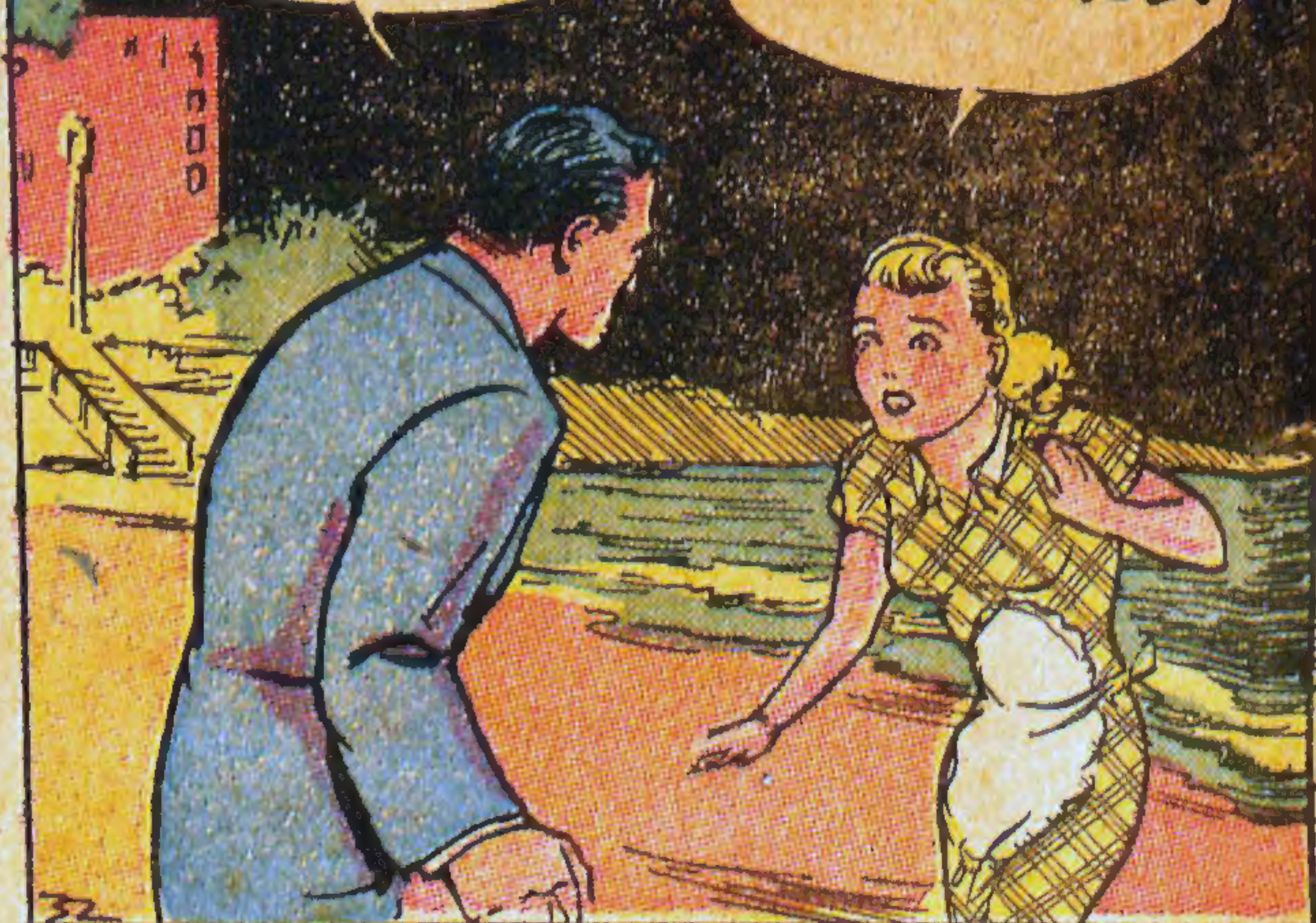


31

-- AND COLLIDES INTO SELMA WHEN HE
REACHES THE BEACH!

WHAT'S TH'
HURRY?

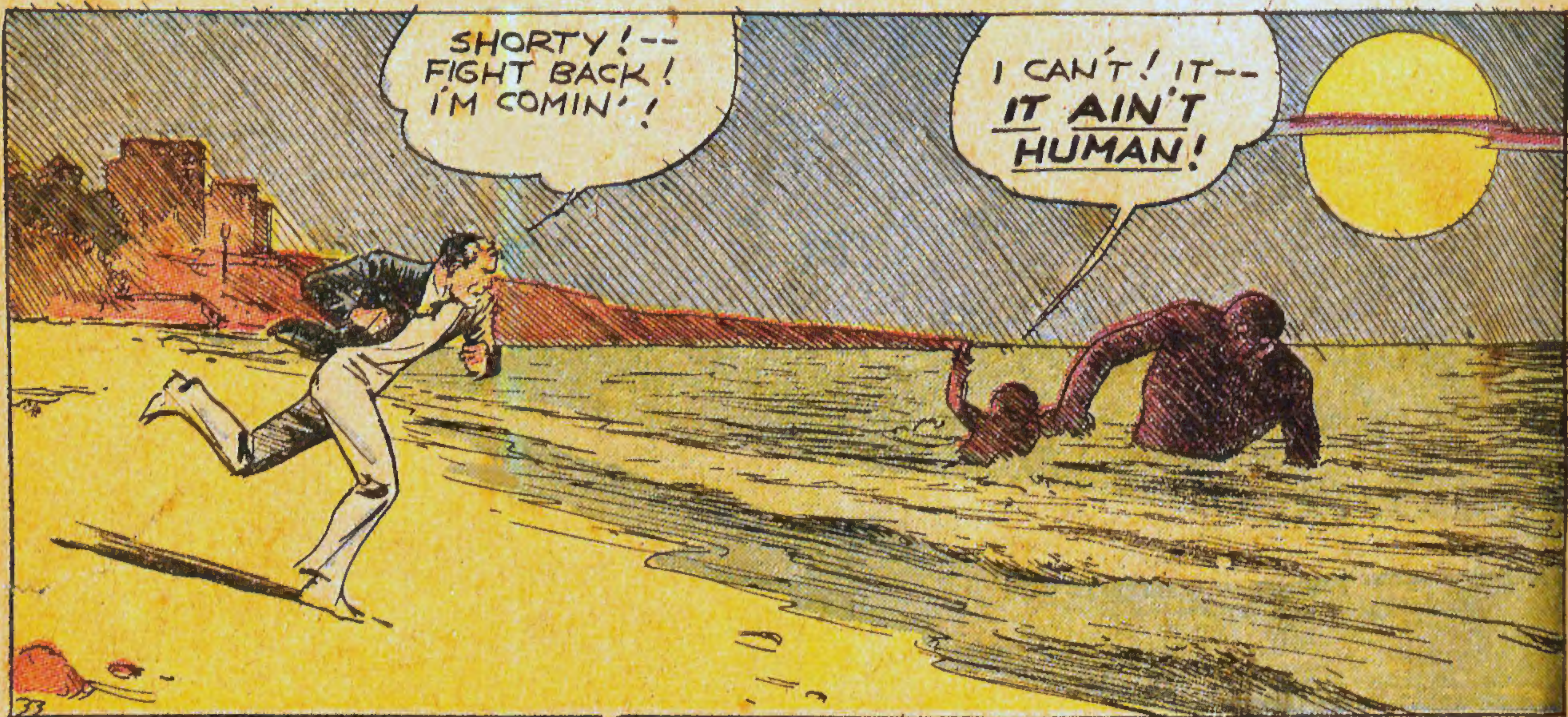
QUICK! -- TO
THE SHORE! --
A MAN IS BEING
MURDERED!



32

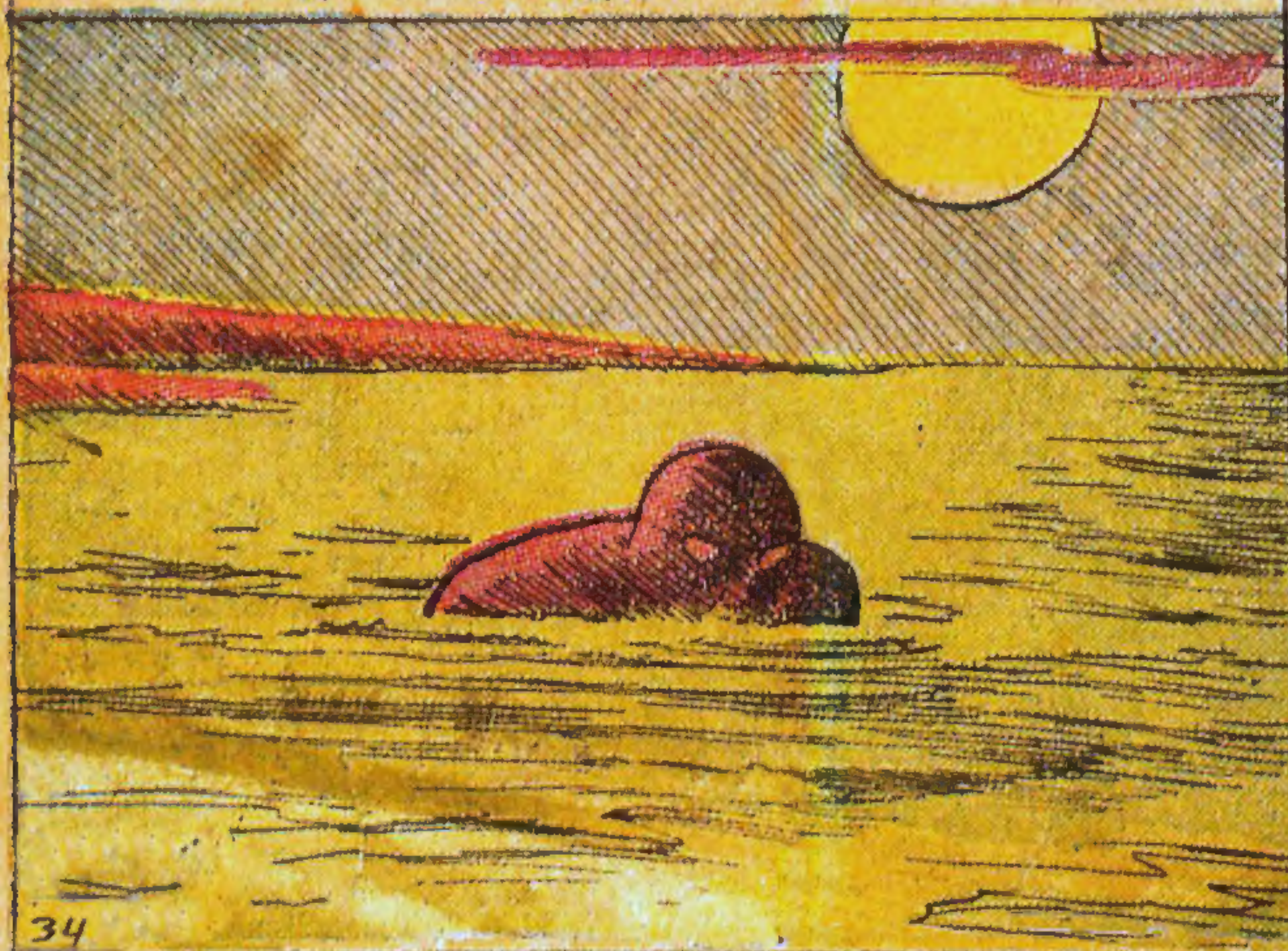
SHORTY! --
FIGHT BACK!
I'M COMIN'!

I CAN'T! IT --
**IT AIN'T
HUMAN!**



33

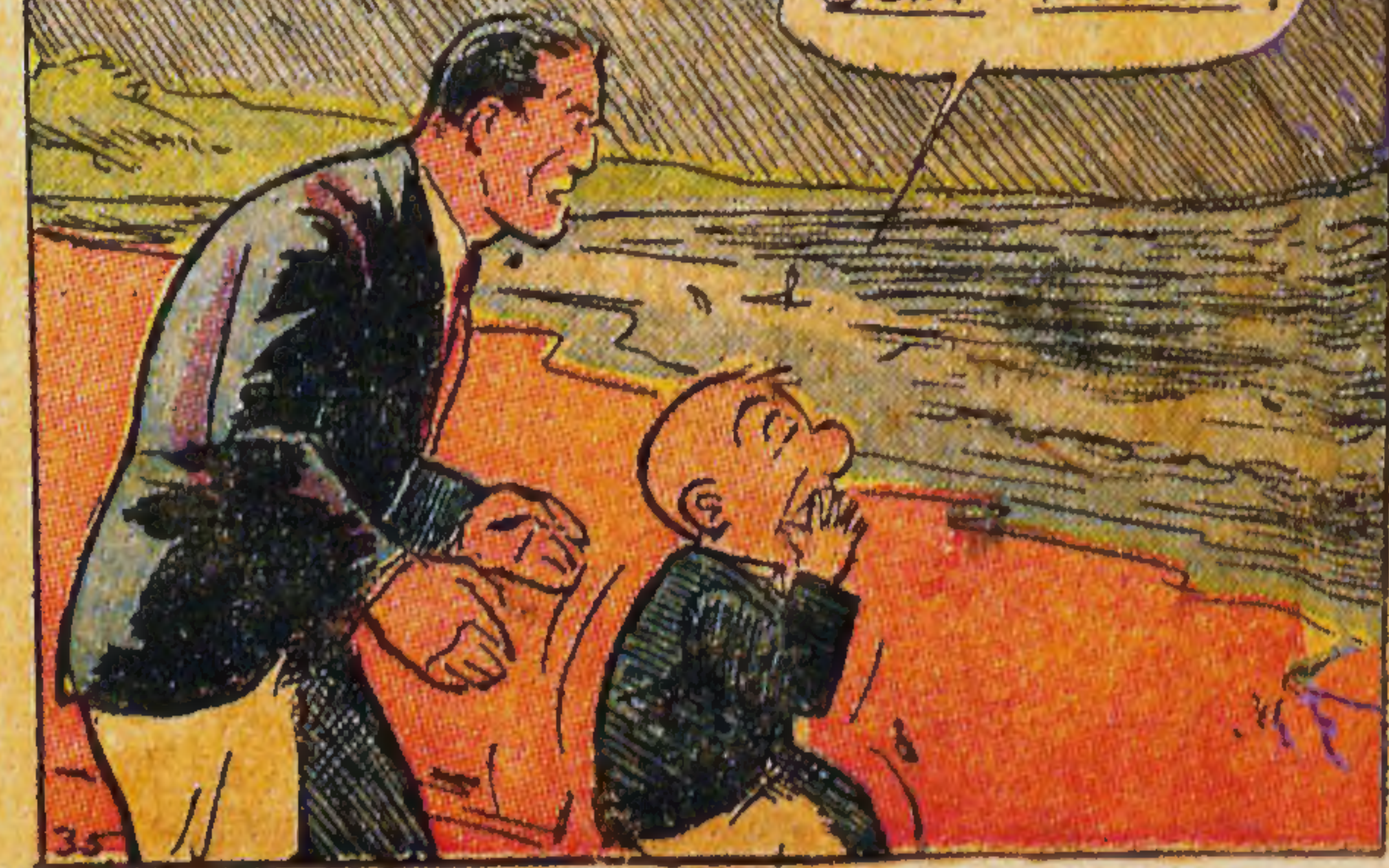
AS SLAM APPROACHES, THE BULKY
FIGURE RELEASES ITS GRIP UPON SHORTY
AND WADES BENEATH THE SURFACE
OF THE SEA . . .



34

GOOD LORD!
IT WALKED INTO
THE WATER AND
DISAPPEARED!

I CAN STILL FEEL
ITS SLIPPERY PAWS
ON MY THROAT!
-- SLAM! GET
READY TO CATCH
ME -- I THINK I'M
GOIN' T'FAINT!



35

ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE, HOTEL
DETECTIVES RACE TO THE SCENE

WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?
-- WHO ARE
YOU, ANYWAY?

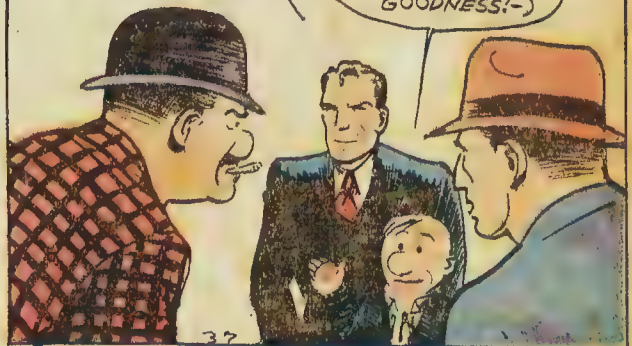
DETECTIVES, DOWN
HERE ON A CASE,
AND HERE'S OUR
CREDENTIALS TO
PROVE IT!



36

YOU'VE HAD SOME
APPARENT DROWN-
INGS THAT WERE
IN REALITY
MURDERS!

YEAH, AN' WE
JUST HAD A CLASH
WITH TH' THING THAT
DID TH' KILLINGS.
I ALMOST CAPTURED
IT BUT IT GOT
AWAY (-THANK
GOODNESS!-)



37

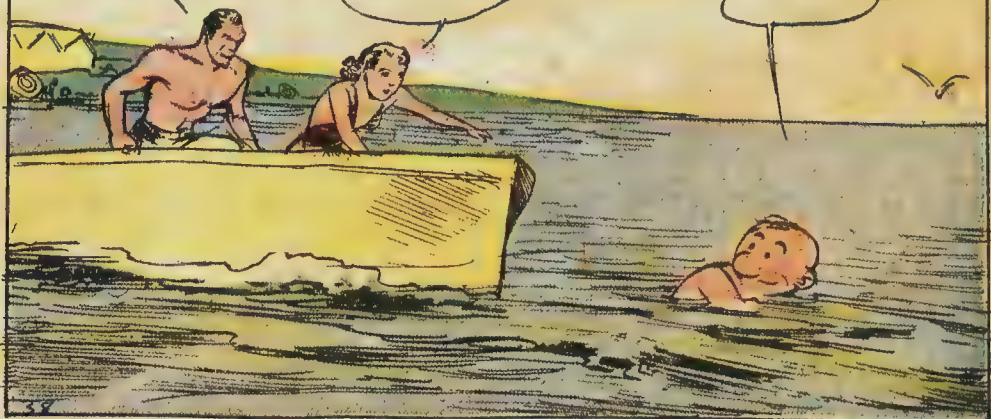
NEXT MORNING
SLAM, SHORTY,
AND ETHEL
MANN,
MOTORBOAT
OUT TO
THE SPOT
WHERE SHE
HAD BEEN
SEIZED.

38

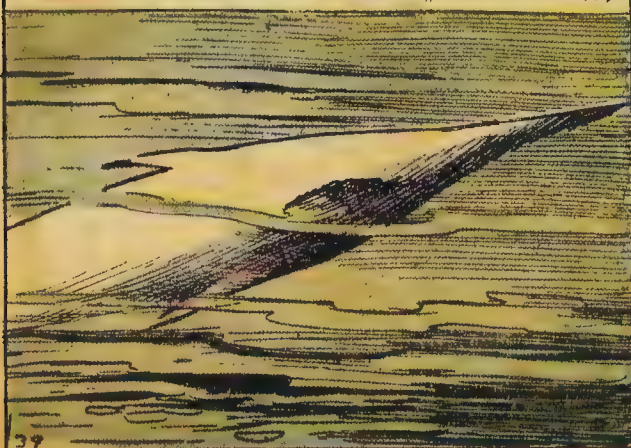
ARE YOU
POSITIVE THIS
IS THE EXACT
PLACE?

WELL --
ALMOST
POSITIVE.

I HOPE YER HUNCH
THAT WE'LL STUMBLE
ACROSS SOMETHING
HERE COMES TRUE,
SLAM!



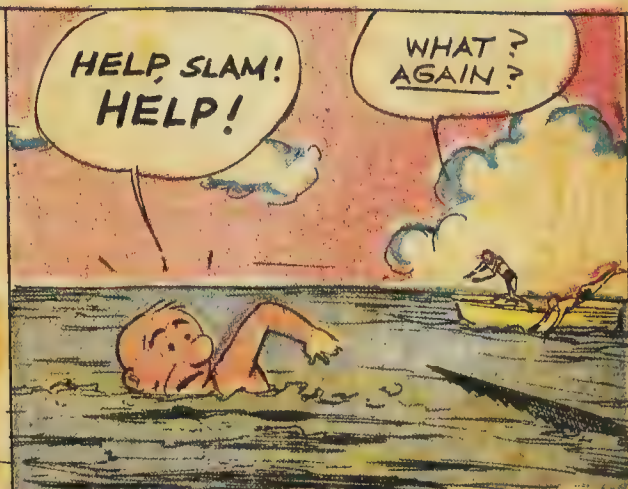
IT LOOKS AS THO SHORTY'S WISH WILL
MATERIALIZE! BEARING DOWN FULL-SPEED
TOWARD HIM IS A GIANT SWORD-FISH, WHICH
BY SOME FREAK HAS SWUM ALL THE WAY
FROM THE GULF-STREAM TO ATLANTIC CITY



39

HELP, SLAM!
HELP!

WHAT?
AGAIN?

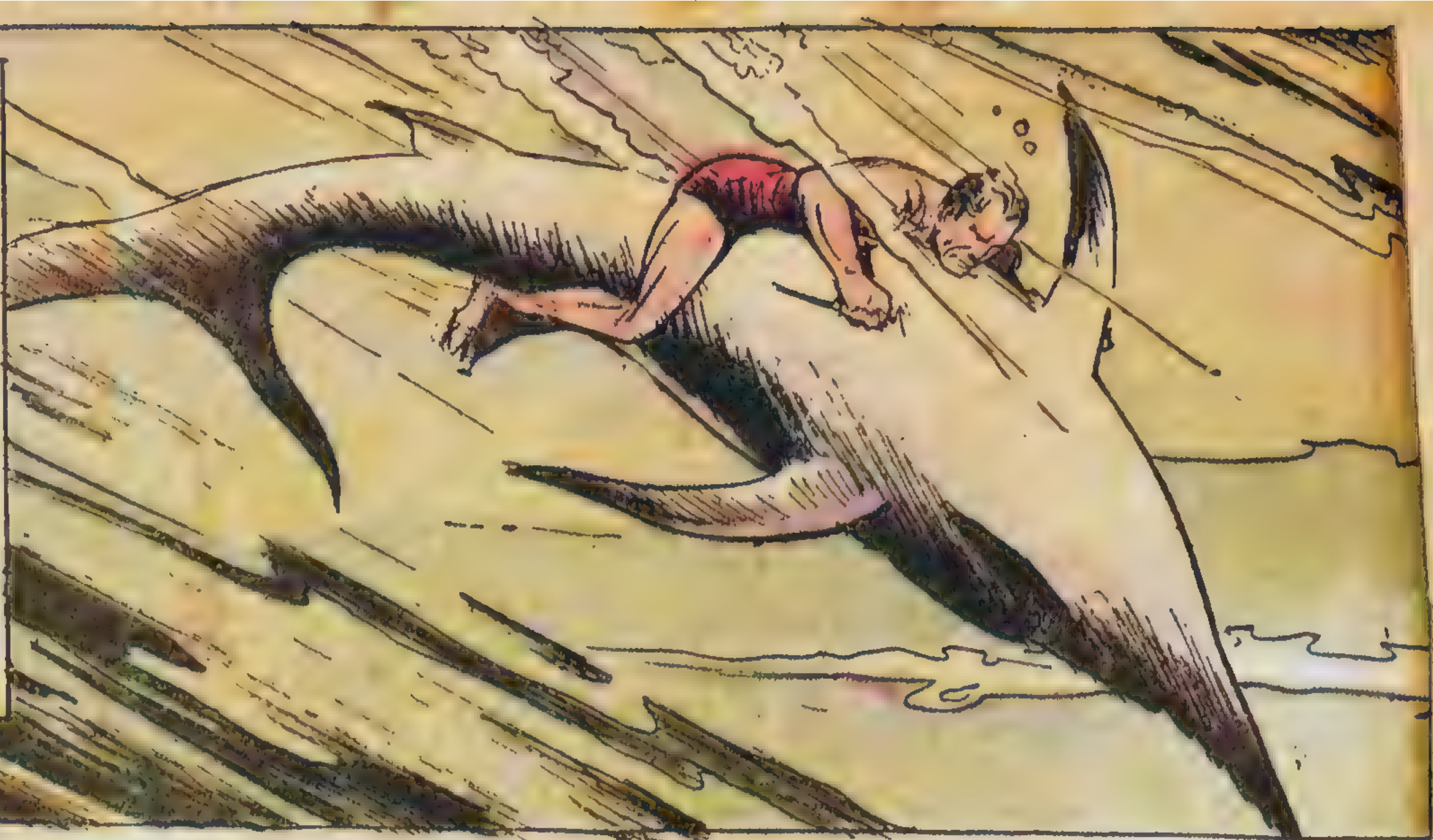


BOTH ETHEL AND SLAM SIMULTANEOUSLY
DIVE TO SHORTY'S ASSISTANCE!

40

AS THE
SWORDFISH
SLIPS BY,
SLAM SEIZES
HOLD, AND WRAPS
HIS LEGS
FIRMLY
AROUND IT,
RIDING IT
COWBOY
FASHION!

41



SLAM RISES SWIFTLY TO THE WATER'S SURFACE
— JUST IN TIME TO SEE ETHEL SNATCHED
BENEATH THE WAVES BY A PAIR OF SHAPE-
LESS ARMS . . .

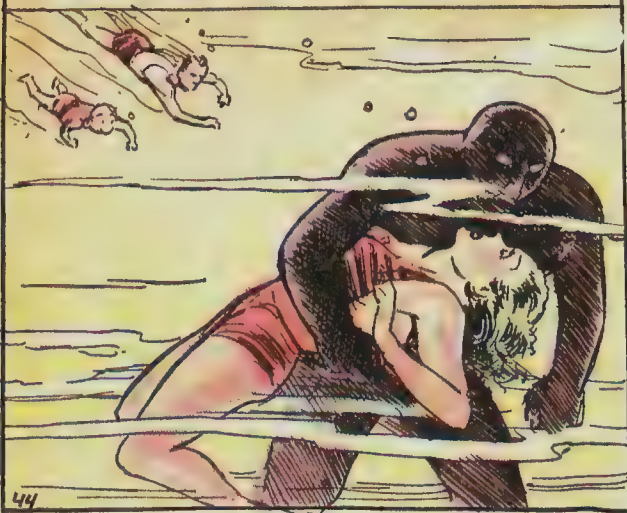
INSTANTLY, THE SWORDFISH ATTEMPTS
TO DISLODGE ITS BURDEN! WHIRLING,
SPINNING, TOSSING, IT GYRATES IN
A MAD SERIES OF FRANTIC CONVUL-
SIONS BUT SLAM HANGS GRIMLY ON,
STABBING STEADILY AT THE SEA-BEAST'S
VITAL ORGANS, UNTIL ONE LAST THRUST
INFORMS HIM HIS FOE IS DEAD!

42



43

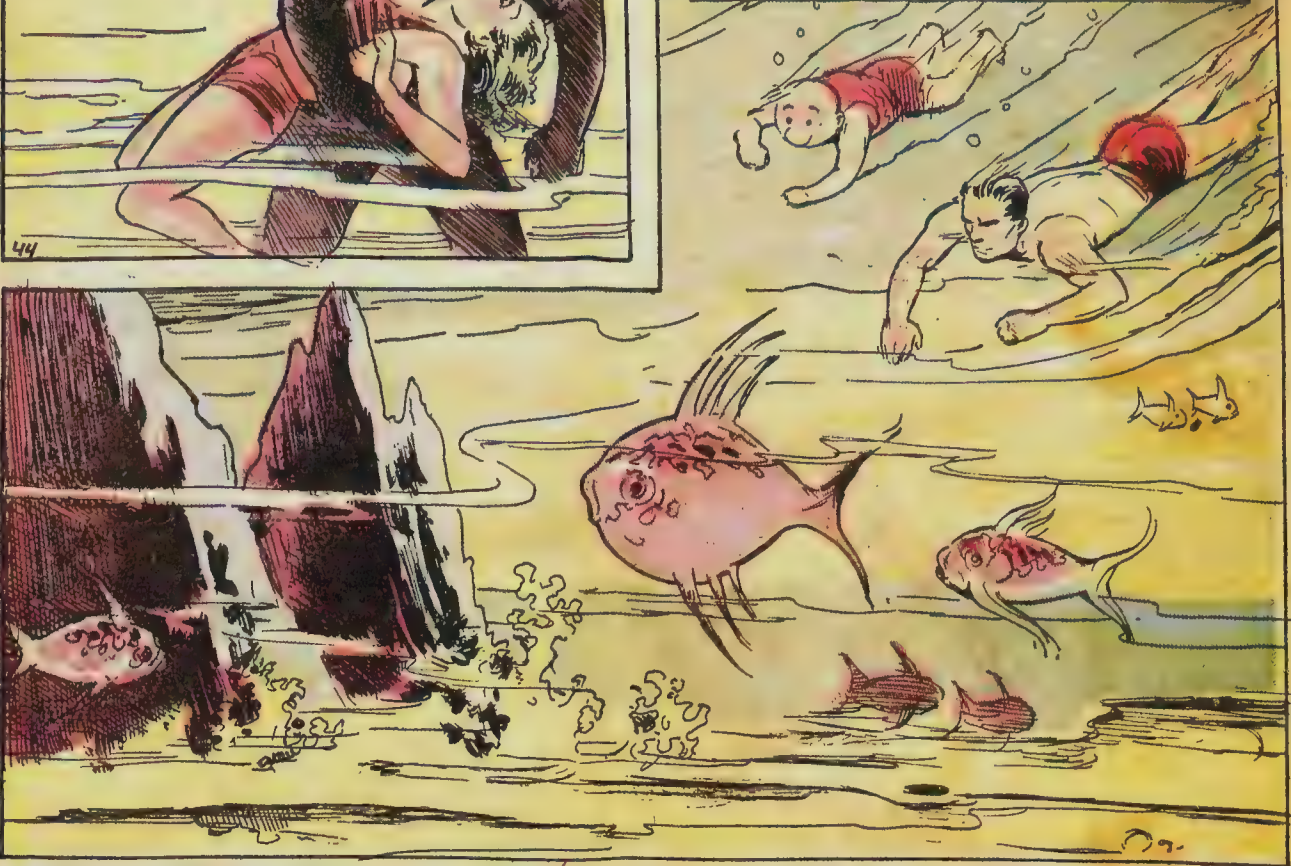
INSTANTLY SLAM AND SHORTY DIVE
IN PURSUIT OF THE TWO INDISTINCT,
STRUGGLING FIGURES!



44

AND SCARCELY DO THEY DO SO WHEN
THEY ARE CAUGHT IN THE SAVAGE
GRIP OF AN UNDERWATER CURRENT
THAT WHIRLS THEM IN ITS RELENT-
LESS, UNYIELDING GRASP THRU A
WEIRD MARINE WORLD. WITH EACH
PASSING SECOND THE STRAIN ON THEIR
LUNGS INCREASES -- AND IT SEEMS
CERTAIN THAT IT IS ONLY A MATTER
OF MOMENTS BEFORE THEY WILL
GASP FOR AIR AND MEET A
WATERY DOOM!

45



THEN ABRUPTLY
THEY BURST
INTO THE
REFRESHING
AIR OF AN
UNDERWATER
CAVERN --
BARELY IN
TIME TO SEE
ETHEL CLUTCH-
ED IN A
DEATH-GRIP
BY HER
CAPTOR

GET HIM,
SHORTY!

O.K. -- BUT
ONCE I GET 'IM,
WHAT'LL I DO
WITH HIM?

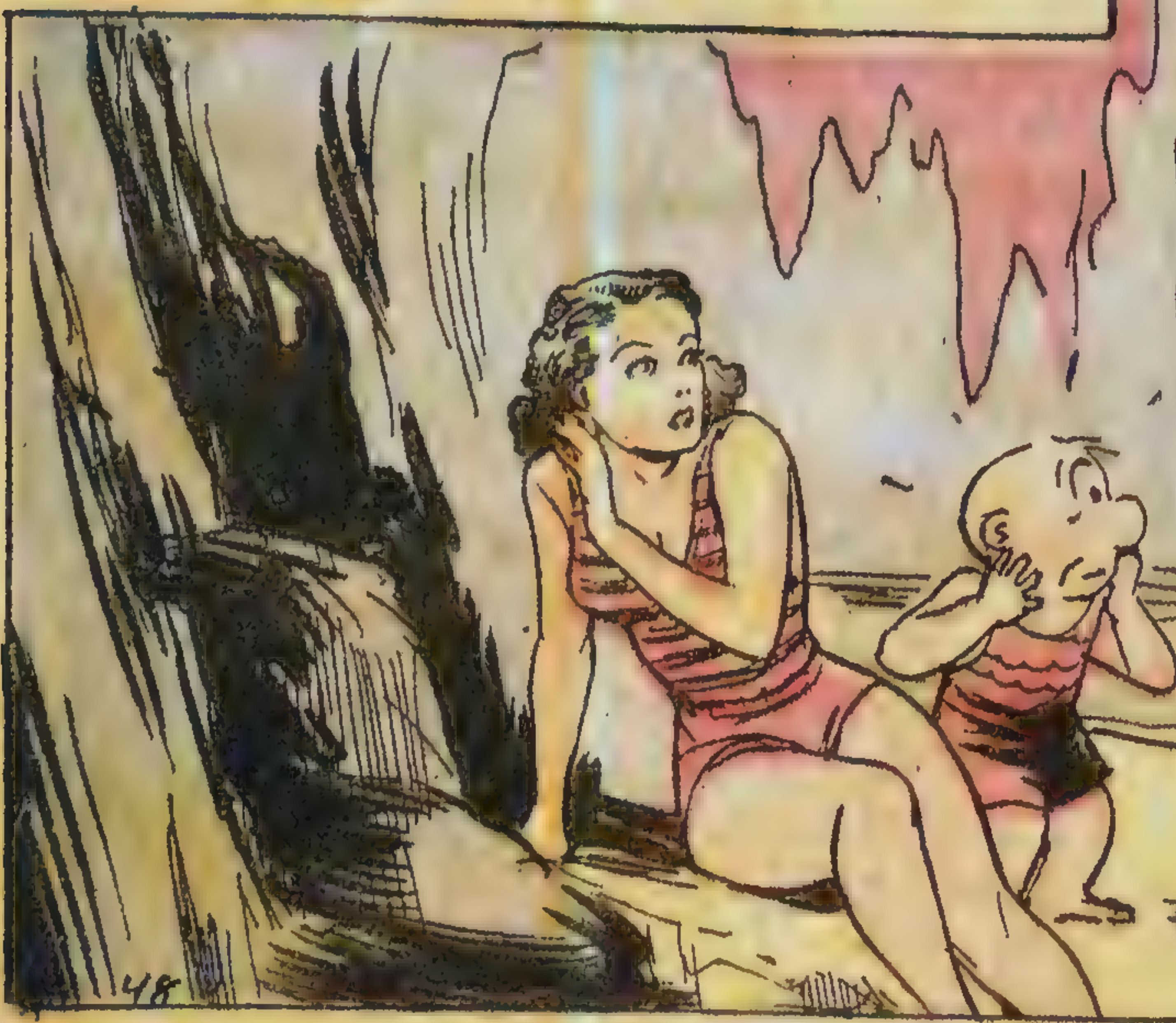


46

THE UNDERSEA KILLER SENDS SHORTY FLYING HEAD-OVER-HEELS WITH A LIGHT BLOW.



BUT ENGAGING IN BATTLE WITH SLAM BRADLEY IS AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PROPOSITION! PERCEIVING HIS OPPONENT IS CLAD IN A STRANGE DIVING-SUIT, SLAM ACCEPTS A TERRIFIC BLOW ON HIS CHIN AS THO IT WERE NON-EXISTENT, SPRINGS BEHIND HIS FOE AND TWISTS THE AIR-TUBE, CUTTING OFF THE LIFE-GIVING SUPPLY OF OXYGEN. -- AS THE KILLER WEAKENS, SLAM RAISES HIM HIGH OVER-HEAD THEN SMASHES HIM FORCIBLY TO THE GROUND!

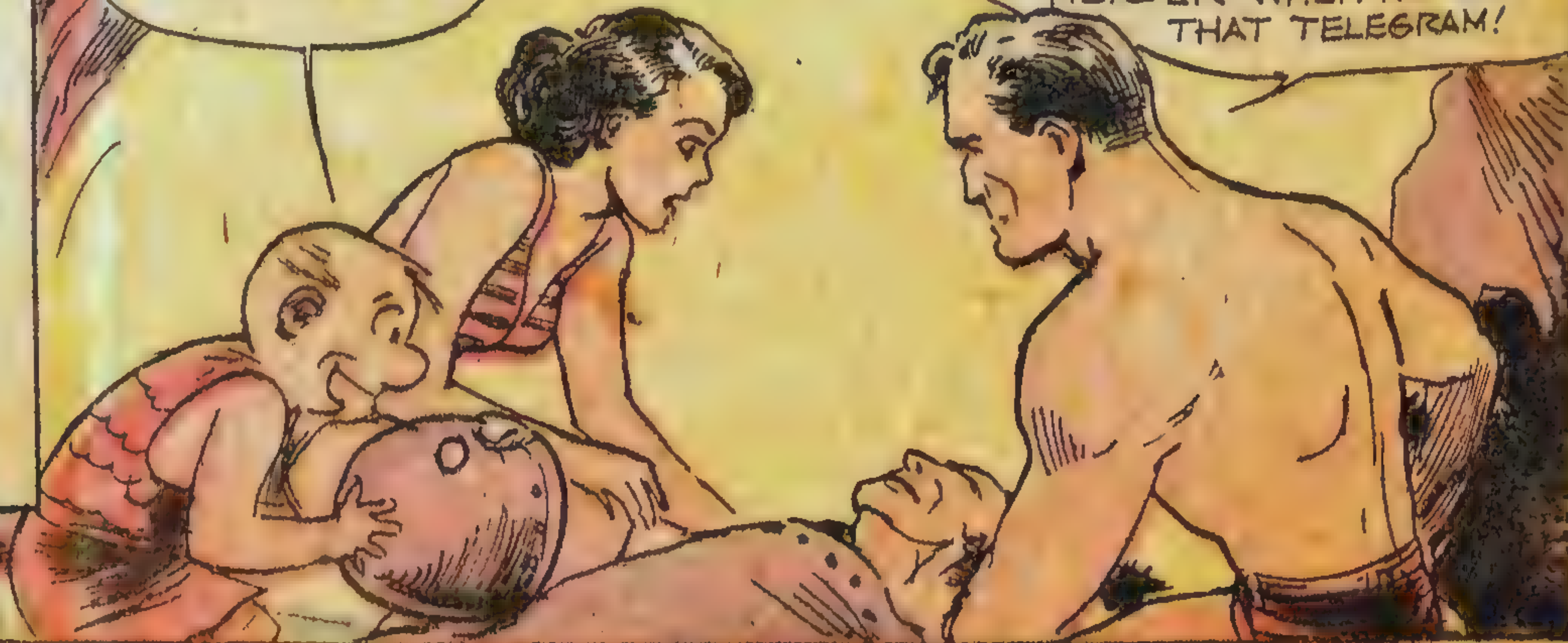


SHORTY JUBILANTLY REMOVES THE KILLER'S HELMET

THOUGHT Y' WERE A TOUGH GUY, EH? WELL, WE SURE SHOWED YA DIFFERENT!

IT'S A FORMER EMPLOYEE OF THE HOTEL! HE WAS DISCHARGED FOR STEALING!

I BEGIN TO SEE THE LIGHT! IN REVENGE HE DROWNED VARIOUS SWIMMERS SO AS TO GIVE THE OCEANSIDE HOTEL A BAD NAME AND RUIN ITS BUSINESS -- GRAYSON MUST HAVE SUSPECTED MURDER WHEN HE SENT THAT TELEGRAM!



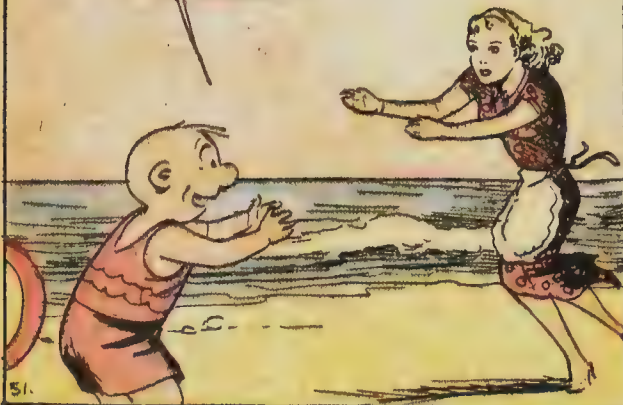
DIVING INTO
THE
UNDERWATER
CURRENT
WITH THEIR
UNCONSCIOUS
CAPTIVE
THE THREE
RETURN
TO THE
SEASHORE
AND TURN
THEIR PRISON-
ER OVER TO
THE POLICE!

THIS IS FOR
SAVING MY
LIFE!

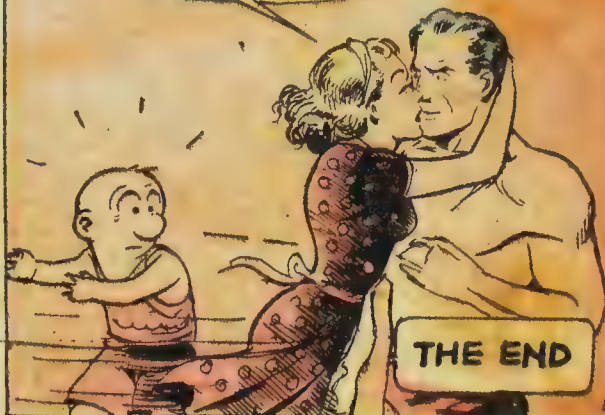
HEY!
WHAT ABOUT
ME!



AH, ITS SELMA!
HERE'S WHERE
I GET A GREAT
BIG KISS!



YOU'RE SUPERB!
IT WAS SO BRAVE
OF YOU TO RESCUE
SHORTY LAST NIGHT
ON THE BEACH!



THE END

COMPLETE in NEXT ISSUE:

SLAM
BRADLEY and the

Hillbillies

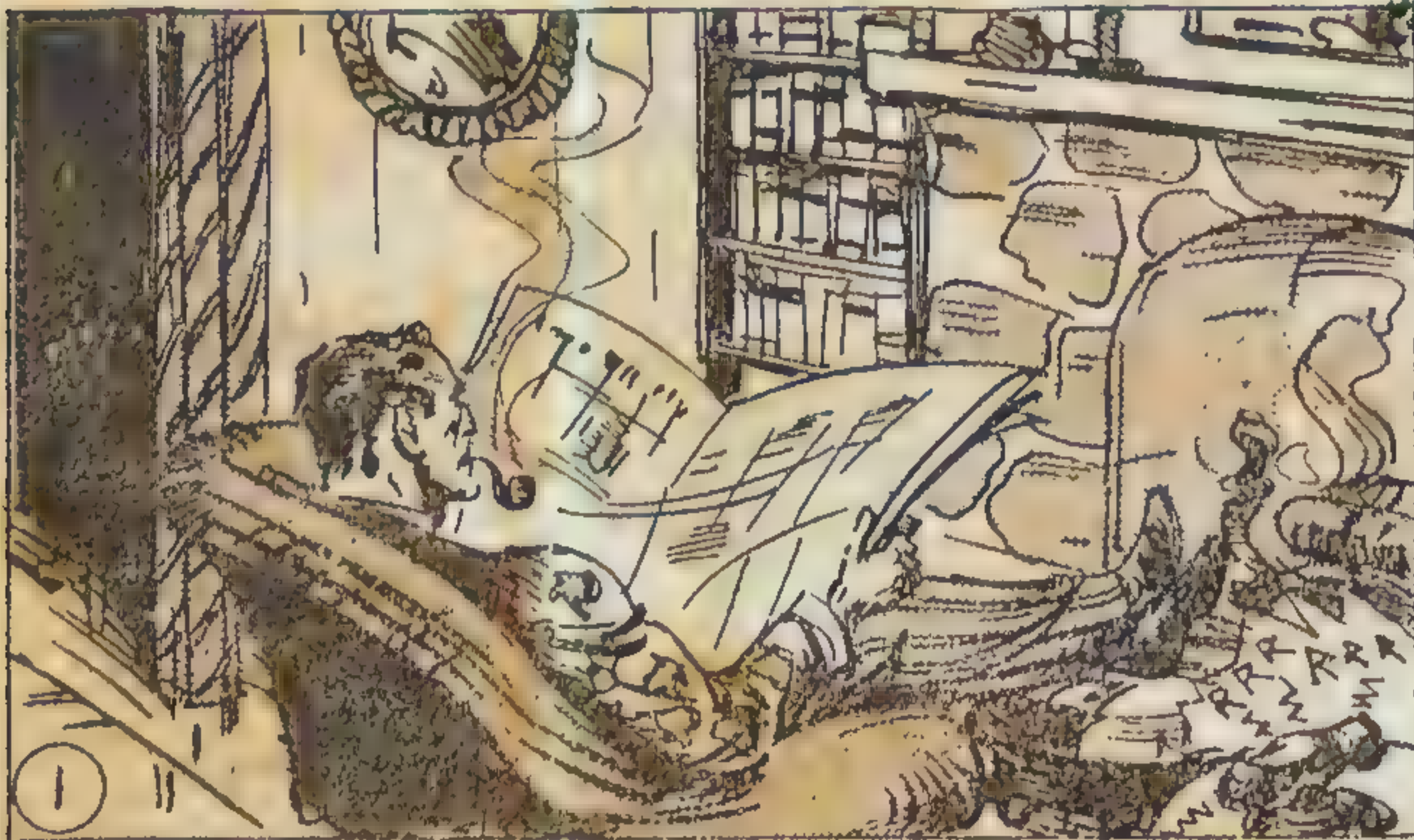
A HILARIOUS WHIRL OF
ADVENTURE AND FUN WITH
THE MOUNTAINS AND THEIR
PRIMITIVE PEOPLE FORMING
A LIVELY BACKGROUND!



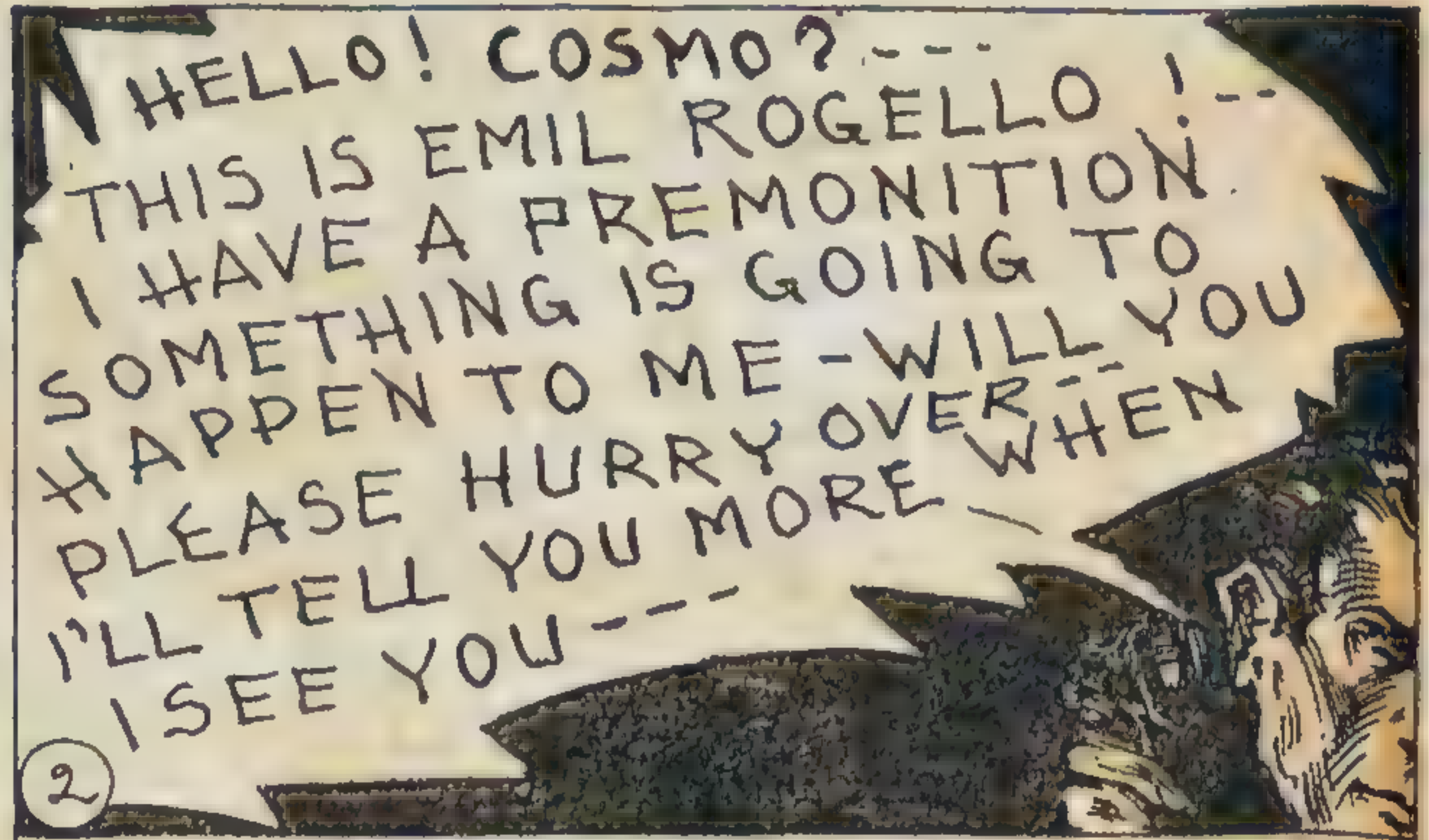
DON'T MISS IT!

COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN



1 COSMO SITS AT HOME, READING WHEN THE PHONE BREAKS IN ON THE STILLNESS OF THE EVENING.



2 HELLO! COSMO? --- THIS IS EMIL ROGELLO! --- I HAVE A PREMONITION. SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME - WILL YOU PLEASE HURRY OVER - WHEN I'LL TELL YOU MORE - WHEN I SEE YOU ---



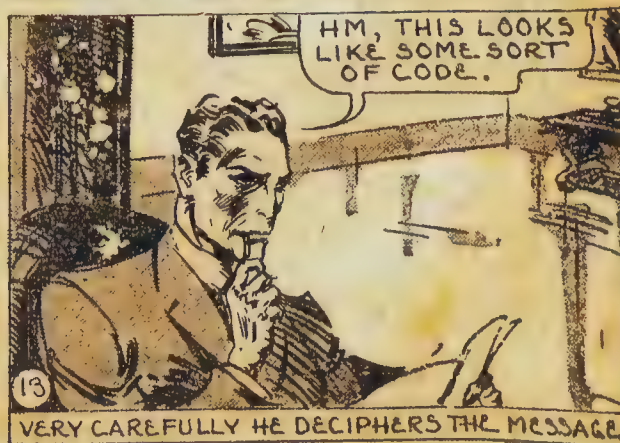
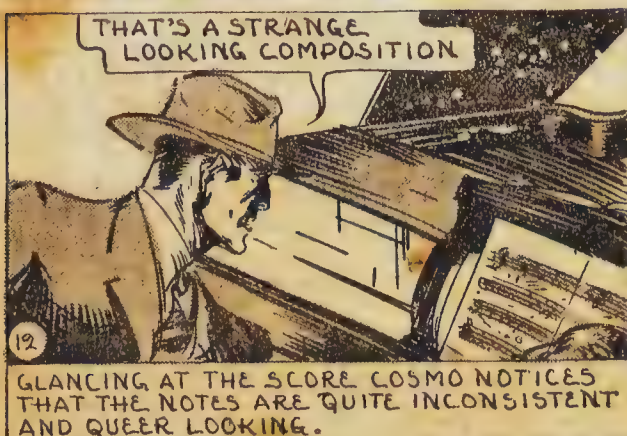
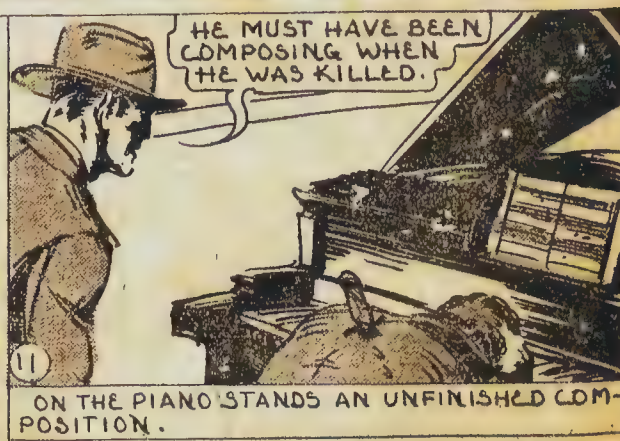
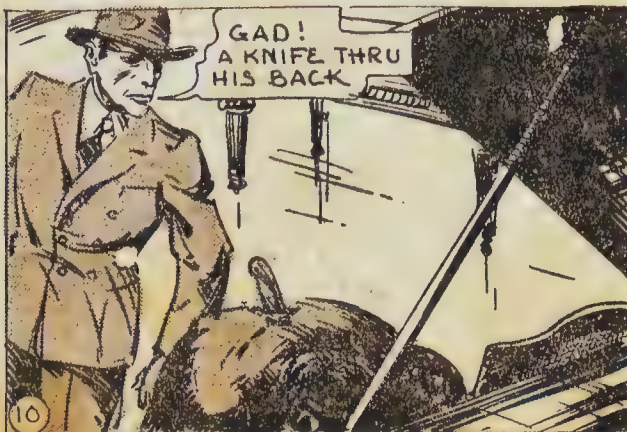
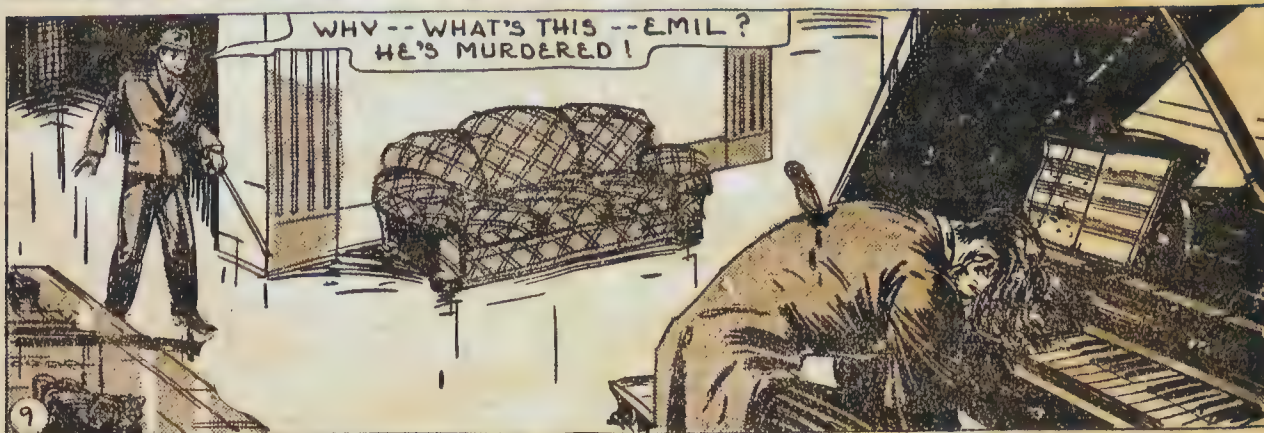
3 QUICKLY, COSMO DRESSES AND HURRIES TO HIS FRIEND'S QUARTERS.

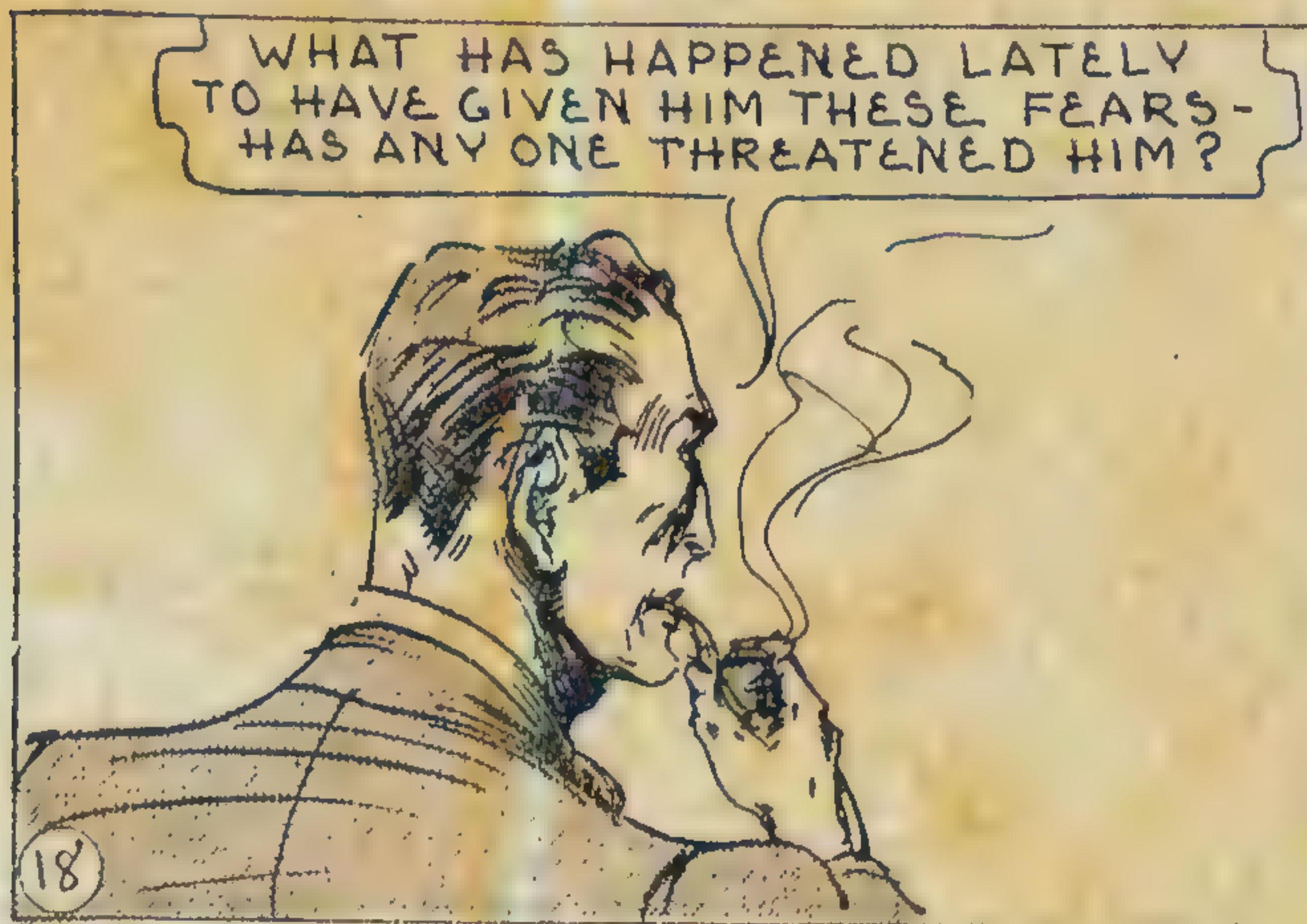
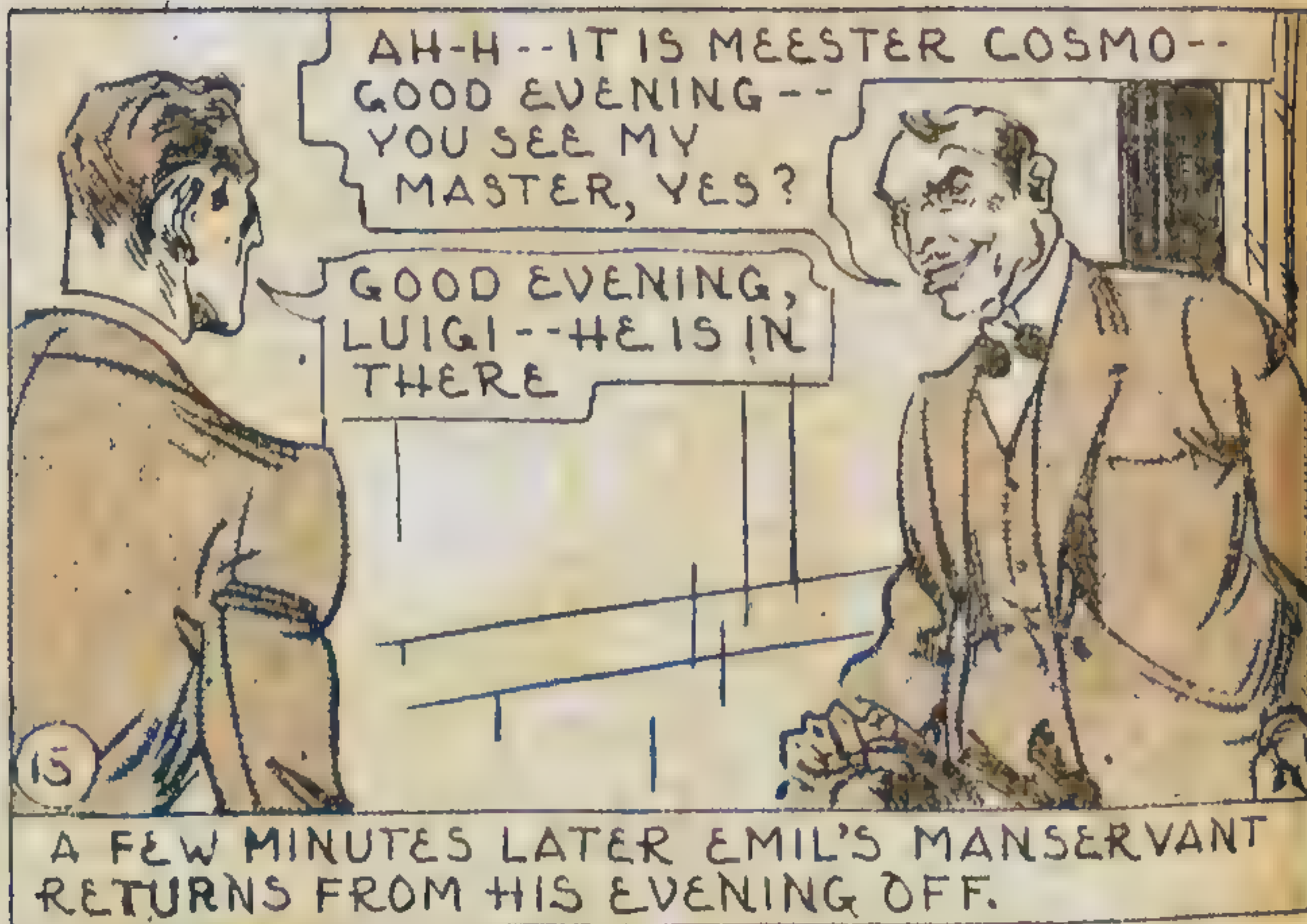
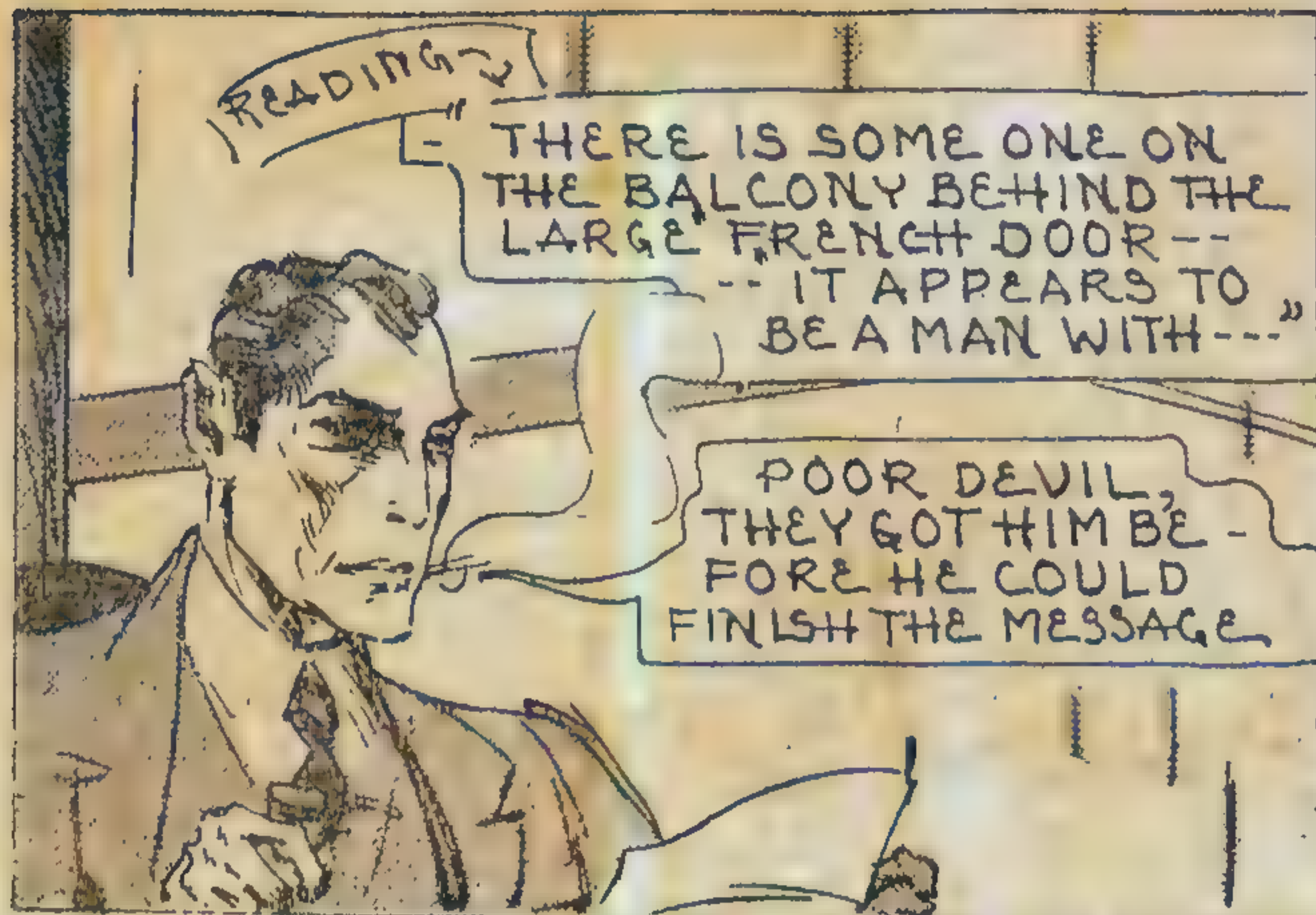


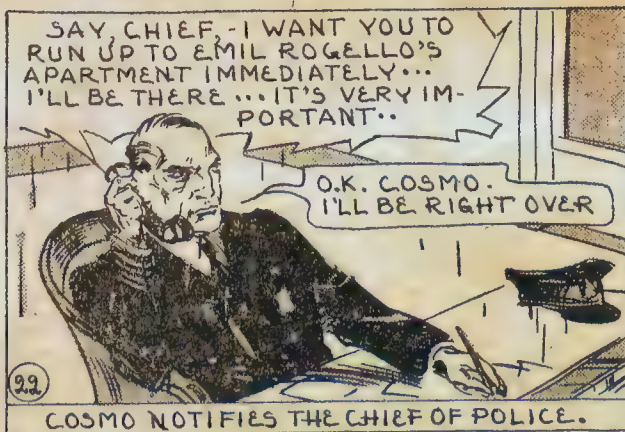
6 HE OPENS THE DOOR AND ENTERS.



5



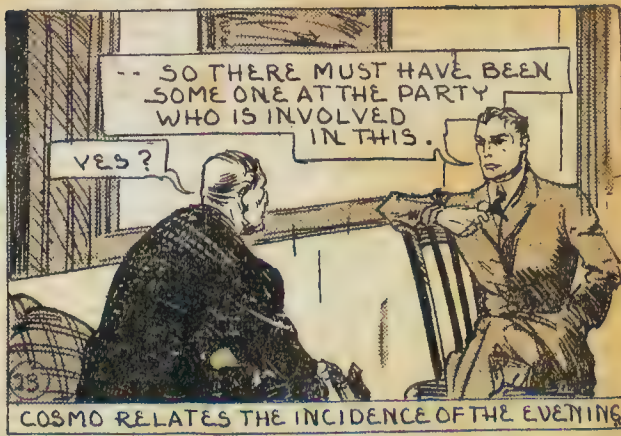




SAY, CHIEF, - I WANT YOU TO RUN UP TO EMIL ROGELLO'S APARTMENT IMMEDIATELY... I'LL BE THERE... IT'S VERY IMPORTANT...

O.K. COSMO. I'LL BE RIGHT OVER

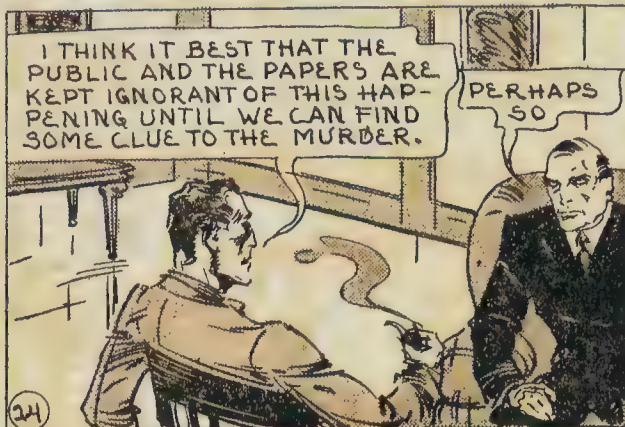
COSMO NOTIFIES THE CHIEF OF POLICE.



-- SO THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME ONE AT THE PARTY WHO IS INVOLVED IN THIS.

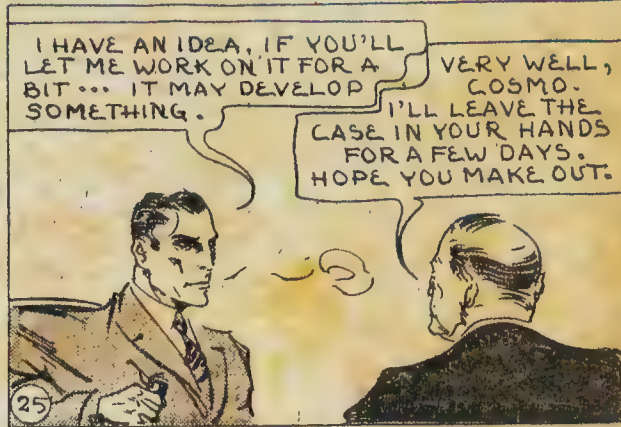
YES?

COSMO RELATES THE INCIDENT OF THE EVENING



I THINK IT BEST THAT THE PUBLIC AND THE PAPERS ARE KEPT IGNORANT OF THIS HAPPENING UNTIL WE CAN FIND SOME CLUE TO THE MURDER.

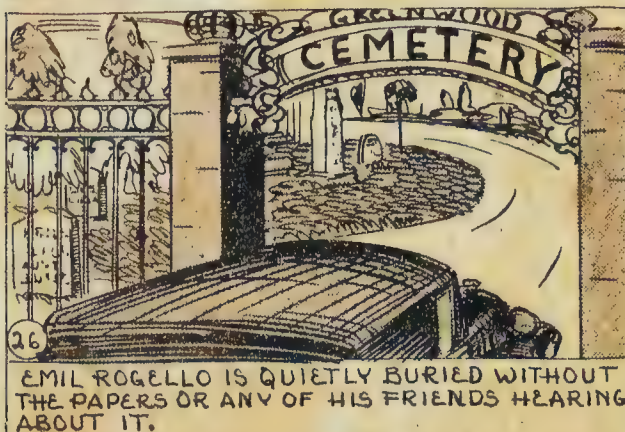
PERHAPS SO



I HAVE AN IDEA, IF YOU'LL LET ME WORK ON IT FOR A BIT... IT MAY DEVELOP SOMETHING.

VERY WELL, COSMO.

I'LL LEAVE THE CASE IN YOUR HANDS FOR A FEW DAYS. HOPE YOU MAKE OUT.



EMIL ROGELLO IS QUIETLY BURIED WITHOUT THE PAPERS OR ANY OF HIS FRIENDS HEARING ABOUT IT.



LUIGI, DO YOU KNOW WHO THE GUESTS WERE AT ROGELLO'S PARTY?

OH YES, SIGNOR COSMO. I HAVE THE LEAST OF ALL THE PEOPLE WHO EES COME HERE..



ALL RIGHT, LUIGI, I WANT YOU TO SEND INVITATIONS TO THESE SAME PEOPLE FOR A DINNER HERE NEXT SUNDAY EVENING.

OH, BUT THE PARTY, NOW? EET ISSO VERY STRANGE, SIGNOR. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND?



IT'S PERFECTLY ALLRIGHT, LUIGI. KEEP VERY QUIET ABOUT ALL THIS, WE MAY FIND THE ONE WE'RE LOOKING FOR AMONG THE GUESTS.

AH-H, I SEE, SIGNOR COSMO. I SHALL DO IT QUICK.



OH, YES-- I KNOW THE
ELSTONS' WELL--VERY
PROMINENT IN NEWPORT'S
SOCIETY--

30

COSMO, IN THE MEANTIME MAKES QUIET INVESTIGATIONS ABOUT THE DIFFERENT GUESTS INVITED TO THE PARTY.

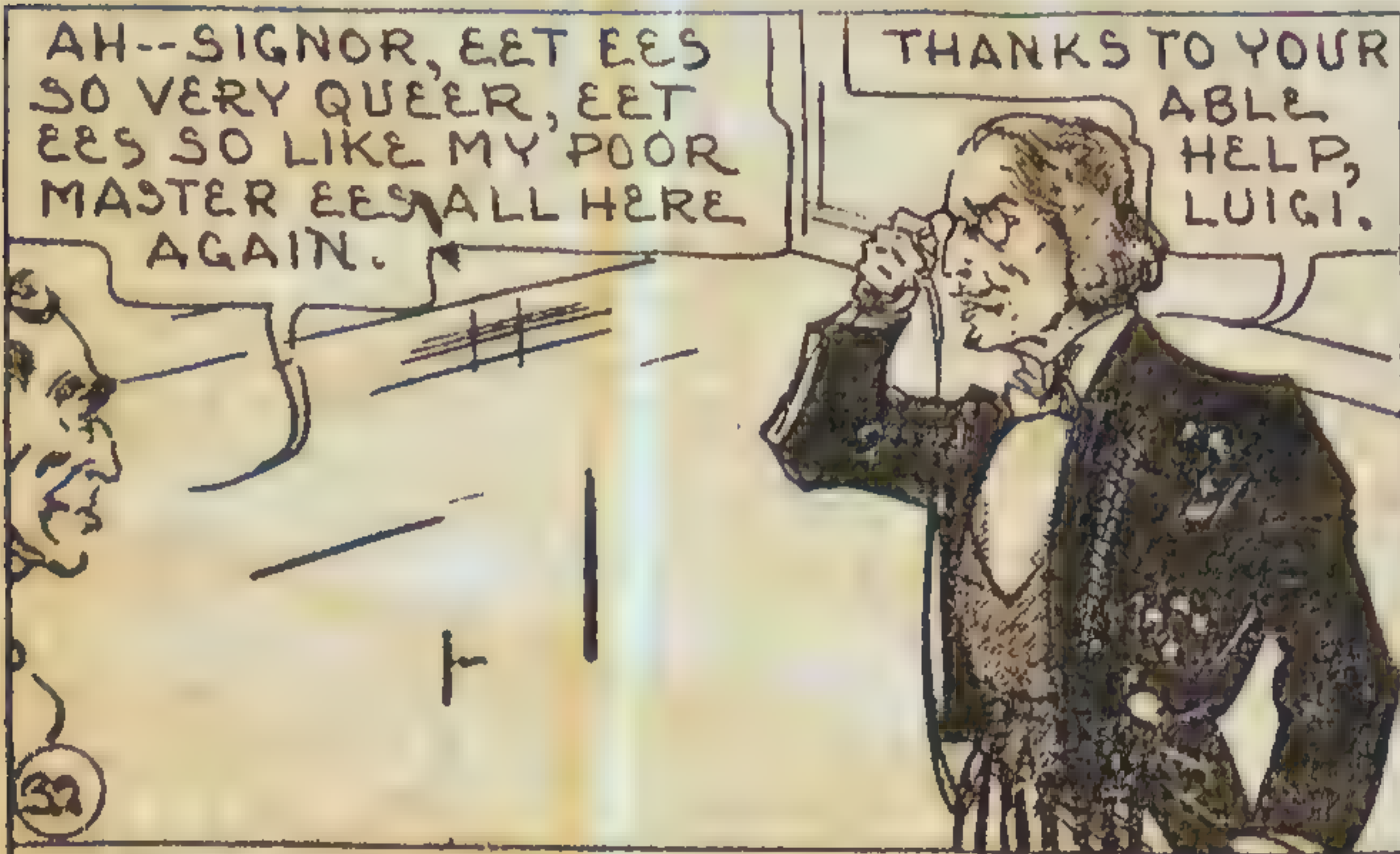


HOW'S THIS?

AH,--THAT EES JUST
LIKE HE DO EET.

31

HE VERY CAREFULLY GROOMS HIMSELF FOR THE PART OF THE NOTED PIANIST, ACQUAINTING HIMSELF WITH ALL EMIL'S CHARACTERISTICS.



AH--SIGNOR, EET EES
SO VERY QUEER, EET
EES SO LIKE MY POOR
MASTER EES ALL HERE
AGAIN.

THANKS TO YOUR
ABLE
HELP,
LUIGI.

32

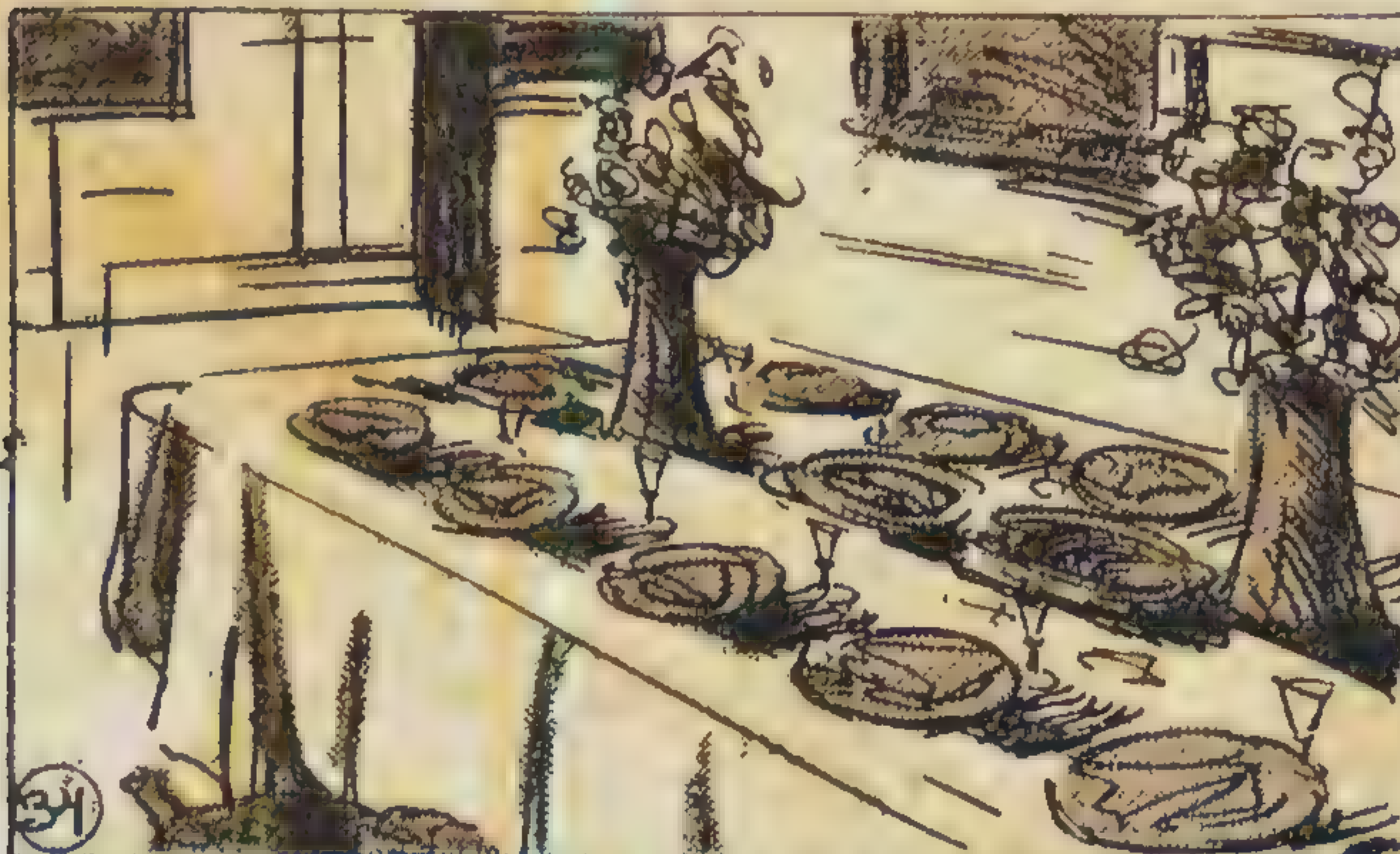
WITH LUIGI'S VALUABLE AID COSMO BECOMES THE VERY IMAGE OF HIS FRIEND.



IT IS CERTAINLY FOR-
TUNATE, LUIGI, THAT I
STUDIED SO
LONG WITH
YOUR
MASTER.

33

BEING A SKILLED PIANIST, COSMO IS QUICKLY UP IN HIS PART AS EMIL ROGELLO.



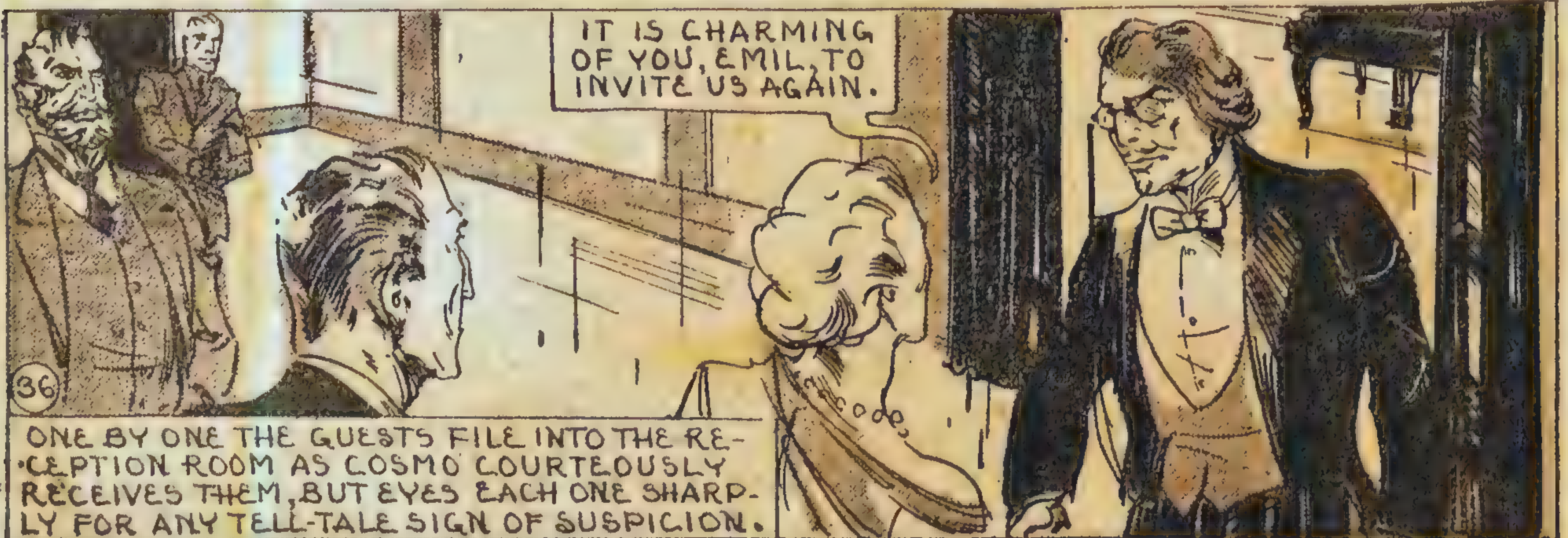
34

EVERYTHING IS IN READINESS AS THE EVENING OF THE RECEPTION APPROACHES.



35

CAR AFTER CAR ARRIVES AND PULLS UP TO THE ENTRANCE DOORS.



IT IS CHARMING
OF YOU, EMIL, TO
INVITE US AGAIN.

36

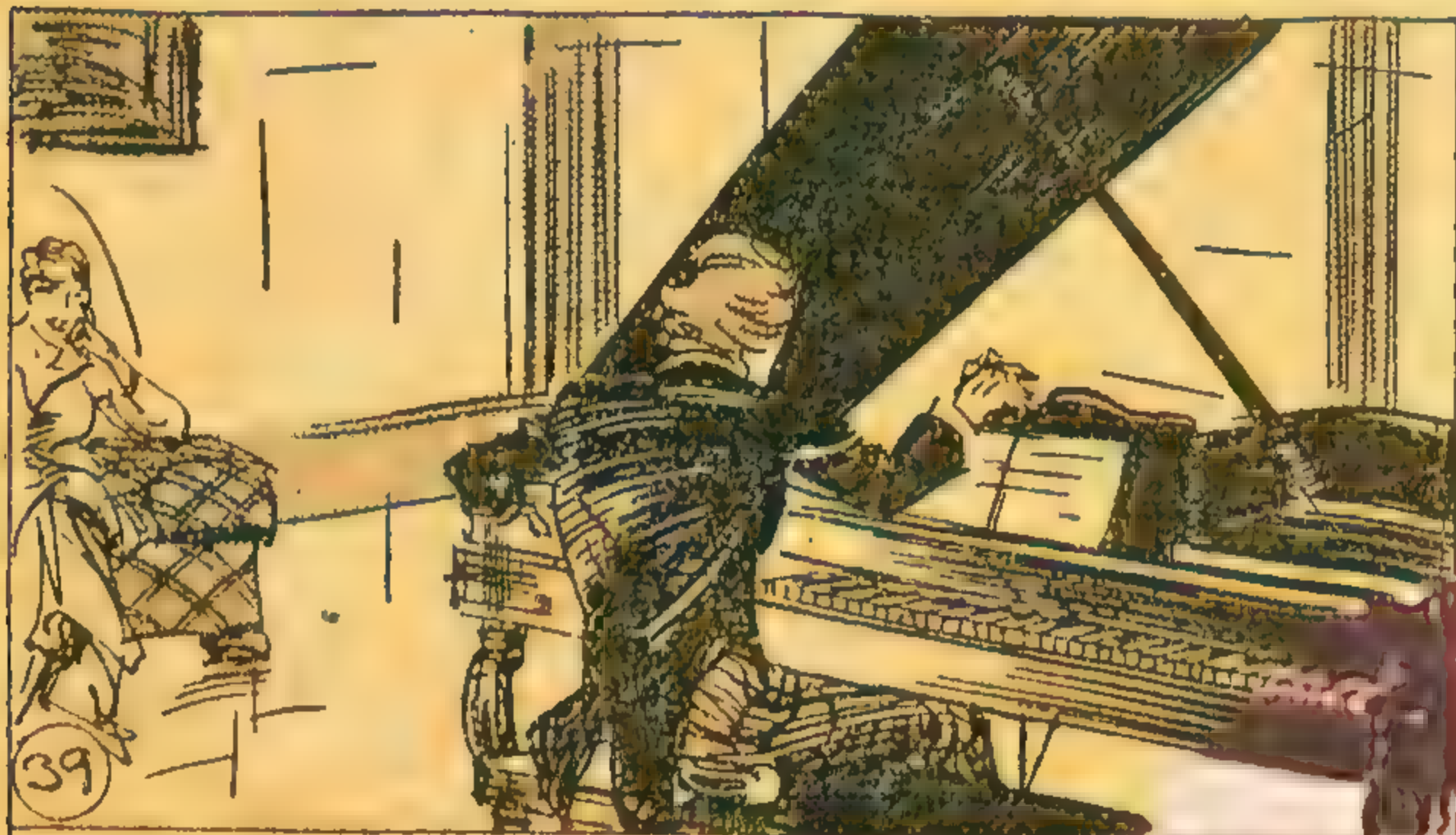
ONE BY ONE THE GUESTS FILE INTO THE RECEPTION ROOM AS COSMO COURTEOUSLY RECEIVES THEM, BUT EYES EACH ONE SHARPLY FOR ANY TELL-TALE SIGN OF SUSPICION.



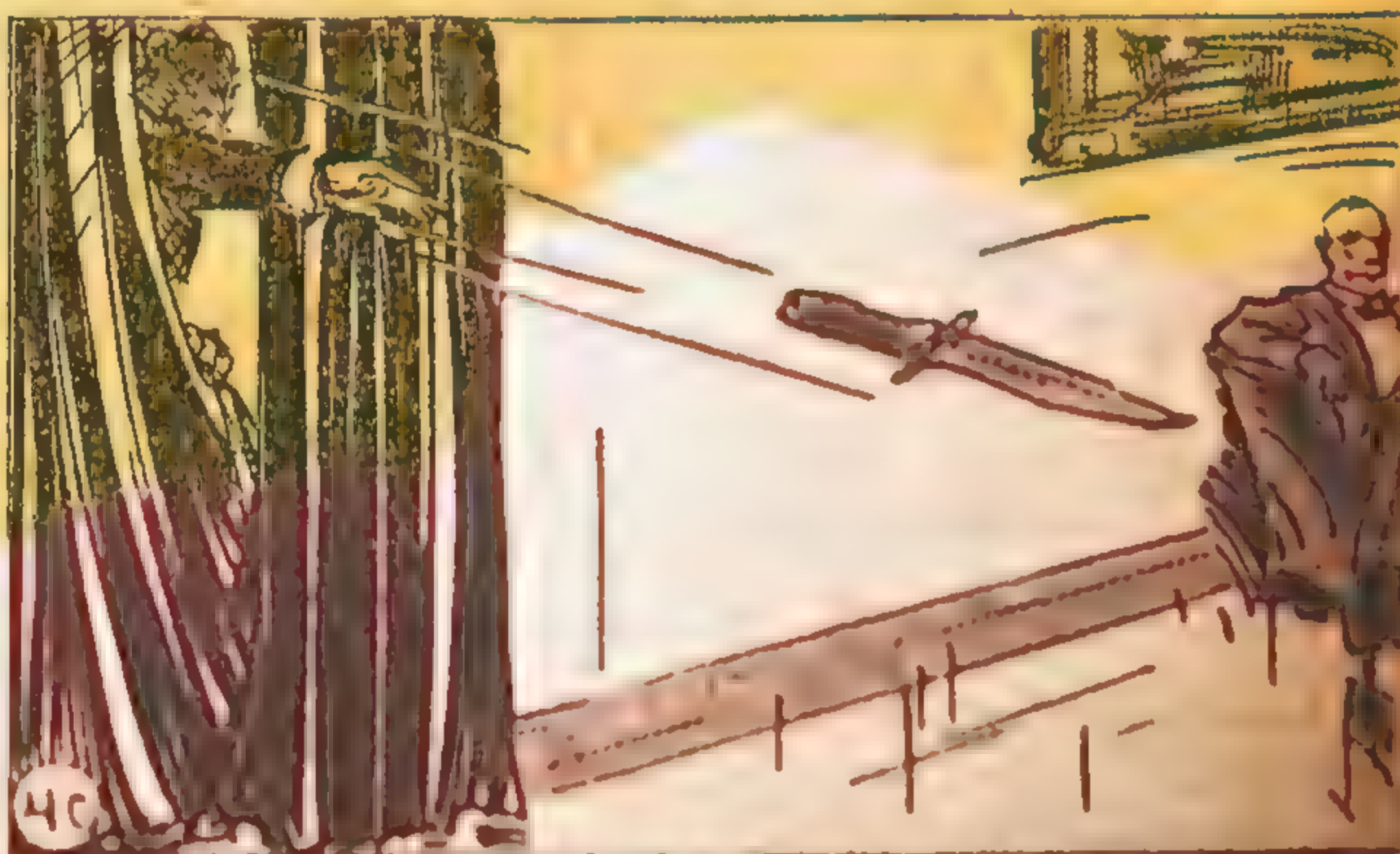
37 THE GUESTS CONSIST OF SEVEN MEN AND FIVE WOMEN.



38 FRIENDS, I WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO PLAY YOU MY NEW UNFINISHED OPUS, A CONCERTO. AFTER DINNER THEY ALL GATHER IN THE STUDIO WHERE COSMO, AS EMIL, PROPOSES TO ENTERTAIN THEM WITH A PIANO-RECITAL.



39 AS HE STRIKES THE FIRST CHORDS, HE SEES, IN THE REFLECTION OF THE PIANO THE HEAVY DRAPERIES ACROSS THE ROOM PART SLIGHTLY.



40 THERE'S A GUTTURAL CRY AND AN ARM SHOOTS OUT-- A KNIFE COMES WHIZZING THRU THE AIR.



41 INSTINCTIVELY, COSMO DUCKS AS THE DEADLY WEAPON BURIES ITSELF IN THE PIANO.



42 HOLD IT-- OR I SHOOT! WITH A TIGER-LIKE SPRING COSMO THROWS ASIDE THE HANGINGS AND COVERS THE HUGE RUSSIAN VIOLINIST BEHIND THEM WITH HIS AUTOMATIC.

MY DEAR FRIENDS-- THE REAL EMIL ROGELLO WAS MURDERED LAST WEEK BY THIS MAN, LEON PETROKOFF. HE WAS RECENTLY RELEASED FROM AN INSANE ASYLUM AS CURED. FOR SOME REASON HE IMAGINED ROGELLO HIS ENEMY... I WAS QUITE SURE HE WOULD COME BACK TO REPEAT THIS ATTEMPT IF GIVEN THE CHANCE. I WISH TO THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR KINDNESS TO COME.

I THINK I CALL POLICE, SIGNOR COSMO



THE CLAWS OF THE RED DRAGON.

by
TOM HICKEY.



~ SYNOPSIS ~

A BAND OF MURDEROUS CHINESE UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF THE WILY LU GONG, HAVE KIDNAPPED THE BEAUTIFUL SIGRID VON HOLTZENDORFF AND HER FATHER. IN ATTEMPTING TO RESCUE THEM, BRUCE NELSON ALSO FALLS INTO THEIR GRASP. NELSON AND VON HOLTZENDORFF ARE BROUGHT BEFORE CHIN LUNG, LU GONG'S AIDE, AND ARE GIVEN TWO HOURS IN WHICH TO AGREE TO LU GONG'S TERMS



DON'T BE SILLY,
CHIN LUNG.

SWINE !!

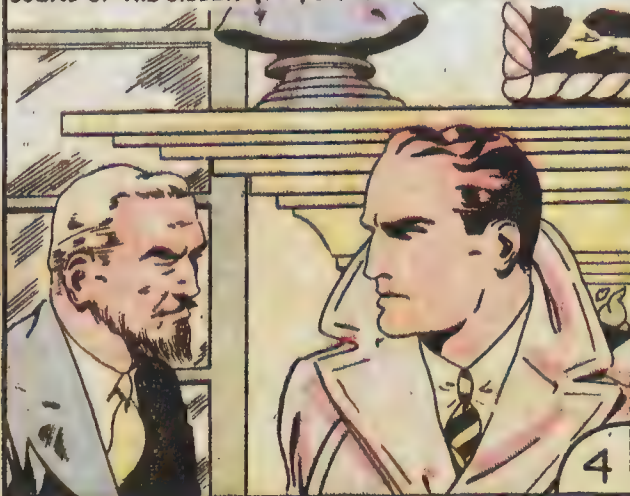
BUT WAIT A MOMENT, GENTLEMEN. YOU HAVE NOT HEARD THE PENALTY. UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, MY MASTER IS INCLINED TO BE A LITTLE BRUSQUE IN HIS METHODS AND THE INNOCENT MAY SUFFER AS WELL AS THE GUILTY.



I REGRET TO STATE THAT AT TEN O'CLOCK SHARP A FRESHLY SEVERED FINGER FROM MISS VON HOLTZENDORFF'S HAND WILL BE BROUGHT AND PRESENTED TO YOU. FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER A SECOND FINGER WILL BE BROUGHT, ETC.



THE TWO WHITE MEN GLANCED AT EACH OTHER, THEIR FACES SET. BEFORE THEY HAD A CHANCE TO SAY ANYTHING THE SOUND OF THE SILVER GONG BROKE ON THEIR EARS.



A MAN ENTERED THE ROOM AND WHISPERED SOMETHING IN CHIN LUNG'S EAR.

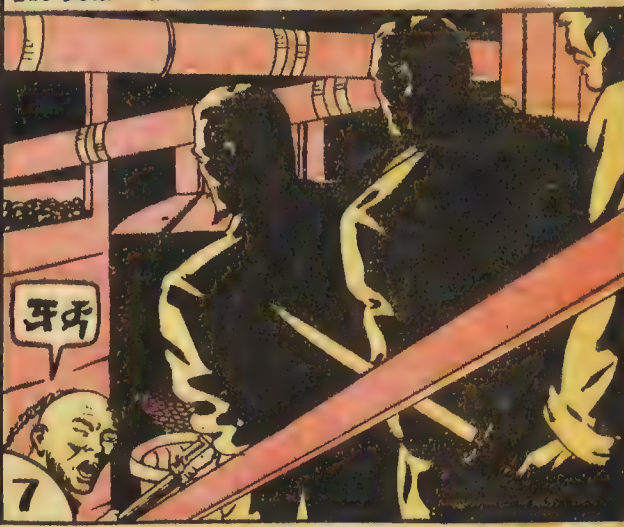


HE ROSE QUIETLY AND BECKONED THE GUARDS.

YOU WILL HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO THINK THIS OVER FOR A SHORT WHILE.



THE TWO WHITE MEN WERE TAKEN OUT INTO THE HALL AND LED DOWN THE CELLAR STEPS.



THEY WERE LED INTO A ROOM WHOSE WALLS WERE LINED WITH SHELVES CONTAINING EMPTY GLASS JARS. A SECTION OF THESE SHELVES OPENED OUTWARD ON HINGES DISCLOSING A LOW ARCHED PASSAGEWAY.



SUDDENLY FROM BEHIND THEM CROWDED TENOR TWELVE OF THE CHINESE AND NELSON REASONED THAT THE UPPER FLOOR AND GROUNDS MUST BE NEARLY DESERTED.



HIS REASONING WAS CORRECT, FOR AT THAT MOMENT A LONE MOTORCYCLE POLICEMAN WAS KNOCKING AT THE MAIN GATE, DEMANDING ADMISSION. HE HAD BEEN SENT OUT IN RESPONSE TO A CALL FROM THE TELEPHONE BUREAU.



10

THE GATE WAS OPENED FOR HIM BY A CHINESE GARDENER WHO STILL CARRIED A SPADE WITH FRESH LOAM UPON IT.



11

THE CHINK COULDN'T SPEAK MUCH ENGLISH BUT WAIVED THE COP UP TO THE HOUSE, WHERE A BUTLER IN A WHITE COAT CAME TO THE DOOR. THE BUTLER WAS STUCCHI.



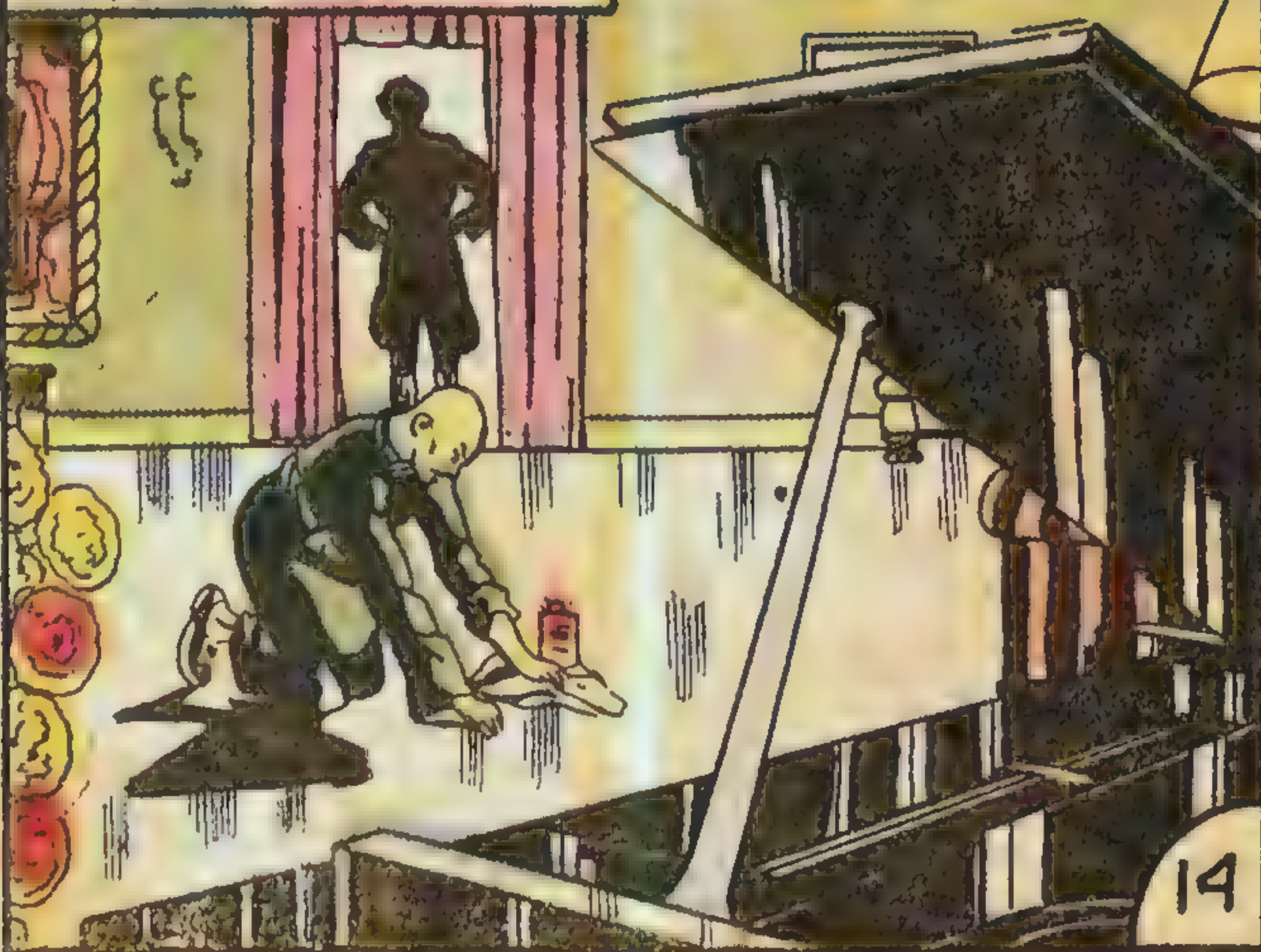
12

IT'S JUST A PRANK OF A COUPLE OF THE YOUNG MEN HOME FROM COLLEGE. THEY'RE ALWAYS UP TO SOMETHING. OF COURSE I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVEN'T A SEARCH WARRANT, BUT YOU CAN COME IN AND LOOK AROUND IF YOU LIKE AND I'LL SEE THAT THE MASTER GIVES YOU A LITTLE SOMETHING TO REIMBURSE YOU FOR THE ANNOYANCE.



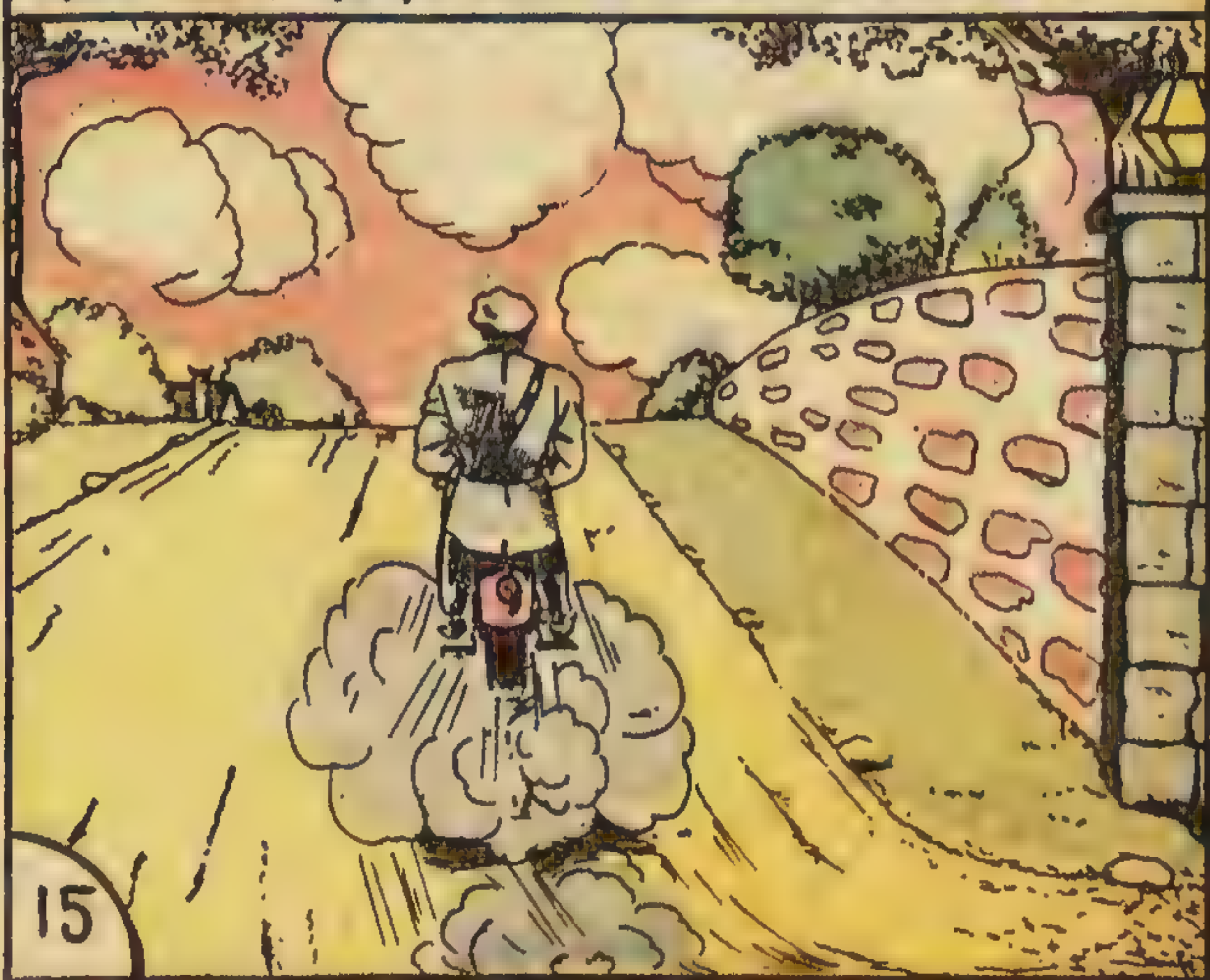
13

TO SATISFY HIMSELF THE POLICEMAN CAME INSIDE THE DOOR AND LOOKED AROUND, SEEING NOTHING BUT A BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED HOME AND A CHINESE SERVANT DOWN ON HIS KNEES POLISHING AN ALREADY WELL POLISHED FLOOR.



14

HE EXPRESSED HIMSELF AS SATISFIED AND NODDED A BRIEF THANKS FOR THE TWENTY DOLLAR BILL WITH WHICH THE BUTLER REAPPEARED. MOUNTING A MOTORCYCLE HE DROVE AWAY. THE GATES WERE CLOSED BEHIND HIM.



15

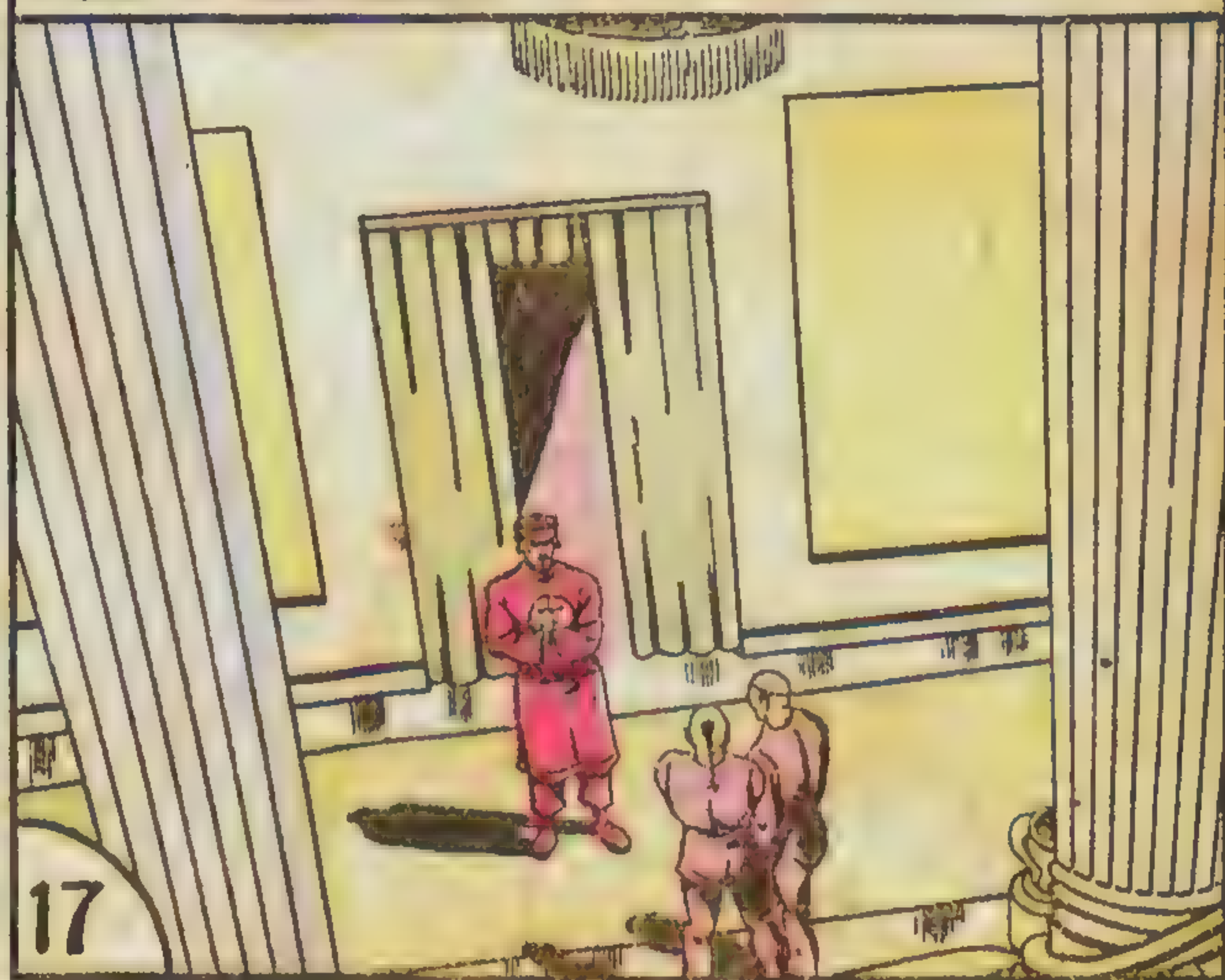
AFTER ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES THE MEN WERE RETURNED TO THE FIRST FLOOR. MOST OF THE CHINESE WENT ON ABOUT THEIR DUTIES.

DO YOU THINK THESE FELLOWS WILL DARE CARRY OUT THOSE THREATS.

UNQUESTIONABLY! THEY'RE A RUTHLESS BAND AND WILL GO TO ANY EXTREME TO GAIN THEIR END.



CHIN LUNG APPEARED AND WHISPERED TO TWO OF THE CHINESE WHO IMMEDIATELY DISAPPEARED TOWARDS THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE.



IN A MOMENT THEY REAPPEARED, HALF CARRYING, HALF DRAGGING THE THOROUGHLY TERRIFIED STUCCHI.



HE BABBLER INCOHERENTLY AS HE WAS BROUGHT BEFORE CHIN LUNG.

CHIN LUNG! HAVE MERCY! I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!

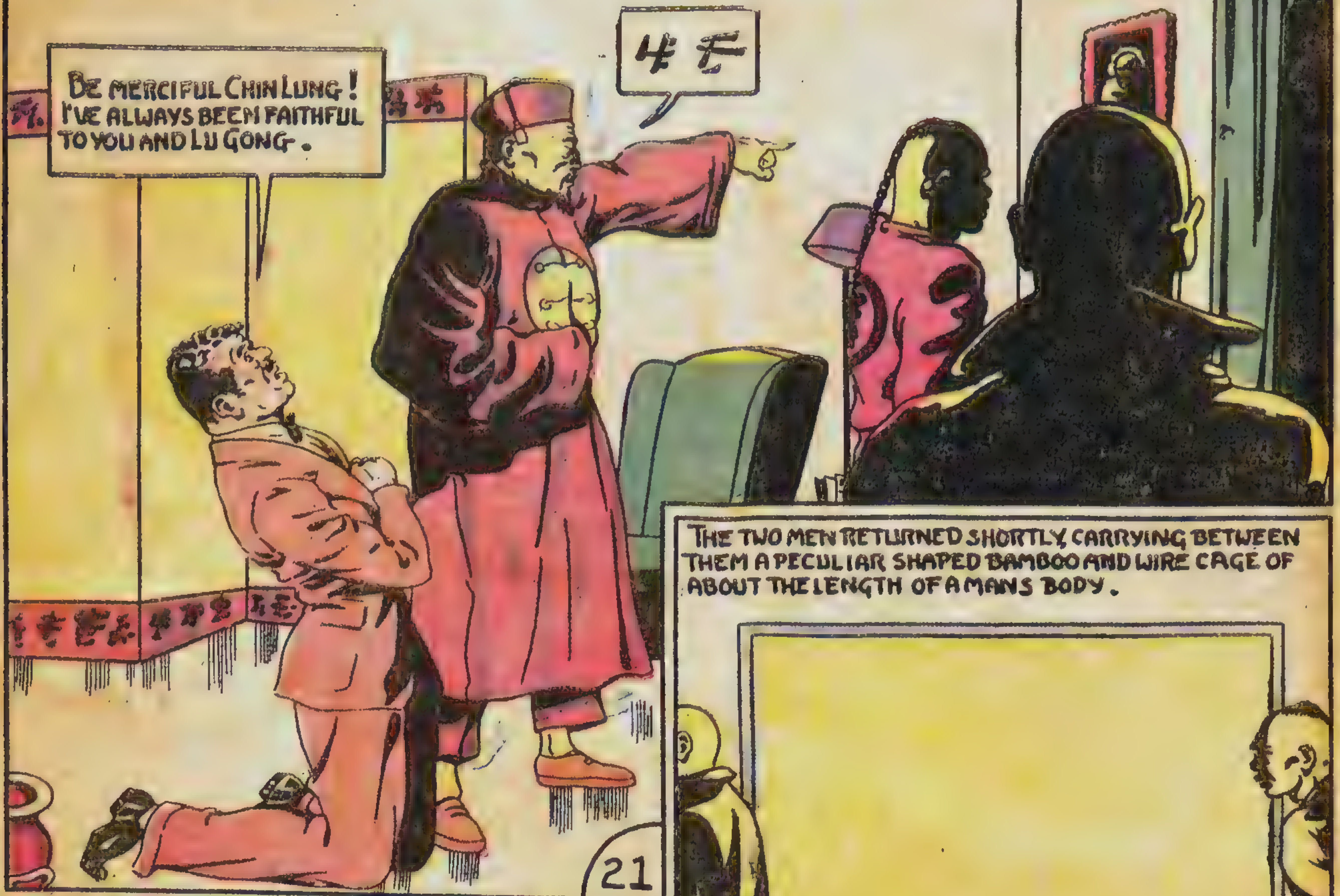


WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE RED JADE DRAGON?

THE RED JADE DRAGON! I HAVEN'T GOT IT! DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY! I TELL YOU I DIDN'T TAKE IT!



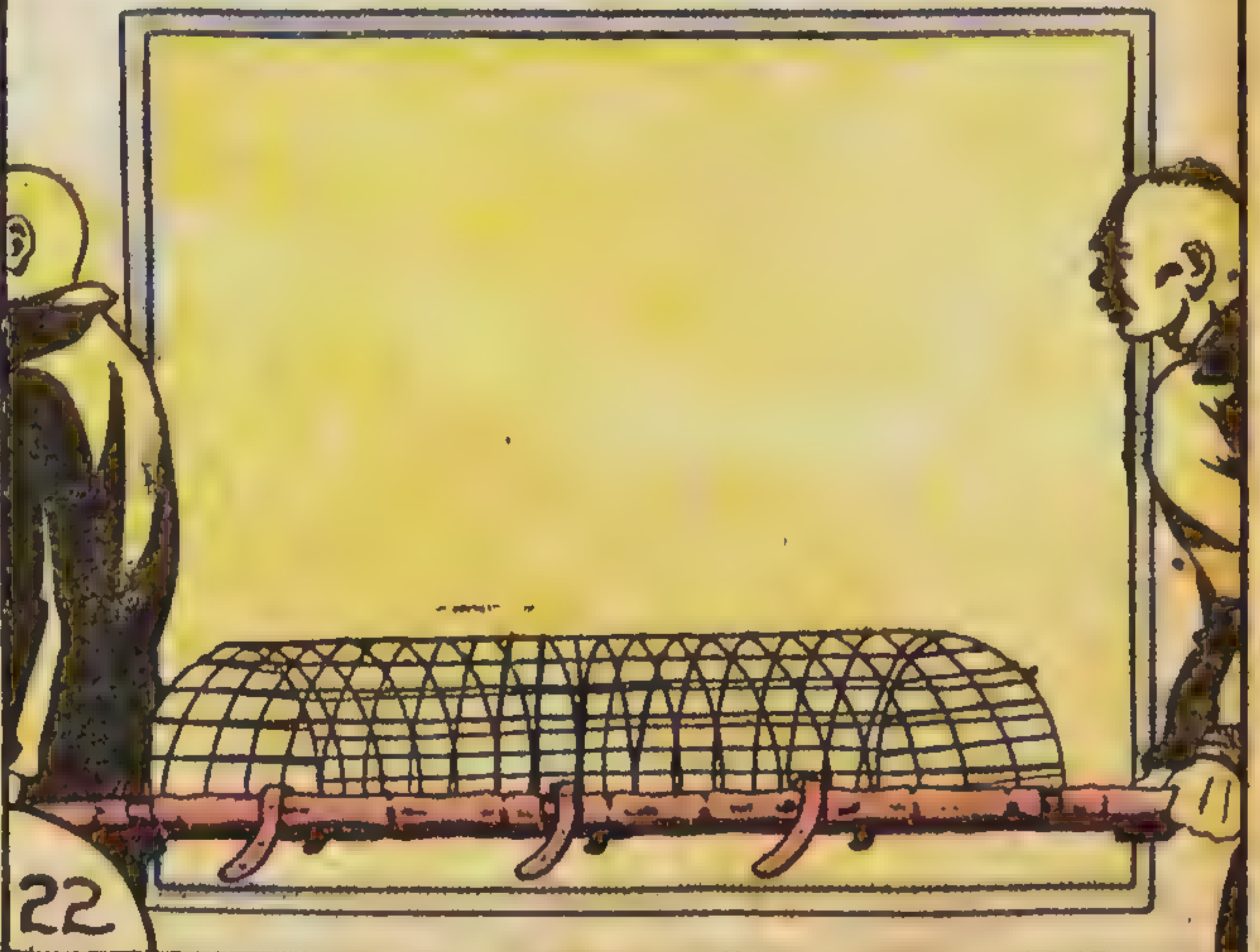
STUCCHI FELL TO HIS KNEES AND BEGGED FOR MERCY AS CHIN LUNG ISSUED AN ORDER TO THE TWO CHINESE WHO IMMEDIATELY LEFT THE ROOM.



TWO OTHER MEN FOLLOWED THEM EACH CARRYING SEVERAL SMALL STEEL CAGES, IN EACH OF WHICH WAS A GAUNT, LEAN AND FEROCIOUS LOOKING RAT.



THE TWO MEN RETURNED SHORTLY, CARRYING BETWEEN THEM A PECULIAR SHAPED BAMBOO AND WIRE CAGE OF ABOUT THE LENGTH OF A MAN'S BODY.



EVEN NELSON, ACCUSTOMED AS HE WAS TO CHINESE HORRORS TURNED A LITTLE SICK, FOR HE KNEW WHAT WAS TO BE THE FATE ACCORDED TO STUCCHI.

GOOD NIGHT! THE PUNISHMENT OF THE SEVEN HEAVENLY GATES, ONE OF THE MOST TERRIBLE OF THE MANY GHASTLY CHINESE TORTURES.



STUCCHI SCREAMED AND SPRANG TO HIS FEET AS THE CONTRAPTION WAS SET ON THE FLOOR.

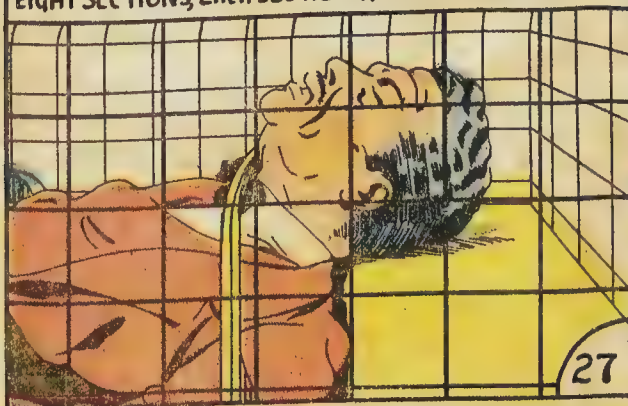
NO! NO! NOT THAT! I'M INNOCENT! TELL YOU!



BUT THE TWO IMPASSIVE CHINESE QUICKLY SEIZED HIM AND OPENING UP THE TOP OF THE CONTRIVANCE, THREW HIM INSIDE.



HE WAS STRAPPED IN SECURELY THEN A SERIES OF SMALL GATES WERE FIXED INTO PLACE. THE FIRST FITTED OVER HIS FEET JUST ABOVE THE ANKLES. THE SECOND WAS FITTED OVER HIS LEGS HALF WAY UP TO THE KNEE, AND SOON UP TO THE LAST, WHICH FITTED OVER HIS NECK. THE SEVEN HEAVENLY GATES WERE IN PLACE, DIVIDING STUCCHI'S BODY INTO EIGHT SECTIONS, EACH SECTION A COMPLETE CAGE.



THE CHINESE GUARDS CARRIED OVER THE RAT CAGES. ONE OF THEM LEANED DOWN, OPENED THE SMALL DOOR IN THE FIRST OF THE CAGES AND DROPPED THE RAT IN. THERE WAS A HOWL OF AGONY FROM STUCCHI.



JUST AS THE SECOND RAT WAS ABOUT TO BE DROPPED IN NELSON LEAPED FORWARD.

STOP IT, CHIN LUNG, I KNOW WHERE THE JADE PLAQUE IS! STUCCHI IS BLAMELESS!



CHIN LUNG GAVE AN ORDER. ONE OF THE GUARDS, HIS HAND COVERED BY A HEAVY LEATHER GAUNTLET, REACHED HIS ARM IN AND HAULED OUT THE RAT, CRAMMING IT INTO ITS CAGE, ITS WHISKERS DRIPPING BLOOD.



ITOOK YOUR JADE
DRAGON. STUCCHI
IS INNOCENT.



CHIN LUNG'S FACE WAS IMPASSIVE AS HE ORDERED
THE GUARDS TO RELEASE STUCCHI.



SO? IT IS YOU WHOM WE HAVE TO
THANK FOR THE THEFT OF THE RED
JADE PLAQUE? WELL?

YES, AND I AM PREPARED
TO RETURN IT TO YOU AT A
PRICE.

I HAVE ONLY THIS TO
SAY, THAT I CAN FIND THE
JADE DRAGON FOR YOU
AND I WILL DO SO ON ONE
CONDITION.

IT OF COURSE REMAINS TO
BE SEEN WHETHER YOU ARE IN
ANY POSITION TO MAKE TERMS,
BUT GO ON AND LET ME HEAR
WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY.



AND WHAT IS THAT, PRAY TELL?

I WILL GIVE IT
BACK TO YOU JUST
AS SOON AS MISS VON
HOLTZENDORFF IS RELEASED
AND SAFELY OUT OF HERE.



VERY NOBLE OF YOU, I AM SURE, AND EXCEEDINGLY
CHIVALROUS. AS A MATTER OF RESPECT I WILL BRING YOUR
OFFER TO THE ATTENTION OF LU GONG, MY HONORABLE
MASTER, BUT I AM QUITE CERTAIN WHAT HIS ANSWER WILL BE.
I WILL RETURN WITH IT IN FIVE MINUTES.



SO SAYING HE LEFT THE ROOM. NELSON STOOD STARING
THOUGHTFULLY OUT THE WINDOW AS THE CHINESE GUARDS
WATCHED HIM CAREFULLY.



YOU NO THINKEE TO GO OUT WINDOW!
ME SHOOT TO KILL!



THEN NELSON HEARD FOOTSTEPS COMING ALONG THE
HALLWAY AND CHIN LUNG REAPPEARED.

MY HONORABLE MASTER
HAS DEIGNED TO APPEAR IN
PERSON.



HE HURRIED ACROSS THE ROOM AND DUSTED OFF THE
HUGE CARVED TEAKWOOD CHAIR, WITH A SILKEN
HANDKERCHIEF, AND PLACED AN IVORY INLAID FOOT
STOOL BELOW IT, STANDING TO ONE SIDE RESPECTFULLY
WHEN HIS TASK WAS DONE.



THE CHINESE GUARDS STRAIGHTENED TO ATTENTION AND STARED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE DOORWAY. FOR SEVERAL MINUTES THERE WAS A TENSE EXPECTANT SILENCE IN THE ROOM.



THEN NELSON HEARD SLOW FOOTSTEPS COMING ALONG THE HALLWAY.



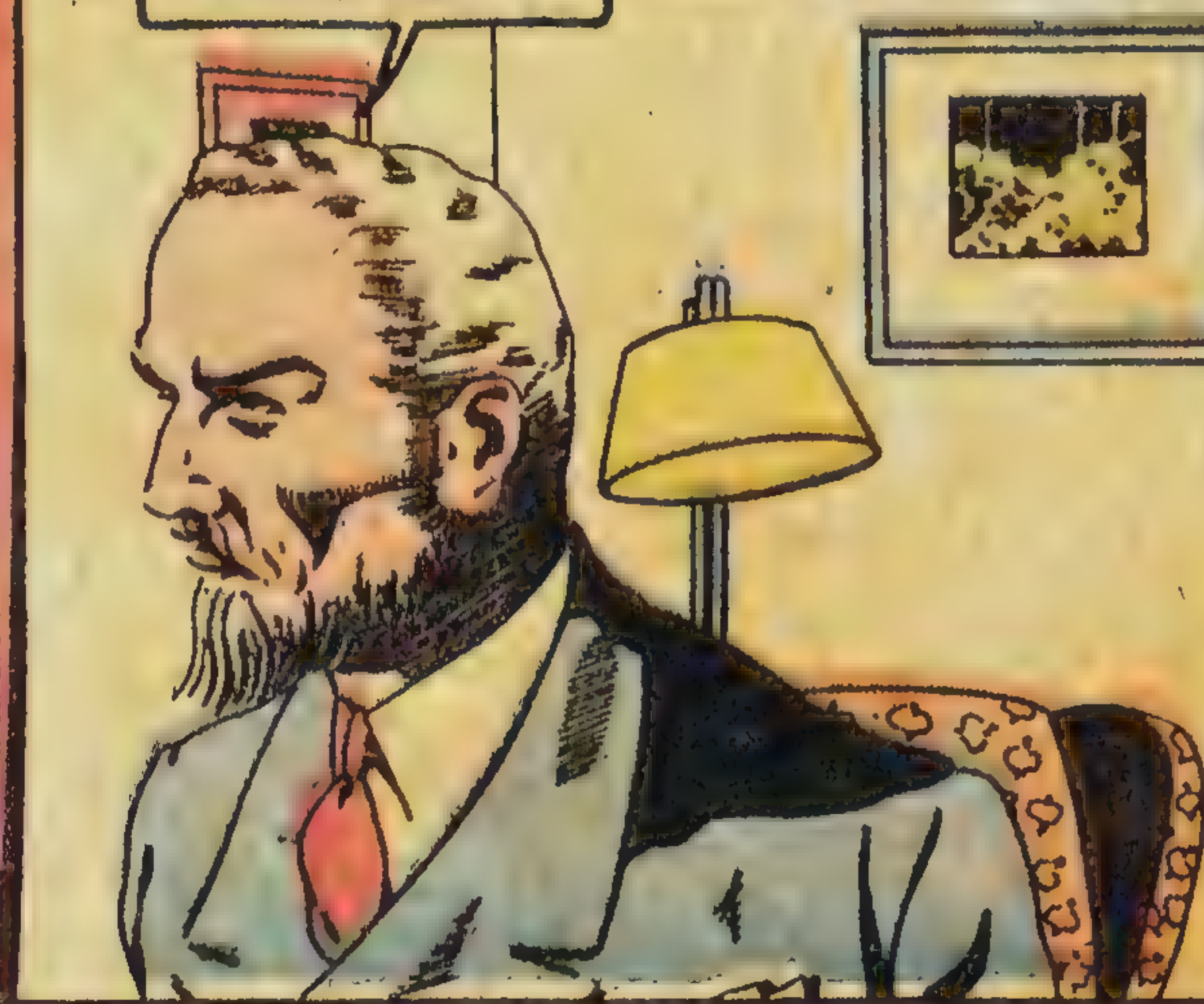
HE SAW THE GUARD AT THE DOOR BOW HIS HEAD RESPECTFULLY AND HEARD THE DEEP, RICH, VIBRANT TONES OF THAT VOICE WHICH RANG SO FAMILIARLY ON HIS EARS.



HOLD YOUR HAT. HERE COMES THE BIG SHOT, LU GONG.



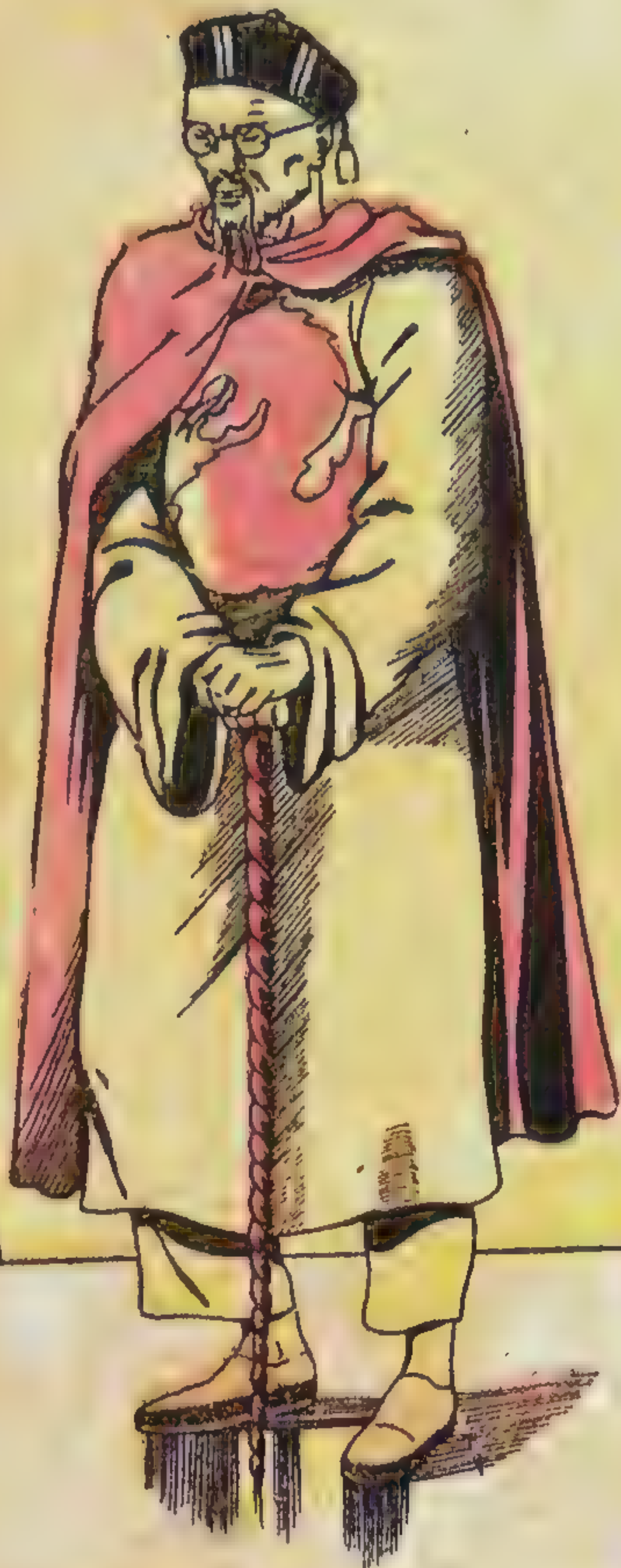
IF MY HANDS WERE ONLY FREE! I'D TEAR HIS YELLOW HEART OUT.



SILENCE! DOGS!



THEN THE DOOR WAS DARKENED BY THE TALL, IMPRESSIVE FIGURE OF THE MIGHTY LU GONG. HIS FEATURES PERSONIFIED POWER AND WISDOM BUT THE CRUELNESS OF HIS HEART SHOWED IN THE HARD LINES OF HIS FACE.



45

THE EMPEROR CHAN LOST HIS EMPIRE BY STUMBLING OVER A STONE, OH VENERABLE ONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF LU GONG—



48

WITHOUT GLANCING AT NELSON, WHO STARED AT HIM CURIOUSLY, WITHOUT SEEMING TO SEE THE HUMBLY BENT HEADS OF THE AWED GUARDS AND OF THE ALMOST SERVILE OBEISANCE OF THE TALL CHIN LUNG, HE MOVED TO THE CARVED TEAKWOOD CHAIR AND SEATED HIMSELF IN ITS CAPACIOUS DEPTHS.



46

A SILENCE FELL ON THAT ROOM AS HE GAZED ABOUT HIM, HE LOOKED AT NELSON AND FINALLY SPOKE.

AND SO, NELSON, YOU CROSS MY PATH AGAIN. AND AS BEFORE, YOU ARE ACTING AS AN INFINITELY TINY STONE UPON THE ROAD WHICH CHECKS THE CHARIOT WHEEL BUT A SECOND ON THE ONWARD PASSAGE TO THE PINK WALLED PALACE. AND LIKE THAT TINY PEBBLE, YOU WILL BE CRUSHED IN THE DUST AND FORGOTTEN.



47

THAT ALSO IS KNOWN TO ME, BUT WHAT IS NOT KNOWN IS WHY YOU, WHO HAVE ENTERED INTO A TRUCE WITH ME, HAVE TAKEN UP ARMS AGAINST ME?

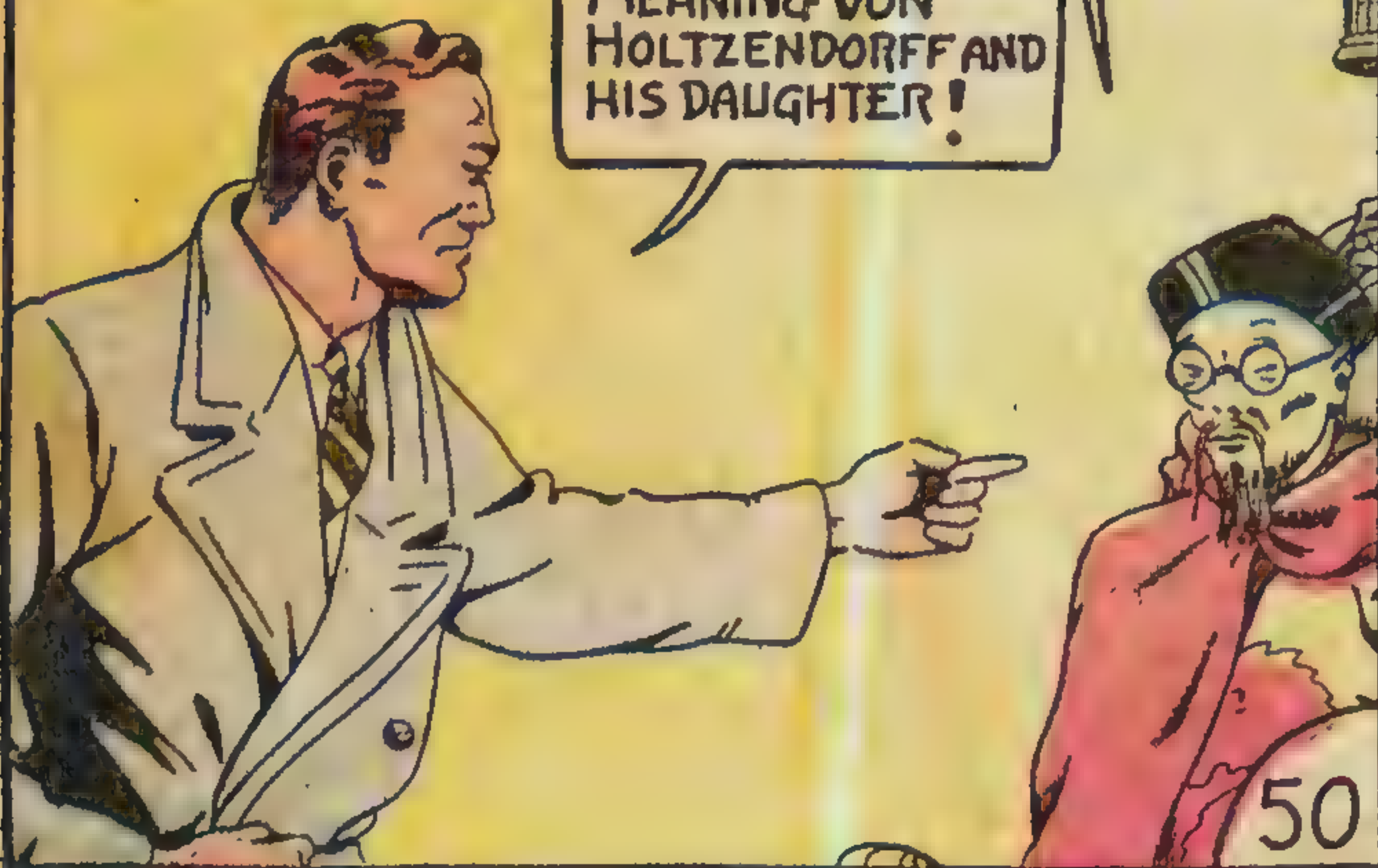


49

WHEN YOU TAKE UP ARMS AGAINST MY FRIENDS YOU TAKE UP ARMS AGAINST ME.

MEANING?

MEANING VON HOLTZENDORFF AND HIS DAUGHTER!



50

BUT THIS MAN HAS DONE ME DEEP INJURY- HE HAS STOLEN AND BROKEN THE RED JADE DRAGON, THE SYMBOL OF THE ANCIENT MONGOL EMPERORS OF CHINA.

IT WAS VON HOLTZENDORFF WHO TOOK THE RED JADE DRAGON AT PEKIN DURING THE BOXER UPRISING?



51

VON HOLTZENDORFF AND NO OTHER- AND HE MUST PAY! HE MUST SEE HIS DAUGHTER DIE BEFORE HIS EYES FOR THAT SACRILEGE BEFORE HE TOO MEETS THE DEATH HE HAS INCURRED.



52

AND THE RED JADE DRAGON?

IT WILL BE REGAINED!

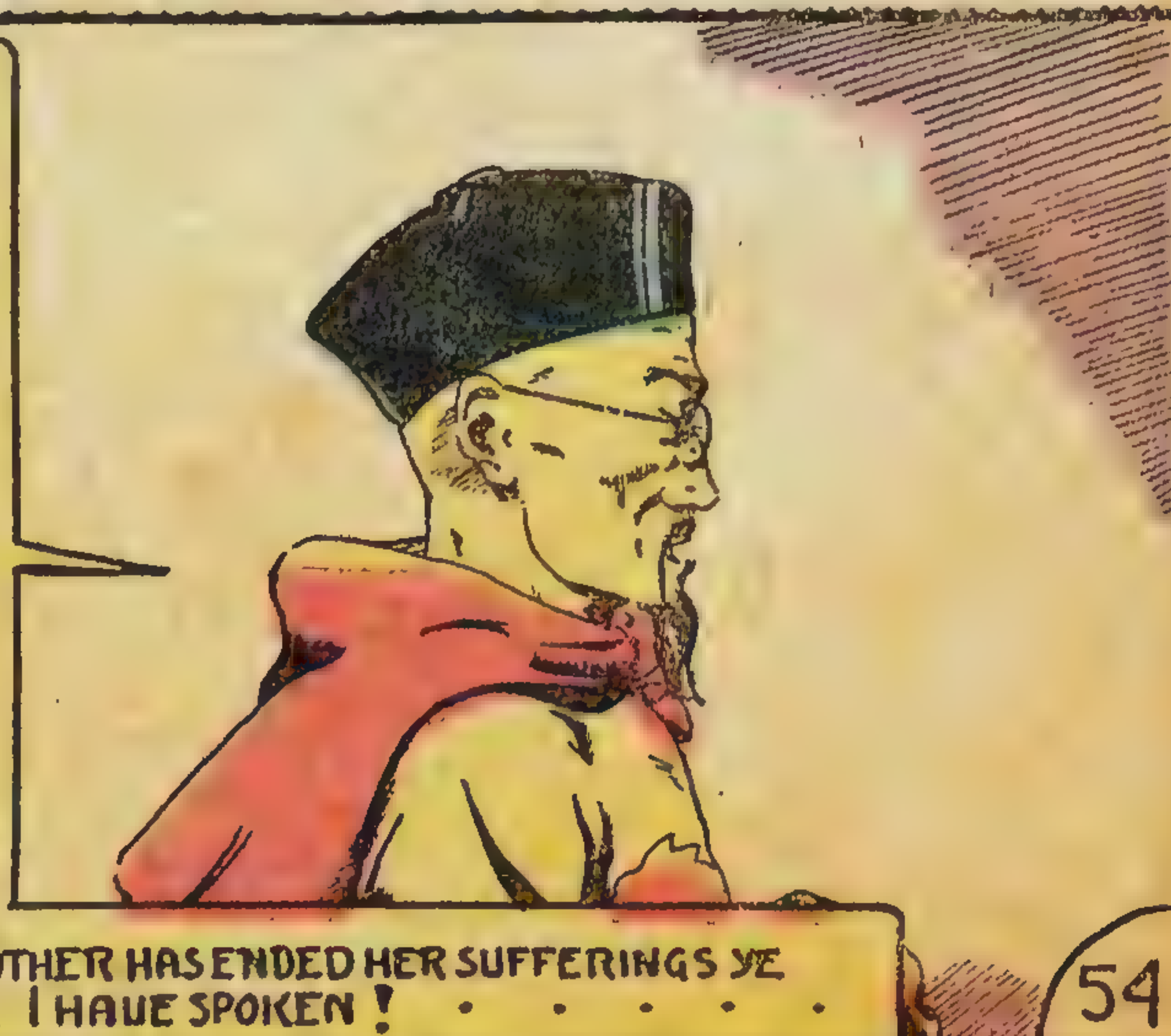
BUT ONLY AS THE PRICE FOR THE LIVES OF VON HOLTZENDORFF AND HIS DAUGHTER!



53

LU GONG'S LONG SLENDER FINGERS GRIPPED THE ARM OF THE CHAIR CONVULSIVELY AS HE FOUGHT FOR SELF CONTROL.

YOU SHOW IMPERTINENCE OF A HIGH ORDER IN ENDEAVORING A PALTRY BARGAIN IN A MATTER THAT CONCERNS THE FUTURE OF FOUR HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE. OH FOOL! AS A BABE INNOCENTLY PLAYS WITH THE HOODED ADDER DO YOU TRIFLE WITH DEATH. WELL DO I KNOW HOW YOU CAME BY THE FRAGMENT OF THE SACRED IMPERIAL JADE. VON HOLTZENDORFF GAVE IT TO YOU IN GRATITUDE FOR SAVING HIS LIFE IN CANTON THAT TIME HE WAS SO NEARLY IN MY POWER. AND YOU ACCEPTED IT EITHER NOT KNOWING NOR NOT CARING ABOUT THE OVERWHELMING VALUE OF THOSE MISSING FRAGMENTS. WITH THE RETURN OF THAT FRAGMENT YOUR ERROR COULD BE FORGIVEN YOU. BUT FOR THE THEFT OF THE REMAINING PIECE YOU MERIT DEATH! IT IS NOW NINE O'CLOCK. AT TEN O'CLOCK VON HOLTZENDORFF'S DAUGHTER WILL BEGIN TO PAY THE PENALTY OF HER FATHER'S MISDEEDS. YOU TWO SHALL WATCH HER SLOW DISMEMBERING WITH POWER ONLY TO END HER SUFFERING BY DEATH BY RETURNING ALL OF THE SACRED JADE. THEREAFTER YOU TWO SHALL FOLLOW HER INTO THE KINGDOM OF SHADOWS QUICKLY AND WITHOUT TORTURE AS A REWARD. SHOULD YOU BE OBDURATE AFTER ONE OR THE OTHER HAS ENDED HER SUFFERINGS YE SHALL BOTH DIE THE DEATH BY THE SEVEN HEAVENLY GATES. I HAVE SPOKEN!



54

BIND THIS MAN SECURELY,
GUARD HIM WITH YOUR LIVES!

I'LL NEVER FORGIVE
MYSELF FOR GETTING
YOU INTO THIS MESS, NELSON.

NONSENSE, VON
HOLTZENDORFF. WE'RE
NOT LICKED YET.



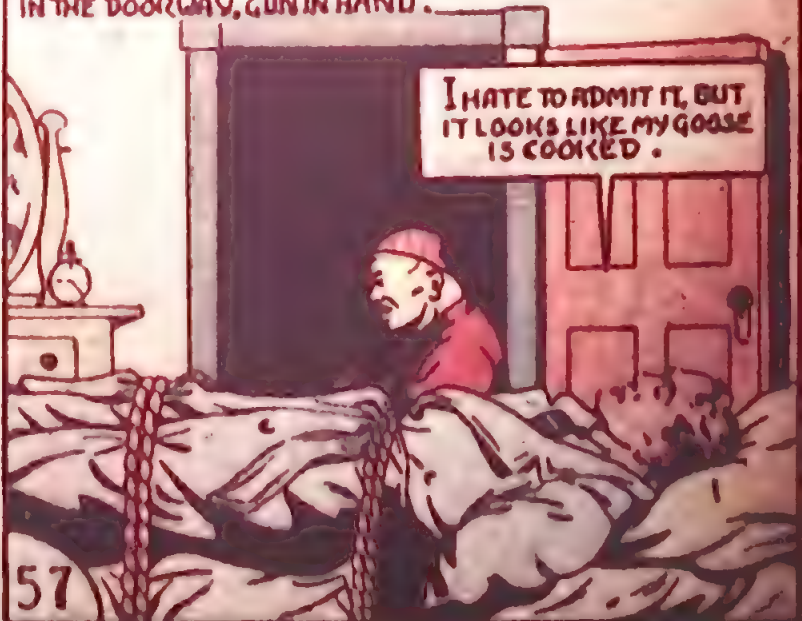
55

NELSON STOOD PASSIVELY AS THE GUARDS WITH DRAWN
SWORDS CLOSED AROUND HIM, BINDING HIS HANDS SECURELY
BEHIND HIS BACK. HE WAS STUNNED AT THE SUDDEN TURN
OF EVENTS HAD TAKEN.



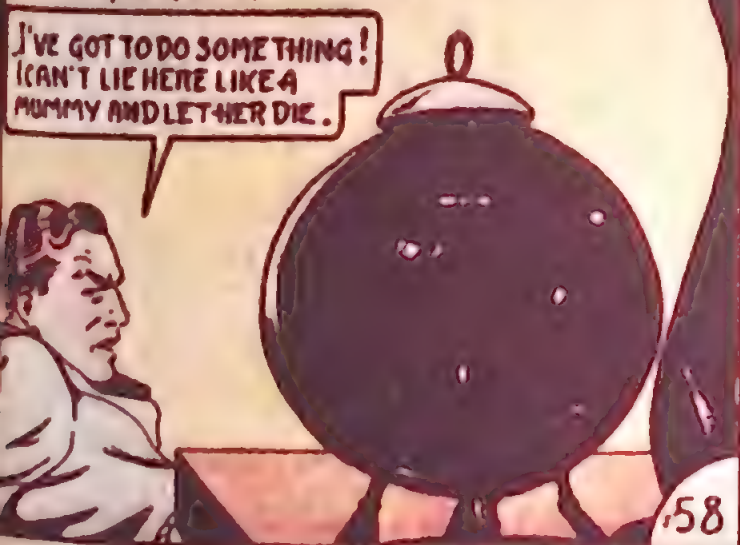
56

HE WAS THEN TAKEN BACK TO THE SMALL ATTIC BED ROOM
HE HAD BEEN IN A SHORT TIME PREVIOUS. HE WAS THROWN ON
THE COT AND SECURELY TIED DOWN. A GUARD, SQUATTED
IN THE DOORWAY, GUN IN HAND.



57

THE HANDS OF A CHEAP ALARM CLOCK ON THE BUREAU
POINTED TO TWENTY MINUTES AFTER NINE. THERE WERE ONLY
FORTY MINUTES LEFT BEFORE HE SHOULD BE FACED WITH THE
RIGHTFUL ALTERNATIVE OF SEEING SIGRID'S FLAWLESS BODY
SMANTLED PIECE BY PIECE, OR OF ENDING HER SUFFERING
BY TAKING HER LIFE.



58



DRUCE NELSON



SIGRID



VON HOLTZENDORFF.

WHAT WILL THE FATE OF THESE THREE BE?

DON'T MISS THE HAIR RAISING-
CLIMAX OF THE CLAWS OF THE
RED DRAGON

IN THE
NEXT ISSUE!

F!

RIFLES ON THE RIVER

by Guy Monroe

*Kit Walker Had To Dynamite His Way Through
General Wu Fen's Armored Train — And He Got
Pretty Sore About The Thanks He Got For The Job.*





THE man at his side slumped to the deck before Kit Walker heard the distant report of the rifle that had felled him.

"Poor devil," gritted Kit, "he didn't ever know what hit him, which all goes to prove the old saying that there's no use ducking when you hear a shot, 'cause you don't ever hear the one that's got your name and address on it!"

"That makes seven," the Skipper said, ignoring Kit's philosophy. "These Chino bandits are getting to be pretty good snipers!"

"And they've got good rifles," Kit agreed. "You can't hit a

man at this range unless you've got telescopic sights and all the rest of the paraphernalia."

"Right," said the Skipper. "And we'd better get off this deck before that slant-eyed rascal starts throwing more lead!"

They stepped into the cabin not a moment too soon, for a bullet whined through the air and nicked a steel bulkhead just behind the spot lately vacated by Kit Walker.

Kit stuck his head around the corner of the door and made an undignified face in the general direction of the unseen marksman.

"Yah-h-h!" he jeered. "Missed us a mile!"

"Pretty short mile," commented the Skipper dryly.

They were washing their evening meal down with tall glasses of limejuice and water when the radio operator stepped into the cabin and touched his forelock respectfully to the Captain.

"What is it, Sparks?" asked the Skipper.

"Radio from Shanghai, sir. We're advised that bandits are reported very active in this territory." The ghost of a smile hovered about his mouth as he spoke.

"Decent of 'em to let us know," grunted the Skipper.

"Especially since we've already lost seven men to their infernal sniping," supplemented Kit.

"The message also says that the bandit general Wu Fen has raided the Won Lai railroad and captured an armored train, sir!"

The Skipper frowned. "What good's it going to do him to capture an armored train? He can't take it into Shanghai on a raid!"

Kit's brow was furrowed as his nimble brain tried to find an answer to the Captain's query. Wu Fen wasn't the sort of man to do as seemingly ridiculous a thing as to capture an armored train unless he had some pretty good reason for wanting that train. He might have been expected to blow it up or otherwise destroy it, yes, for he had done that little trick many times, but as far as Kit could remember, this was the first time he'd ever taken actual possession of an armored train.

There must be a reason for it, Kit knew.

"Does the railroad touch this river any place?" he asked the Skipper.

"Yes, it follows right beside it for quite a spell a hundred or so miles further up. Why?"

"Why?" echoed Kit. "It's as plain

as the nose on your face! Old Wu Fen knows that if we get this cargo of guns and munitions through to the Nationalist troops up at Chengo he'll be hemmed in on both sides. His cute little plan, no doubt, is to run his captured armored train alongside us and blow us out of the water!"

"He wouldn't dare!" thundered the Captain. "This ship is flying the American flag!"

"That doesn't mean much to Mr. Wu Fen," said Kit. "He's got nothing to lose, anyway. If the Nationalist boys get him he'll face a firing squad, and if they don't get their supplies they might not get him. Savvy? If a fellow's going to face a firing squad he doesn't care much who does the shooting."

The Captain nodded slowly. "I guess you're right, Walker," he said. "It's a bold stroke, but chances are he'll do it!"

"I've got kind of a bold stroke percolating through my alleged brain, too," said Kit. "First thing I'd suggest is that you radio back and tell the authorities to send another armored train on, if they haven't already done so. Of course they'll have to stop and repair some track somewhere along the route, for it's a cinch that our bandit friend performed a little sabotage just to keep pursuit off for a while. Still, they

might be able to get up into this country in time to lend us a hand."

"So we'll just drop the hook and sit here until all's clear?" asked the Skipper.

KIT shook his head. "We contracted to get this shipment up to the Nationalists by the fourteenth; if we sit here for a couple of days we'll never make it. No, you keep steaming up the river; I'll take the launch, six men and two of those light machine-guns and get going ahead of you. And—oh, yes—you'd better give me a couple hundred pounds of dynamite and a few miles of wire."

The Captain's eyes glittered. "If I weren't Skipper of this tub I'd sure like to be one of the six men going with you, Walker," he said. "A little dynamiting party, eh?"

"Right!" grinned Kit.

The sky was dark and overcast, so that even the full moon threw only fitful light on the muddy waters as Kit and his little party worked cautiously up the river. The launch was a good one, with a quiet motor, and they sailed close to the right bank so that no sound might reach attentive ears on the further side.

Biff Davis said, "The current's sluggish this time of year; we're making a good twenty-five knots an hour."

"I'm no sailor," complained Kit. "How fast is that in miles?"

"A knot is one and one-sixth miles," instructed Davis. "Figure it out for yourself—I'm no good at arithmetic."

Kit heard a match being scratched across a rough surface, and swept out with his hand in time to knock it out of the fingers of one of his men.

"No smoking!" he growled. "We can't afford to show any lights!"

"Sorry, Walker," said the man.

The journey was becoming tiresome. The men edgited. After three hours or so Kit asked Davis, "How far do you figure we've come?"

"Somewhere between seventy-five and a hundred miles, Kit. Another hour at this pace will put us to where the railroad follows the river."

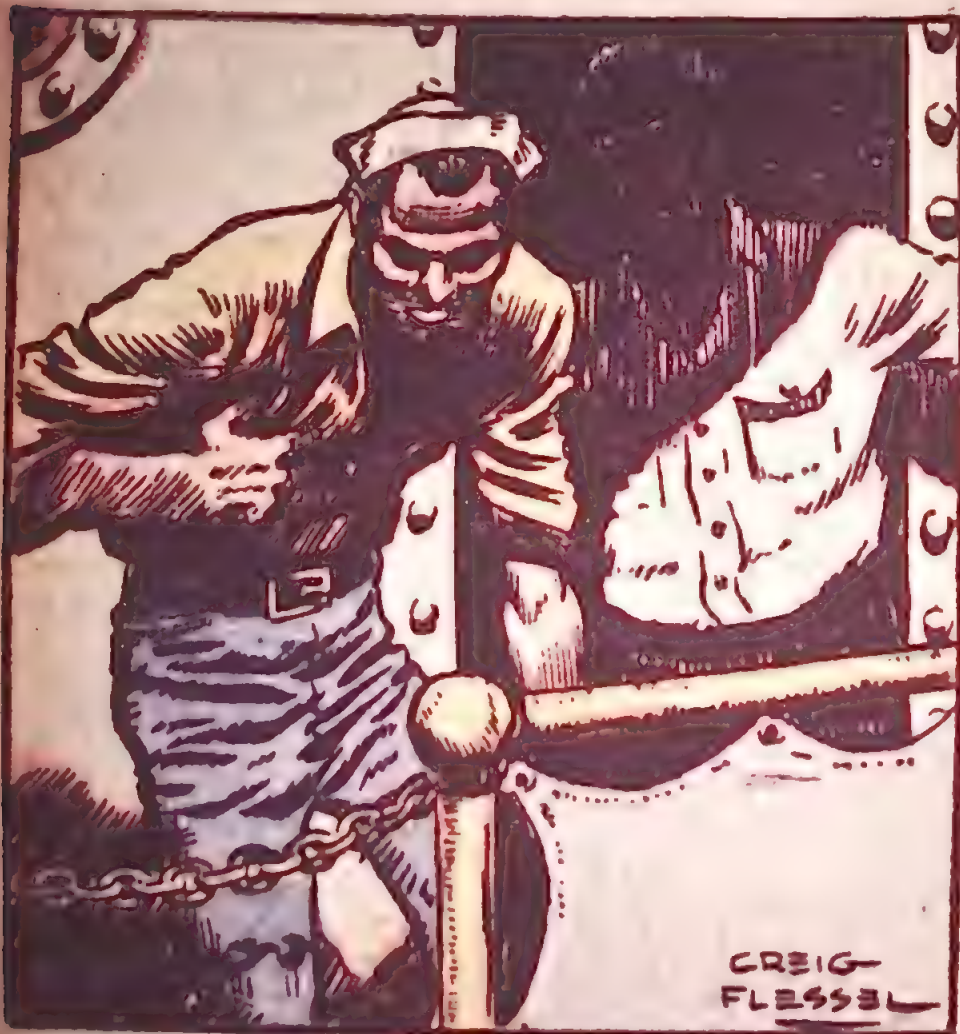
They settled back to another sixty minutes of boredom.

At last, however, it was over, and Davis switched off the ignition.

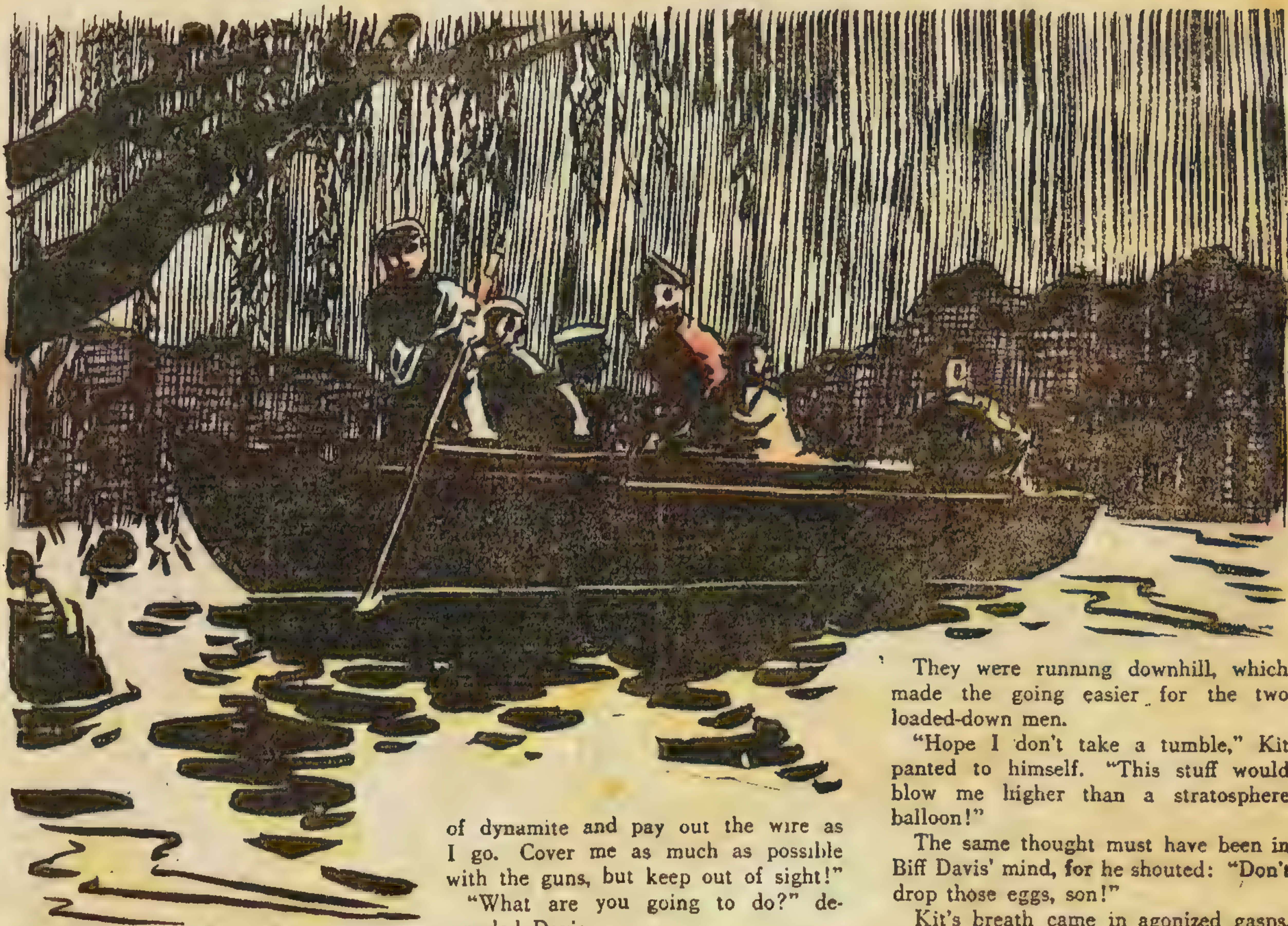
"We'd better row to the other side of the river," he said.

"Naturally," agreed Kit. "Come on, lads—pull!"

Rowing was tough, for the launch was a heavy one, but they sweated and strained until they slid close to the left bank and tied their craft beneath the meagre camouflage of a scrawny clump of willows. Kit and Davis each



CREIG
FLESCH



shouldered one of the light machine guns and as many bandoliers of ammunition as they could stagger under. The other five men toted sacks of gelatin dynamite, wire, and still more food for the machine guns. One of them carried a small, compact electro-contact plunger, to be used to fire dynamite charges.

It was growing lighter. The first streaks of dawn made the eastern horizon a sharp line across the sky, and the men cast long, thin shadows as they trudged along under their burdens. Then the sun itself peeped through the early mists and Kit could see two bright silvery lines etched across the dreary monotony of the landscape.

"There she is, boys!" he exulted. "The railroad! All we've got to do is to plant a load of dynamite under the rails and wait for Mr. Wu Fen's train to come along!"

Suddenly he stopped. Off in the distance a sound was growing stronger and stronger. The train!

Davis said: "Looks like we're too late! We can never plant a charge and get away in time!" Disappointment was written on the faces of the men.

Kit's mind raced like mad. "Quick!" he ordered. "Wire to one of those sacks

of dynamite and pay out the wire as I go. Cover me as much as possible with the guns, but keep out of sight!"

"What are you going to do?" demanded Davis.

"I'm going to dump the sack on the tracks just at that turn; the engineer won't be able to stop in time even if he sees it. As soon as I'm clear I'll wave my arm—that'll be your signal to let 'er go!"

"You're crazy!" shouted Davis.

"Shut up and wire that charge!" ordered Kit. "Do you think I came all this way just to see a train go by without *doing* anything? And if that train *does* get by, she's got a very good chance of blowing Cap'n Garde and the ship plumb out of the river!"

The other men had been feverishly attaching wires to a fifty pound bag of gelatin dynamite. Kit hoisted the load to his shoulder and started jogging down toward the tracks, the wire stretching out behind him.

Davis followed close behind him, one of the machine guns cradled in his brawny arms.

"Okay, Kit!" he yelled. "I'm right behind you!"

Kit grinned over his shoulder and holstered back. "Thanks, boy!"

Still hidden in the low hills, the armored train drew nearer and nearer. And she was making plenty of time, too, Kit knew, for the high-pitched hissing of her boilers told that the engineer was leaning on the throttle with a heavy hand.

They were running downhill, which made the going easier for the two loaded-down men.

"Hope I don't take a tumble," Kit panted to himself. "This stuff would blow me higher than a stratosphere balloon!"

The same thought must have been in Biff Davis' mind, for he shouted: "Don't drop those eggs, son!"

Kit's breath came in agonized gasps, searing his lungs and throat as though with a white-hot blade. It is no romp to run a thousand yards with fifty pounds of high explosive on your shoulder.

At last he reached the track, and almost shouted with glee. Last year's rains had eroded the earth under the ties here and there, making perfect stowing places for such a package as Kit had to deliver.

GINGERLY he placed the dynamite in one of the crevices. And not a moment too soon, for the train roared around the base of the last hill and bore down on him, a scant hundred yards away!

Kit ran like a scared rabbit toward Biff, who had dropped behind a hummock and was busily setting up the gun.

The engineer on the armored train sensed trouble and put on the brakes, but too late! Sparks tore from the tracks and the train shuddered, but not in time. As Kit reached Biff and threw himself to the ground beside him, he waved his arm. A thousand yards back the man at the charge-box leaned on the plunger.

There was a terrific roar, a blinding flash, swirling clouds of dust, as the charge was ignited directly beneath the second car of the train. A section of



one of the wheel carriages sailed through the air and plopped into the earth between Kit and Davis.

"Nice placement!" said Davis. They both hugged the ground to escape the barrage of smaller pieces of metal that hummed about their ears like angry hornets.

Almost at the moment of the explosion, men had begun to pour off the armored train, rifles and pistols in hands. Biff's fingers tightened around the grip of the machine gun, and it chattered into life. He wasted no bullets. The first burst chopped into the Chinese bandits hungrily, and sent the survivors scurrying back into the protection of the train.

"Now it's *their* turn!" grunted Kit.

It was. Gunners in the train threw a torrent of hot lead at the tiny hummock that was Kit and Biff's only protection.

"We'd better dig in!" said Biff.

Furiously they scratched and tore at the powdery earth, piling it up in front of them a handful at a time. And all the while the bandit rifles and machine

guns were blazing away at them, the bullets kicking up spurts of dust that choked the two defenders and brought stinging tears to their red-rimmed eyes.

"We brought everything but water," gasped Biff, "and I'd give my chances of salvation for a mouthful of it this minute!"

The firing became desultory. The bandits knew that they had few opponents, and had settled down, with true Oriental patience, to wait them out. And the others of Kit's little party couldn't possibly reach them with water or ammunition through the scathing fire from the armored train.

The sun mounted higher and higher in the brassy heavens and the heat and glare became almost intolerable to the beleaguered pair. Their tongues grew thick and cottony, sweat oozed from their pores. Still, every now and again they poured a burst of lead at the steel train whenever a head appeared.

"It's only a question of time," Kit whispered through his parched lips. "If we get up and run for the others we're a cinch to get machine-gunned to powder; if we stay here we'll die of thirst or sunstroke."

"Anyway," Biff answered, "we've

stopped the train, so the ship'll get through to the government forces."

"That's fine," gritted Kit, "but I don't go in much for that sacrifice stuff, especially for a country I don't belong to. I'd just as soon get out of this alive, if you don't mind!"

"Me too," agreed Biff, "but it doesn't look as though we've got much say in the matter."

An oppressive silence hung over them for a long time, punctuated at infrequent intervals by a rifle shot from the train. But Kit's brain was again working furiously toward a solution of their almost hopeless situation. Suddenly he grasped Biff's arm.

"Do you know your Morse code?" he demanded.

Davis nodded.

"Anybody back there know it?"

"Yeah. Kelsey savvies it."

"Good!" exulted Kit. "We've still got one end of the wire here, what's the matter with asking the boys to attach a few sticks of dynamite to *their* end?"

Biff's eyes opened wide, and a grin spread over his homely face. "Then we pull it down here and make us some grenades, eh?"

"That's the general idea," admitted Kit modestly.

Biff grabbed the trigger of the machine gun and spelled out "DYNAMITE . . . WIRE" in slow bursts of bullets.

There was no response.

"Keep trying, and pray that they'll get the idea!" said Kit.

After the fifth spelling, an answer came by the same means from the men behind them.

"PULL WIRE" it said.

Kit and Davis clasped hands gleefully, and tugged gingerly on the wire. Once started, the bundle of dynamite rolled easily down the incline, and they had only to pull in the slack wire rapidly and keep the stuff on its proper course. If the bandits saw what was happening they paid no heed. Possibly, from a distance, the package looked merely like a dislodged stone rolling down the slope.

At length the precious package was gathered into the little trench with loving care.

"Bright boys!" said Kit. "They sent fuses and everything."

"The dynamite wouldn't be much good *without* fuses," Biff pointed out.

The engine of the armored train had been pulled over on its side by the force of the explosion, and the first car was completely wrecked. It was almost certain that nobody lived in either of those two pieces of rolling stock. That left two cars to be reckoned with.

"We'll have to stand up to throw this stuff accurately," said Kit. "We'll probably get nicked doing it, but we've got to take that chance."

"Right. Anything's better than par-boiling in this sun!"

"You take the last car, and I'll take the other," ordered Kit. "And try to get your dynamite *under* the cars—there's less steel plating there than on the sides. We'll each light three sticks, and then start throwing in a hurry!"

He produced a box of matches and they struck two of them at the same time, passing the flames under the fuse-wicks of six sticks of dynamite. The fuses sputtered like demons as the sparks ate hungrily toward the percussion caps.

"Let's go!" shouted Kit. He leaped to his feet and started throwing the death-laden sticks. Biff was right at his side, tossing with him, stick for stick. The Chinese bandits, caught napping, got hardly a bullet across before a series of terrific explosions shook the two remaining cars of the train. Kit and Davis dropped prone for a moment, then threw more dynamite.

The train was a shambles. Steel, iron, guns and men sprawled over the tracks. Smoke began to curl as the wooden interiors of the cars caught fire. Scared survivors, wild-eyed, jabbering little yellow men, staggered into the open with

hands high above their heads in token of surrender.

The rest of Kit Walker's little party came legging it down the slope, guns in hand, and from afar off came the cheery sound of another train.

"That must be Nationalist soldiers," guessed Kit. "It looks like the party's over, boys!"

FOURS later, clambering up the Jacob's-ladder from the launch to the deck of the steamer, Kit Walker was still plenty mad.

"What's the matter, Walker?" the Skipper wanted to know.

Kit snorted: "That's the last time I'll ever go to any trouble for *this* government!"

"What's the matter—no gratitude?"

Kit spat disgustedly over the side of the ship. "Worse than that—they almost arrested me!"

The Captain was incredulous.

"Almost arrested you! What for?"

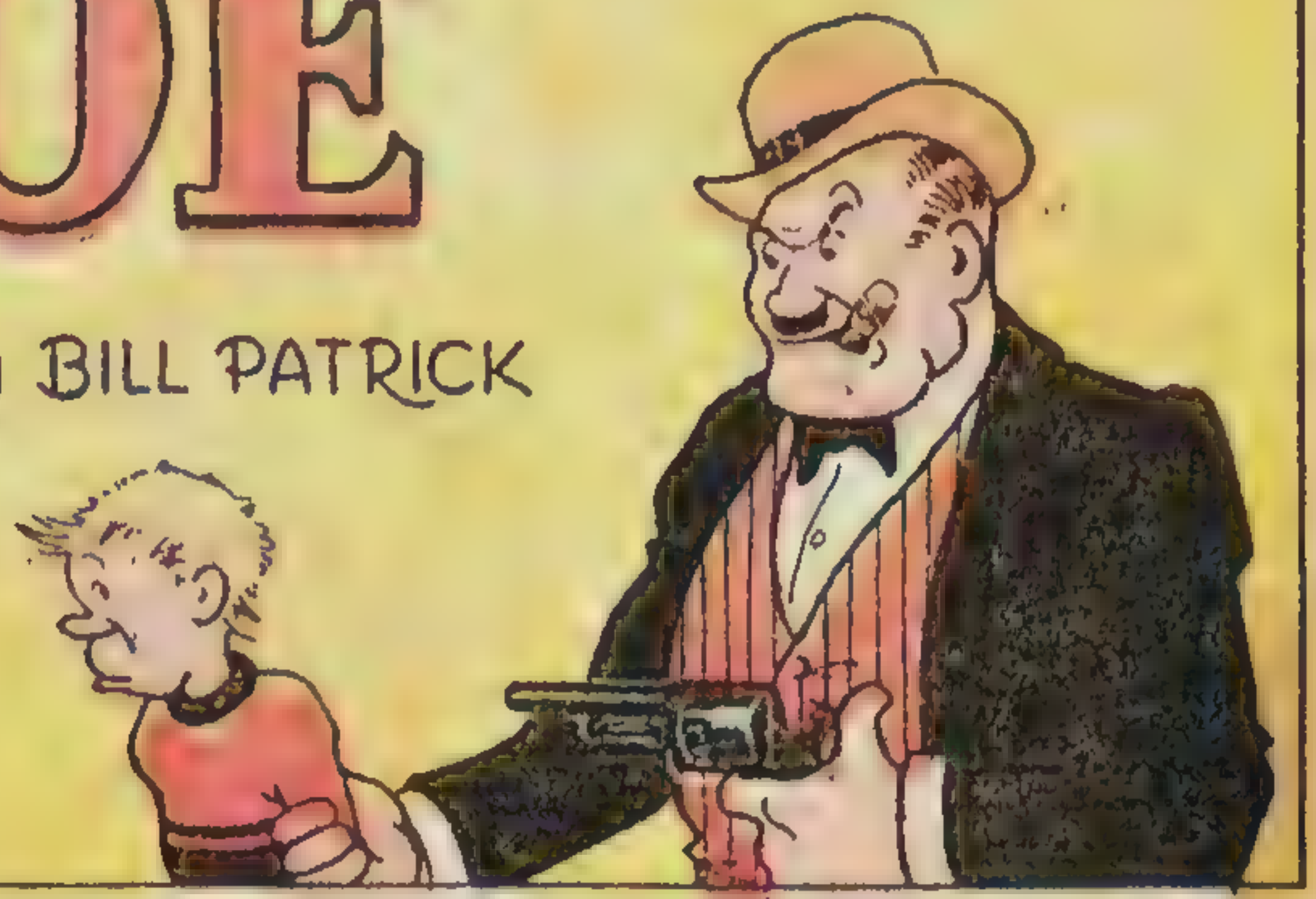
Kit shrugged. "Seems as though old Wu Fen got a little bit killed when all the dynamite blew. I thought the Nationalists would be kinda tickled about that, but they weren't. They wanted to stand him up in front of a firing squad!"

THE END



GUMSHOE GUS

By BILL PATRICK



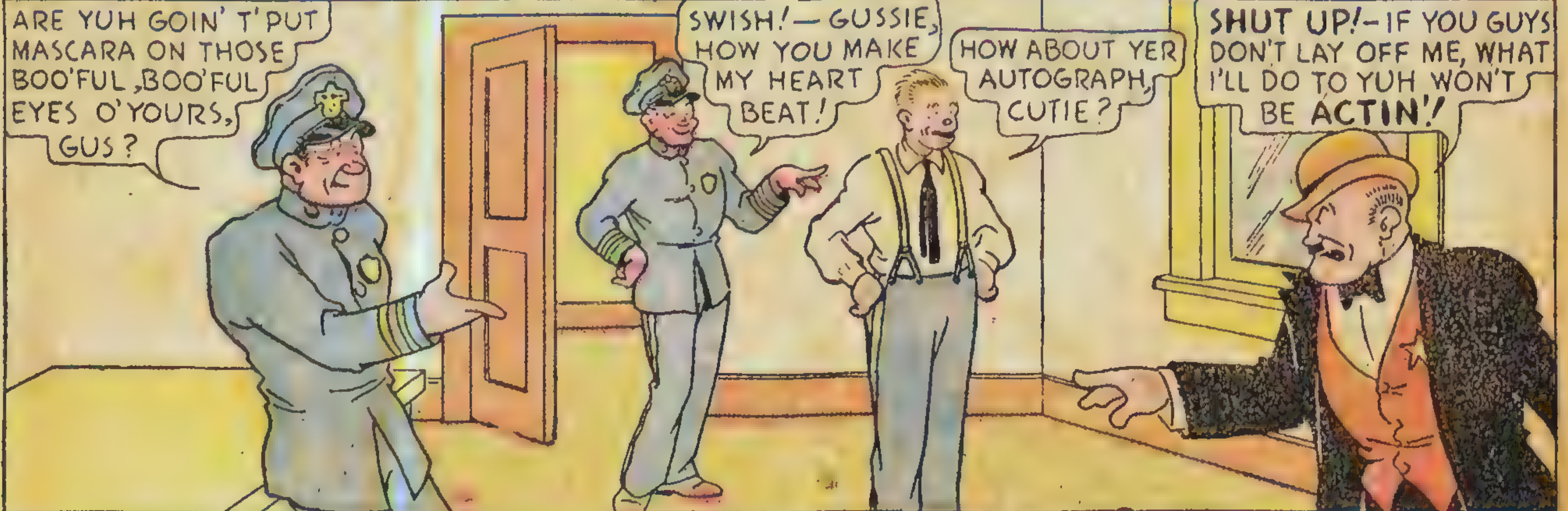
GUS—MRS. GOTTBUCKS, THE SOCIETY WOMAN, IS PUTTING ON A MYSTERY PLAY FOR THE MILK FUND—SHE'S ASKED ME TO SEND OVER A MAN TO PLAY THE DETECTIVE—JUST TO LEND THE PIECE A TOUCH OF AUTHENTICITY—UNDERSTAND?



WHAT!—ME A MATINAY IDLE?—
I SHOULD SAY NOT!



ARE YUH GOIN' T' PUT
MASCARA ON THOSE
BOO'FUL, BOO'FUL
EYES O'YOURS,
GUS?



SWISH!—GUSSIE,
HOW YOU MAKE
MY HEART
BEAT!

HOW ABOUT YER
AUTOGRAPH,
CUTIE?

SHUT UP!—IF YOU GUYS
DON'T LAY OFF ME, WHAT
I'LL DO TO YUH WON'T
BE ACTIN'!

I'M FROM HEADQUARTERS—
I WANNA SEE THE LADY
OF THE
HOUSE!

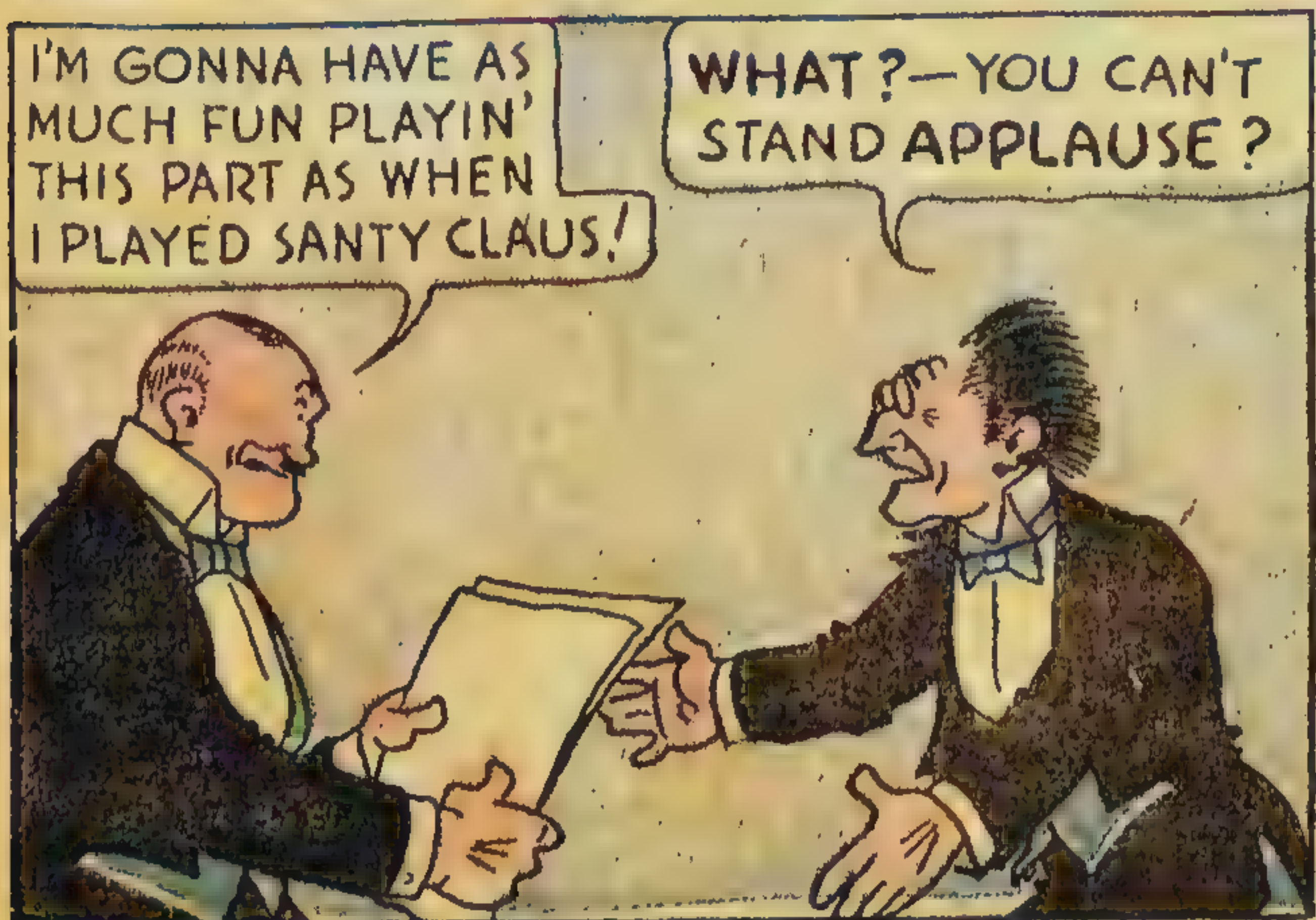
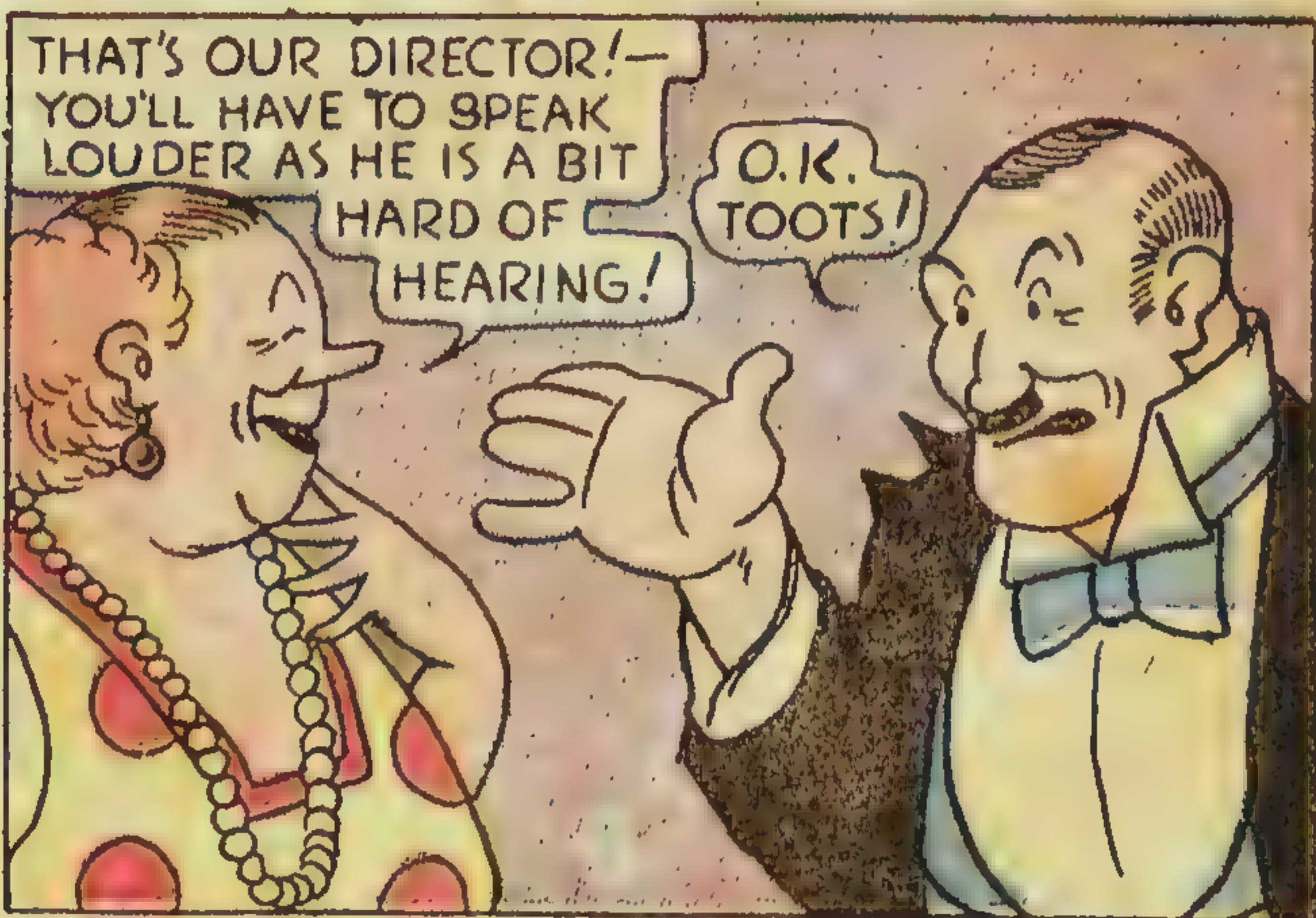
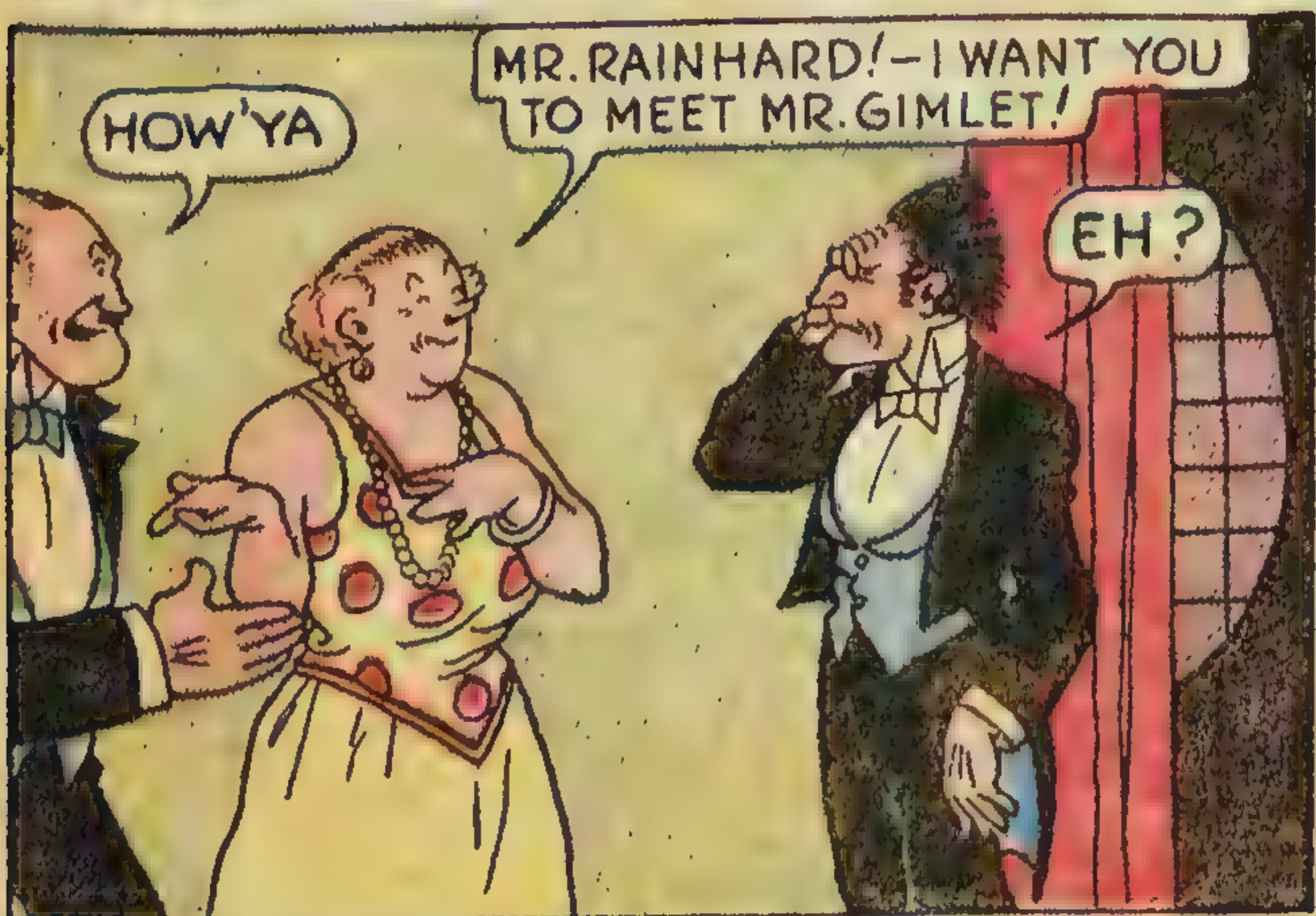
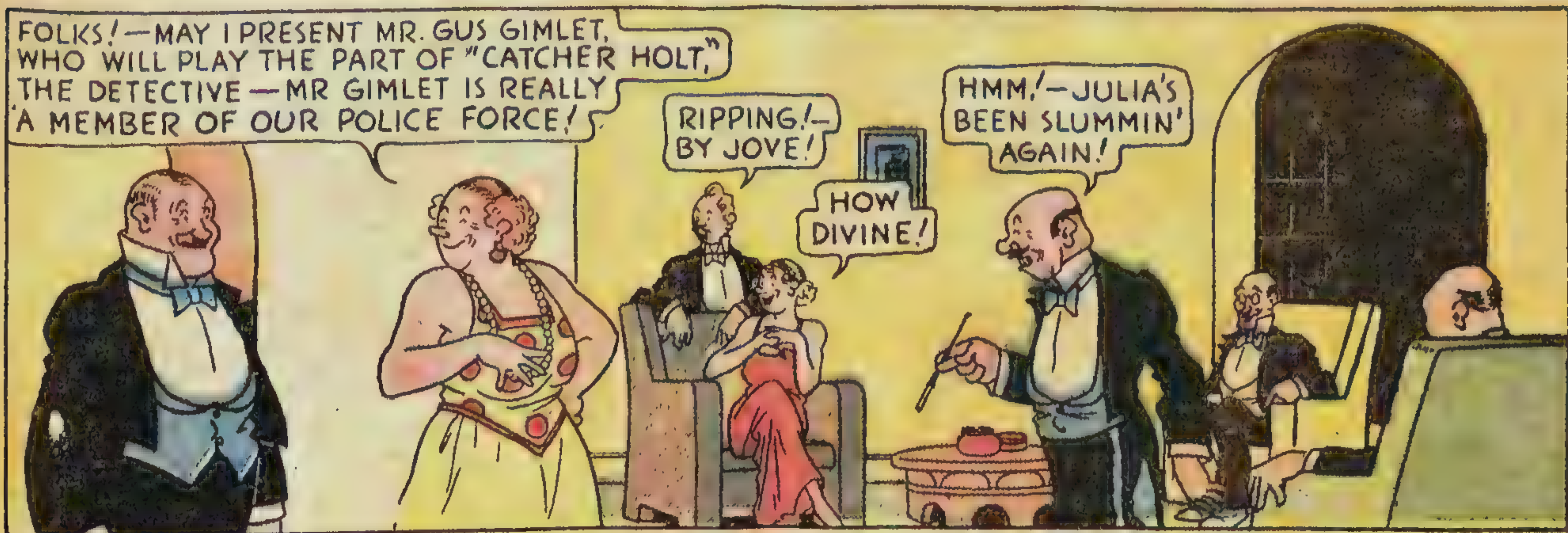
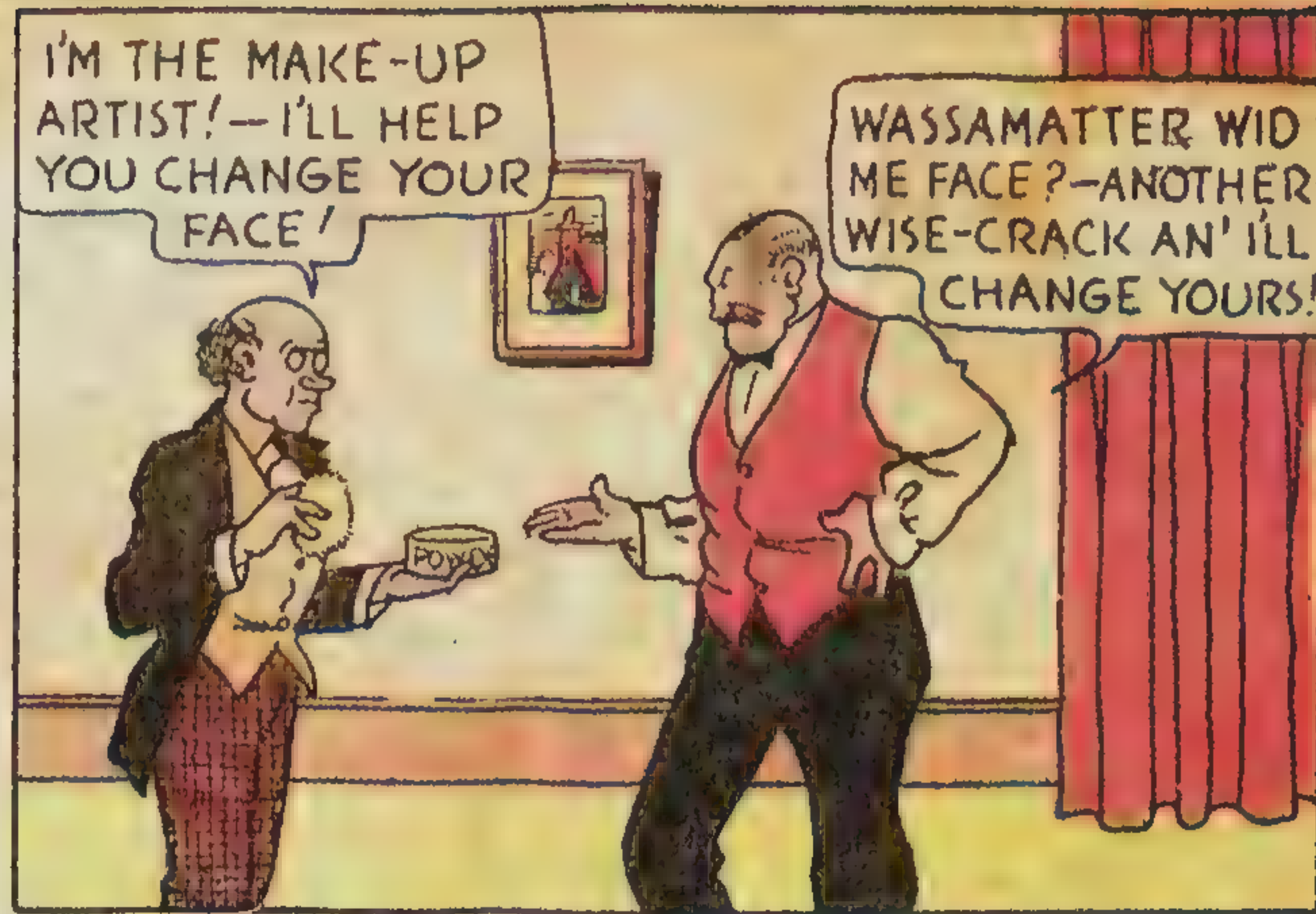
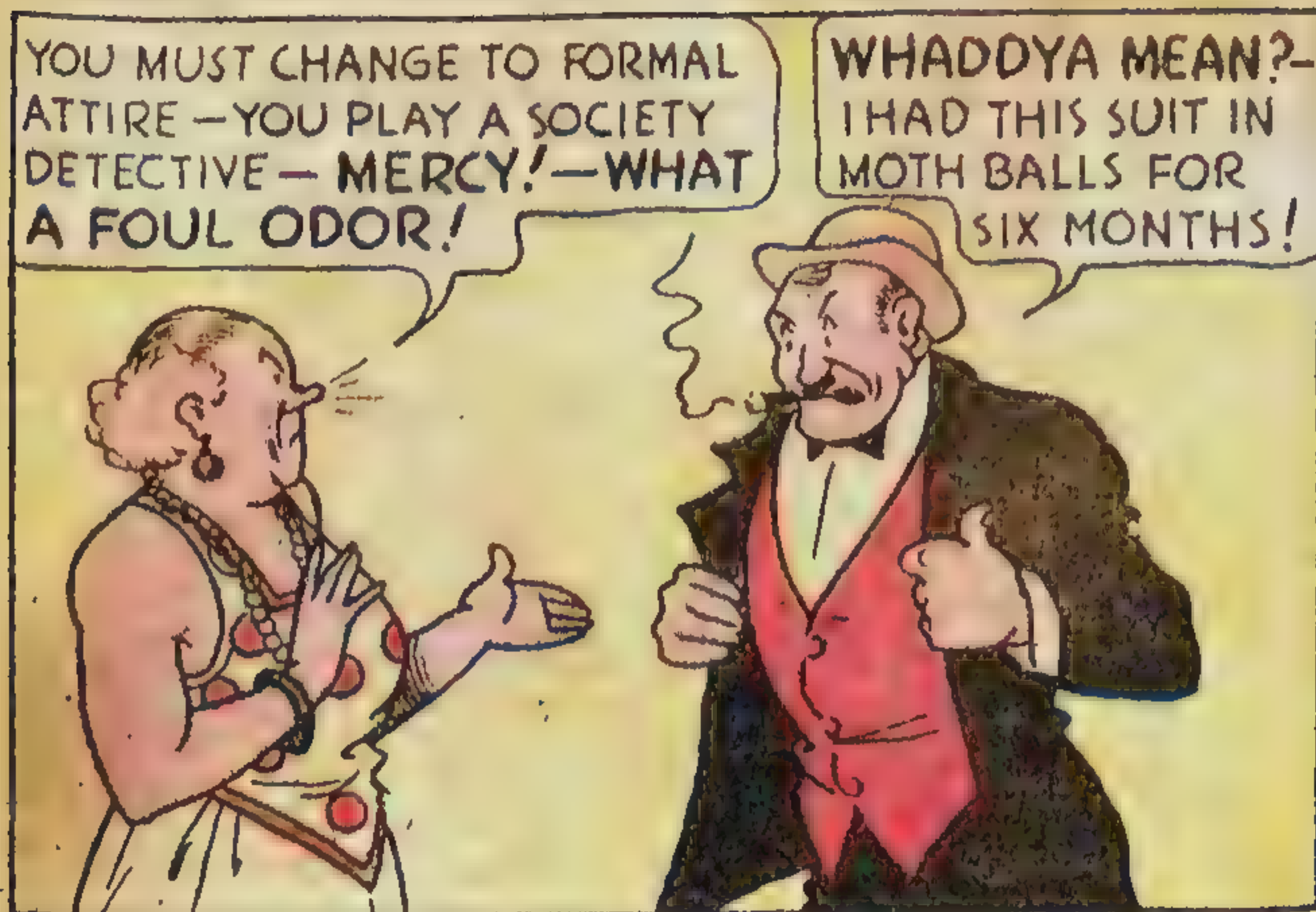


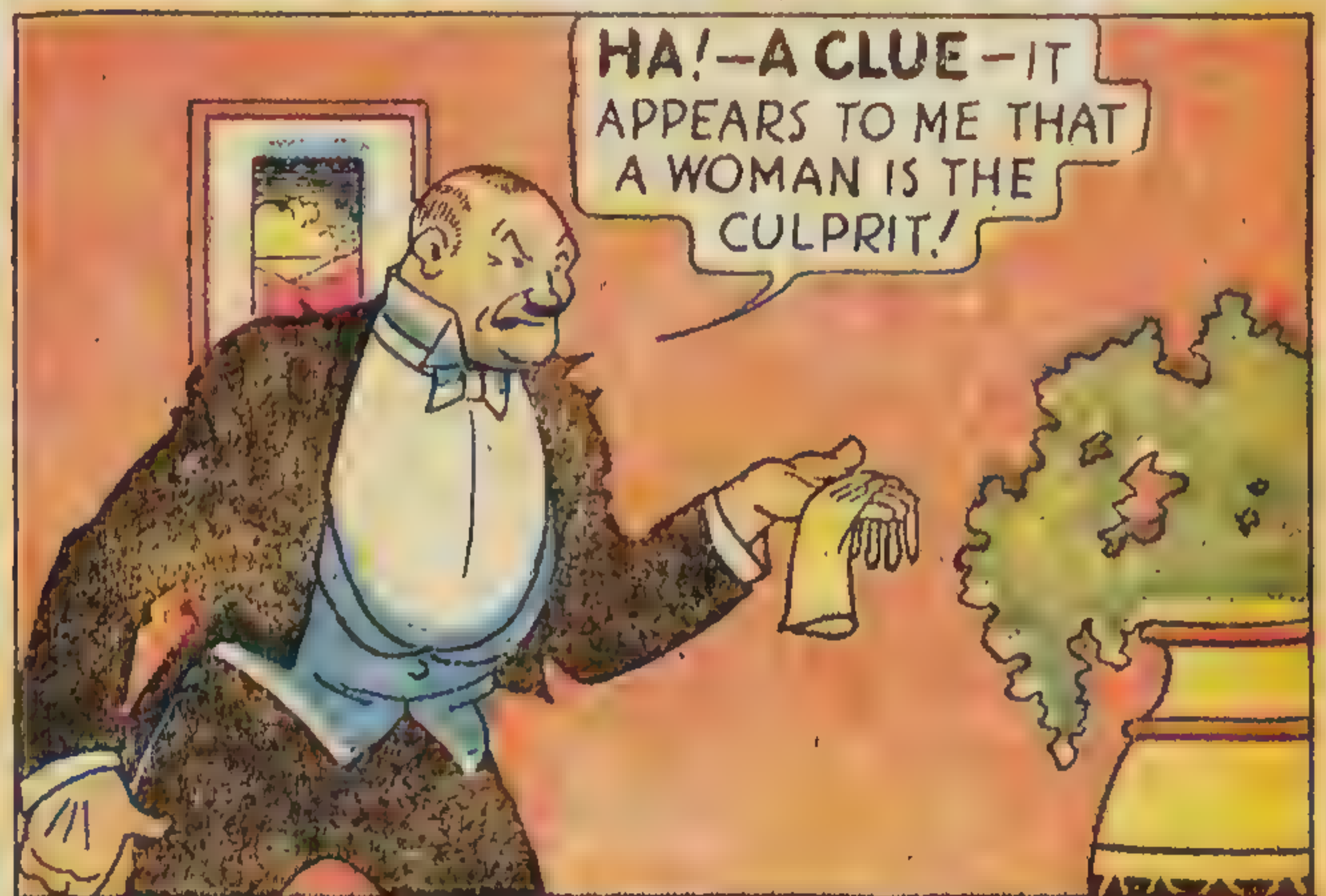
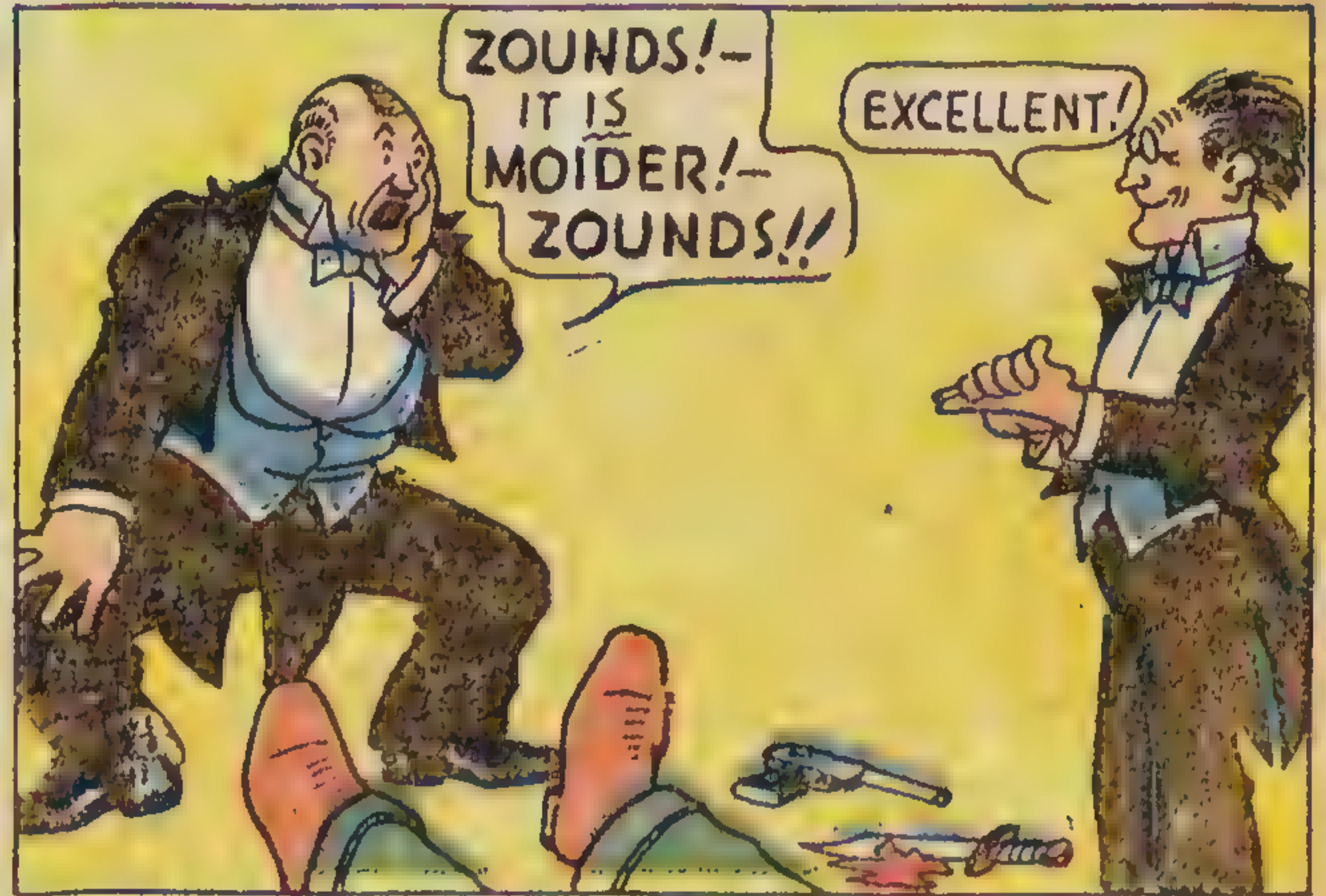
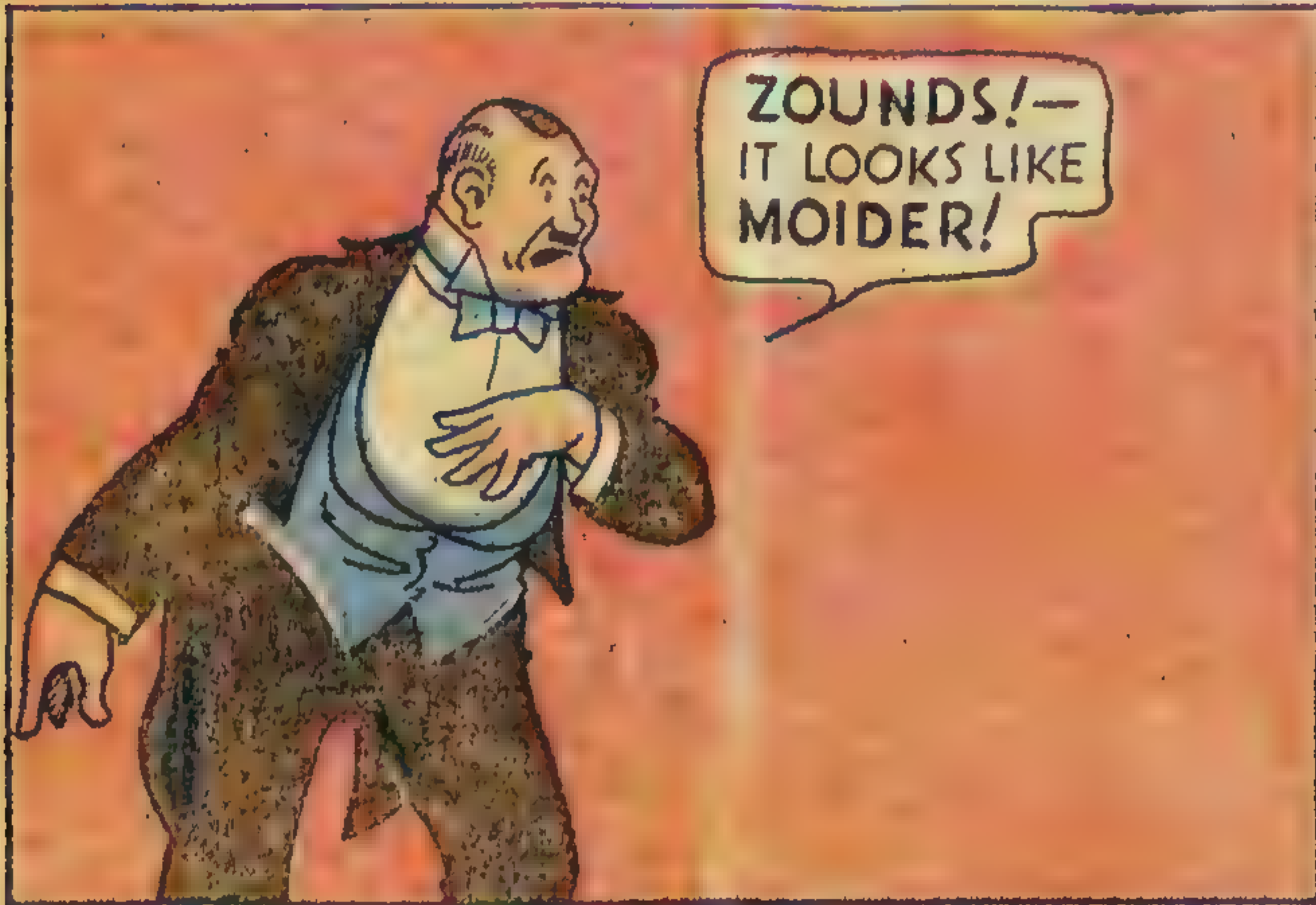
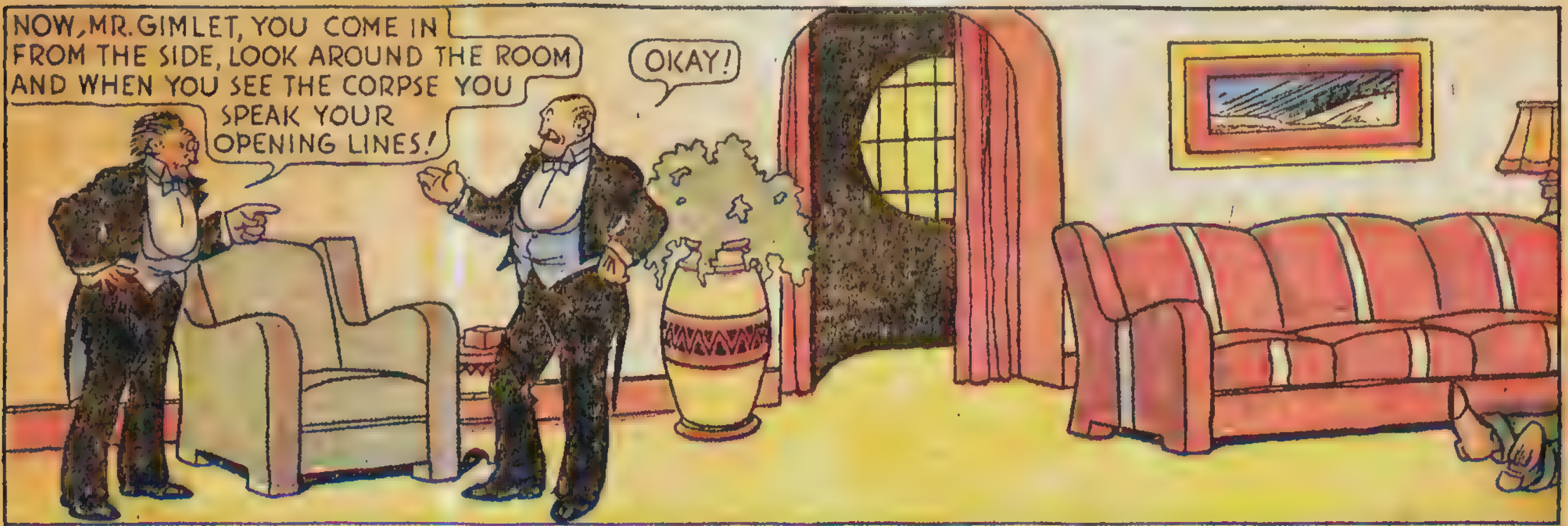
YES, SIR!

SO GOOD OF YOU TO COME—
WE'RE JUST ABOUT TO
START REHEARSALS—I'LL
TAKE YOU WHERE YOU
CAN DRESS!



DRESS?—DO I
LOOK LIKE A NUDIST?





CALM YOURSELF!—AFTER ALL, THE DETECTIVE YOU ARE PLAYING DOES NOT USE BRUTE FORCE IN SOLVING CRIMES—HE RELIES ON MORE SUBTLE METHODS!

YEAH!—WELL I'LL BET **SMELLIN'** AINT ONE OF THEM!



COME, COME!—GO ON WITH YOUR NEXT LINES AND PUT MORE FORCE IN YOUR PORTRAYAL!

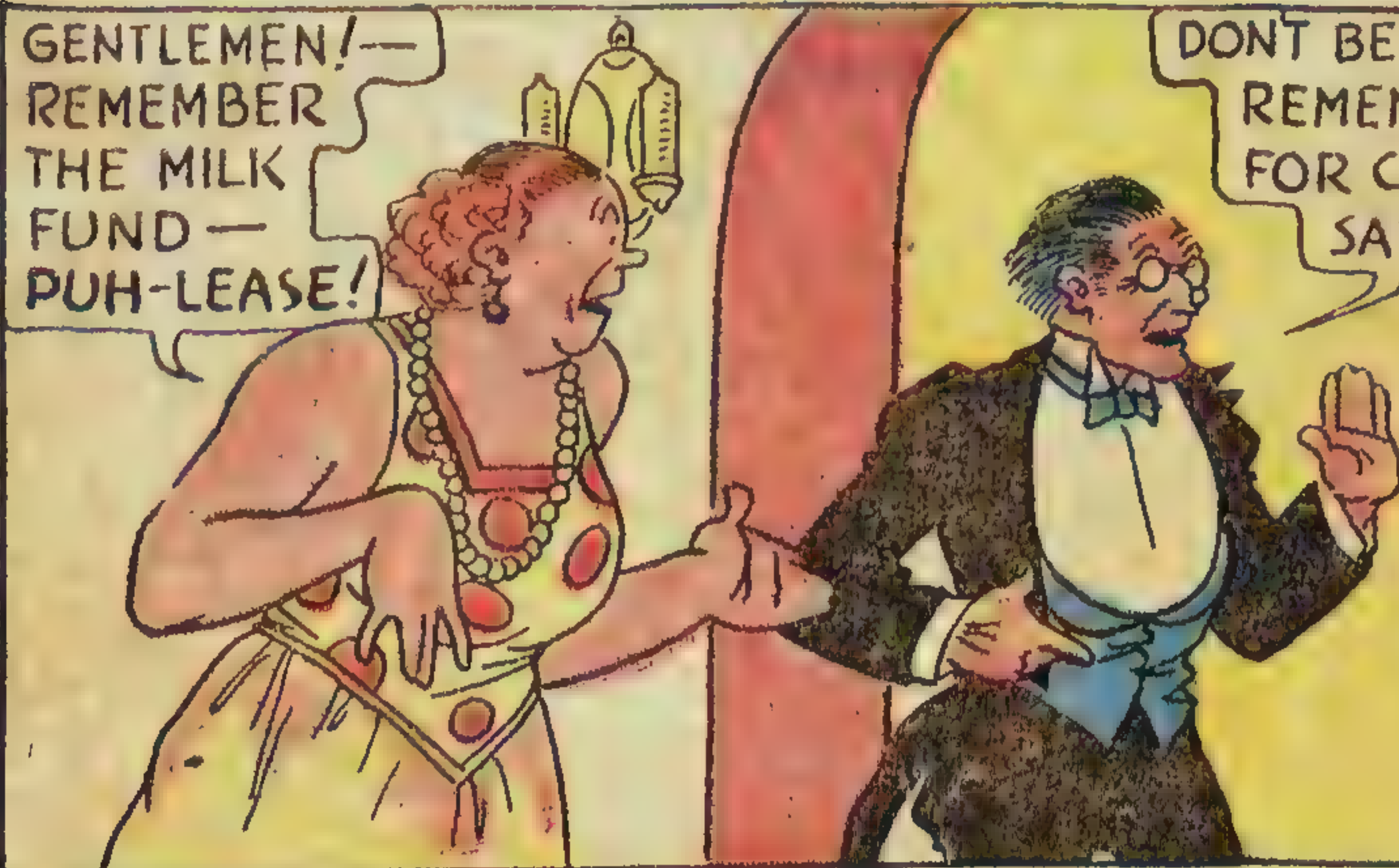
FOIST YUH SAY NO FORCE AND NOW MORE FORCE—IF IT WASN'T FOR THE MILK FUND I'D TOIN IN MY SOUP 'N' FISH AN' CHUCK THE WOIKS!



GENTLEMEN!—REMEMBER THE MILK FUND—PUH-LEASE!

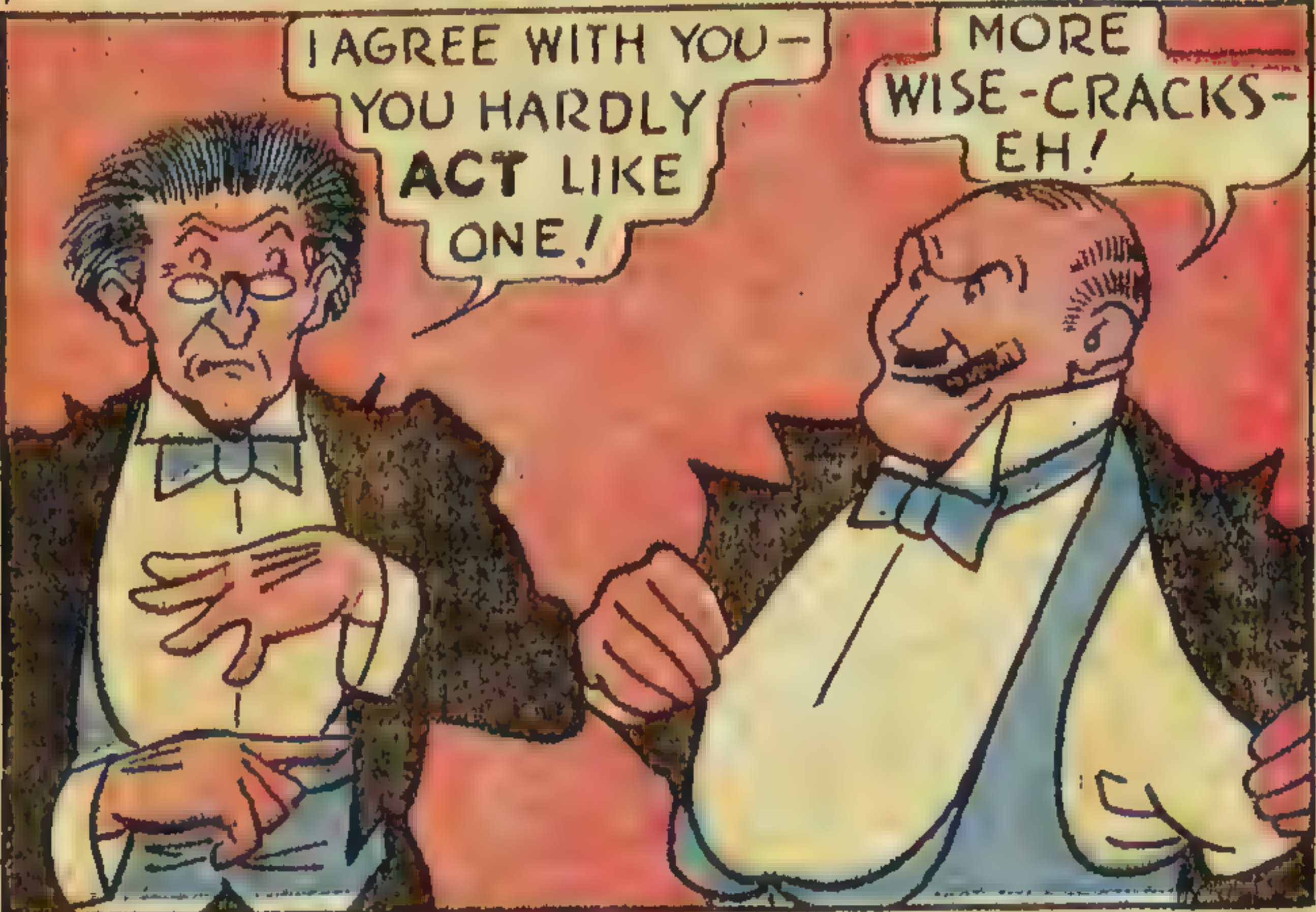
DONT BE SO IMPETUOUS!—REMEMBER IT'S FOR CHARITY'S SAKE!

OH YEAH!—LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING. I'D DO ANYTHING FOR CHARITY, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO **ACT** THE PART OF A DETECTIVE!



I AGREE WITH YOU—YOU HARDLY **ACT** LIKE ONE!

MORE WISE—CRACKS—EH!



STOP BEING CHILDISH NOW AND START ALL OVER!

OKAY!—HERE GOES—**ZOUNDS!**—IT LOOKS LIKE **MOIDER!**—**ZOUNDS!**—**SAY!**—



NEXT DAY IN THE **SMOKE ROOM**

"THE DETECTIVE ROLE WAS ESSAYED BY MR. AGUSTUS GIMLET—HIS PORTRAYAL WAS A SYNONYM FOR A MOSQUITO DISPELLER—IN OTHER WORDS, PUNK—HE COULDN'T EVEN ARREST OUR ATTENTION!"—**HA!—HA!**

AW!—YOU HARNESS BULLS MAKE ME SICK!



SPY

61
SIEGEL
and SHUSTER

AS THE HUGE DIRIGIBLE, COLOSSUS, NEARS ITS DESTINATION, A FLASH OF FLAME IS SEEN TO RACE ITS LENGTH! SUDDENLY THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AND THE RENT MONSTER OF THE SKIES ZOOMS DOWNWARD TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF SHRIEKS FROM ITS DOOMED CARGO!

ROOM 2048 -- U.S. SPY HEADQUARTERS --

BART, I WANT YOU AND SALLY TO CHECK UP ON THE POSSIBILITY THAT THE CAUSE OF THE COLOSSUS DISASTER MAY HAVE BEEN SABOTAGE.

WE'LL BEGIN THE INVESTIGATION AT ONCE, CHIEF!

2

SOME VANDAL MAY HAVE SHOT AN EXPLOSIVE BULLET INTO THE DIRIGIBLE, BUT I CAN SEE RIGHT NOW, SALLY, THAT LEARNING THE IDENTITY AND MOTIVE OF THE SNIPER WILL BE NO SIMPLE MATTER.

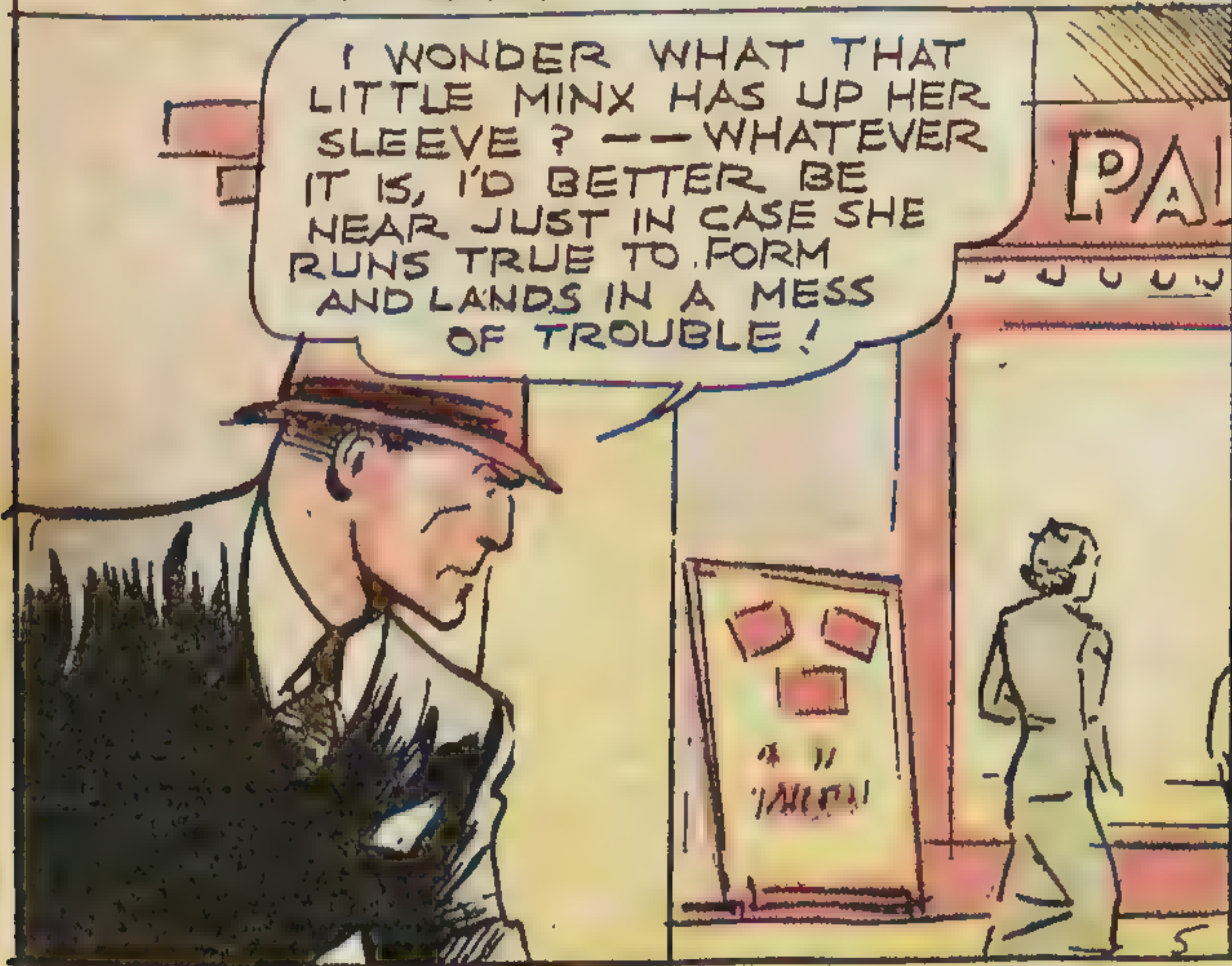
ON THE CONTRARY, BART! I'VE GOT THE WHOLE THING FIGURED OUT ALREADY!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HOW COULD YOU KNOW?

OH, YOU'RE SKEPTICAL, ARE YOU? JUST FOR THAT I'LL GO OUT AND CAPTURE HIM MYSELF, ARMED ONLY WITH A POWDER-PUFF!

OBSTINATELY, SALLY SETS OUT ALONE -- BUT UNKNOWN TO HER, SHE IS TRAILED BY BART

I WONDER WHAT THAT LITTLE MINX HAS UP HER SLEEVE? -- WHATEVER IT IS, I'D BETTER BE NEAR JUST IN CASE SHE RUNS TRUE TO FORM AND LANDS IN A MESS OF TROUBLE!



SALLY'S FIRST STOP IS AT AN INFORMATION DESK

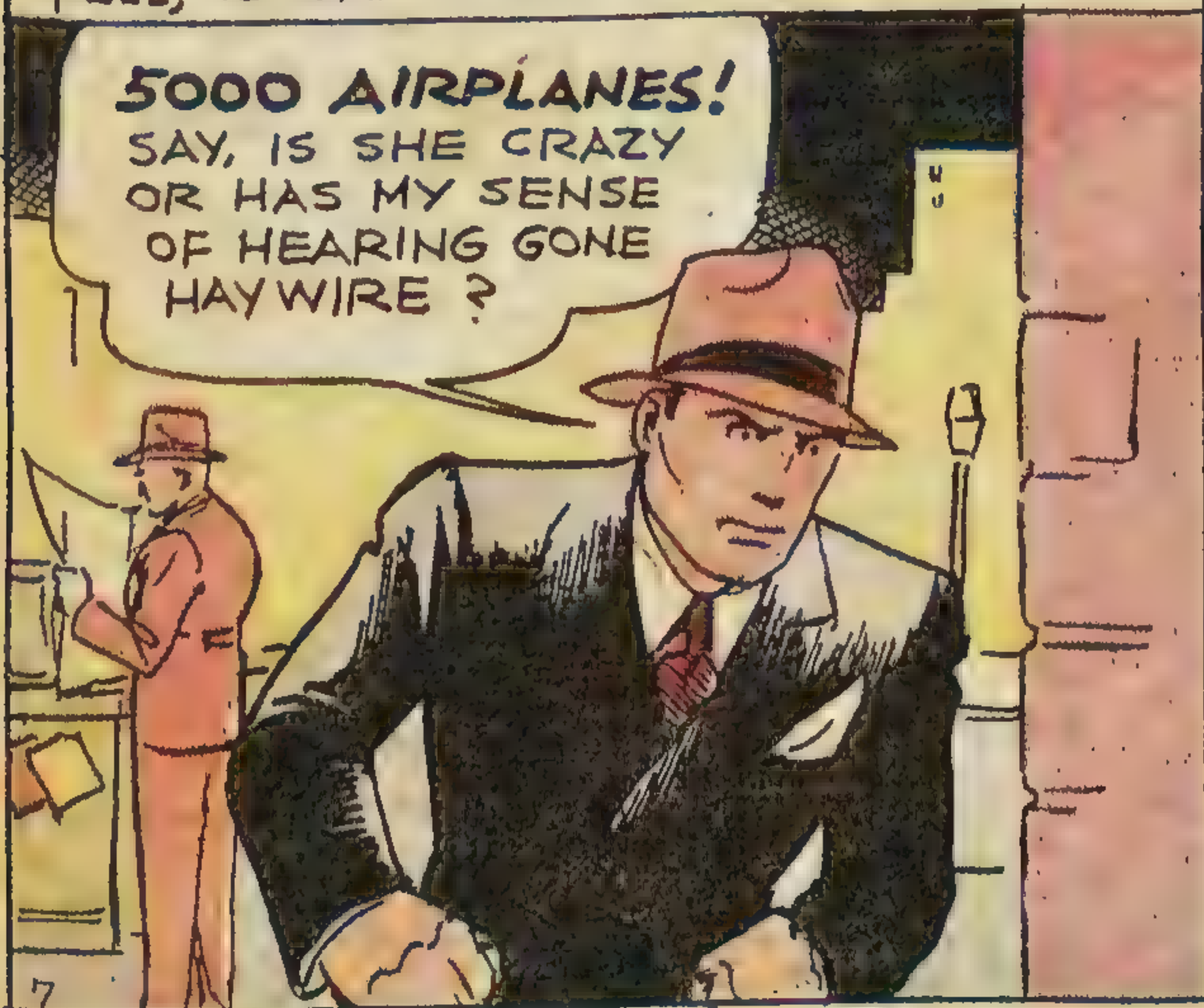
I'M THINKING OF PURCHASING 5000 AIRPLANES. WHAT COMPANY WOULD YOU RECOMMEND?

SKYWAYS, INC., BY ALL MEANS! THEY BUILD GOVERNMENT PLANES, YOU KNOW.



BART, WHO HAS BEEN GETTING AN EAR-FULL, IS BAFFLED . . .

5000 AIRPLANES!
SAY, IS SHE CRAZY OR HAS MY SENSE OF HEARING GONE HAYWIRE?



NEXT, SALLY STEPS WITHIN A PHONE-BOOTH . . .

SKYWAYS, INC. ?
MAY I ARRANGE AN APPOINTMENT WITH YOUR STAR SALESMAN. IT'S CONCERNING A HUGE ORDER!

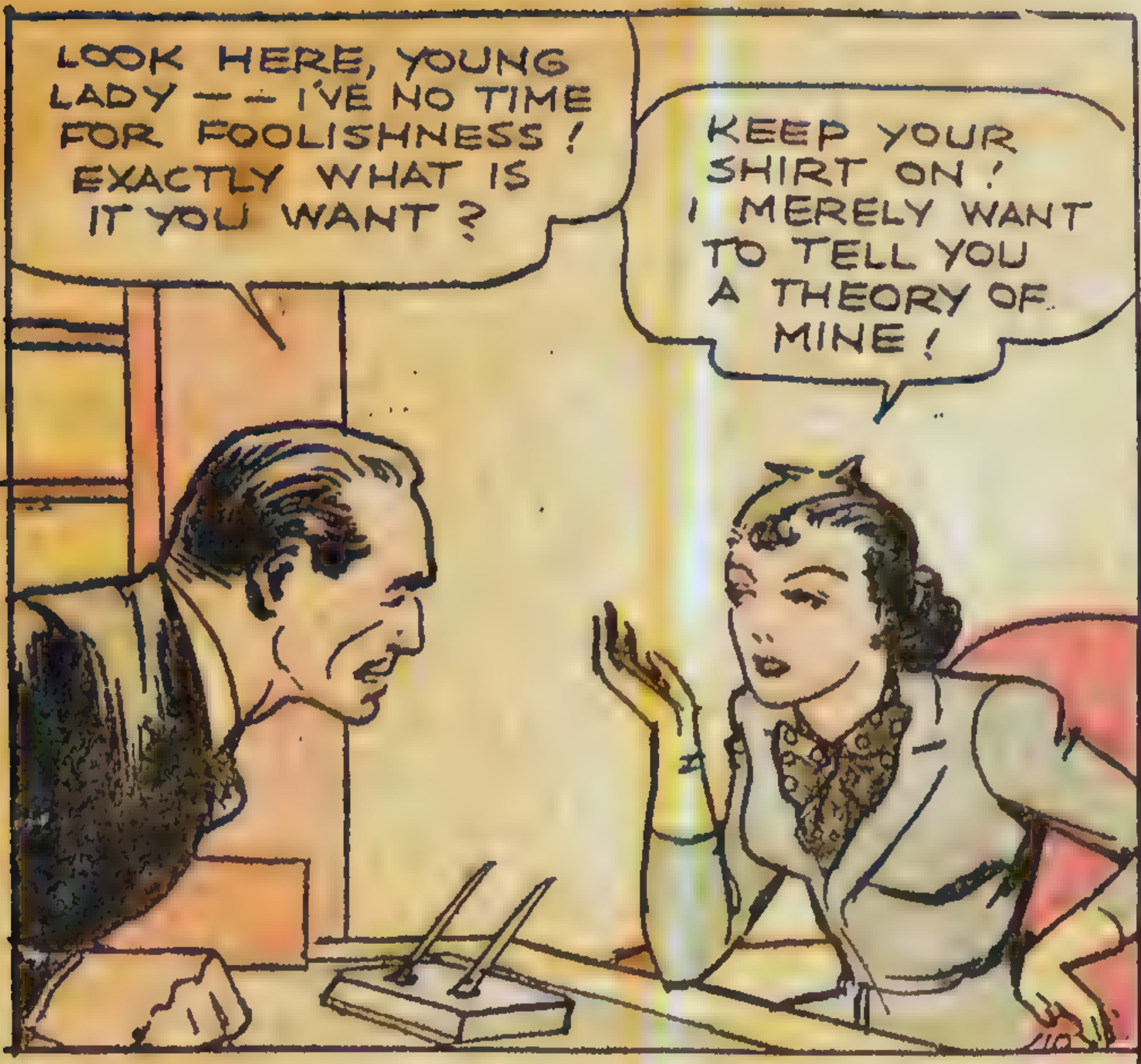


AN HOUR LATER SALLY IS USHERED INTO THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF THE SALES MANAGER OF SKYWAYS, INC. . . .

STRANGE, YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE THE TYPE OF PERSON IN A POSITION TO PURCHASE 5000 PLANES!

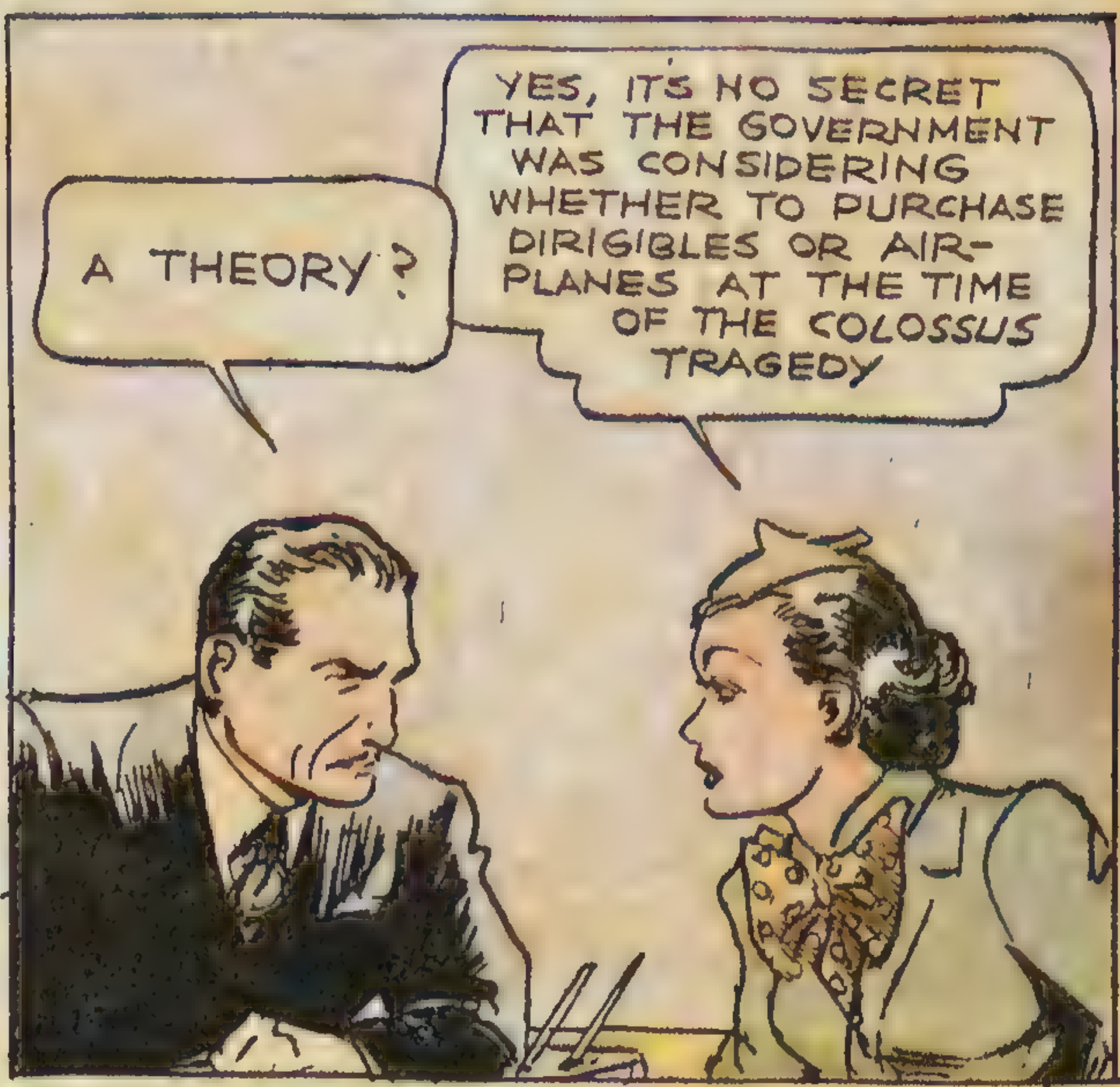
AS A MATTER OF FACT, MR. HANSON, I DOUBT IF I COULD MANAGE TO BUY EVEN ONE!





LOOK HERE, YOUNG LADY -- I'VE NO TIME FOR FOOLISHNESS! EXACTLY WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON! I MERELY WANT TO TELL YOU A THEORY OF MINE!



A THEORY?

YES, IT'S NO SECRET THAT THE GOVERNMENT WAS CONSIDERING WHETHER TO PURCHASE DIRIGIBLES OR AIRPLANES AT THE TIME OF THE COLOSSUS TRAGEDY

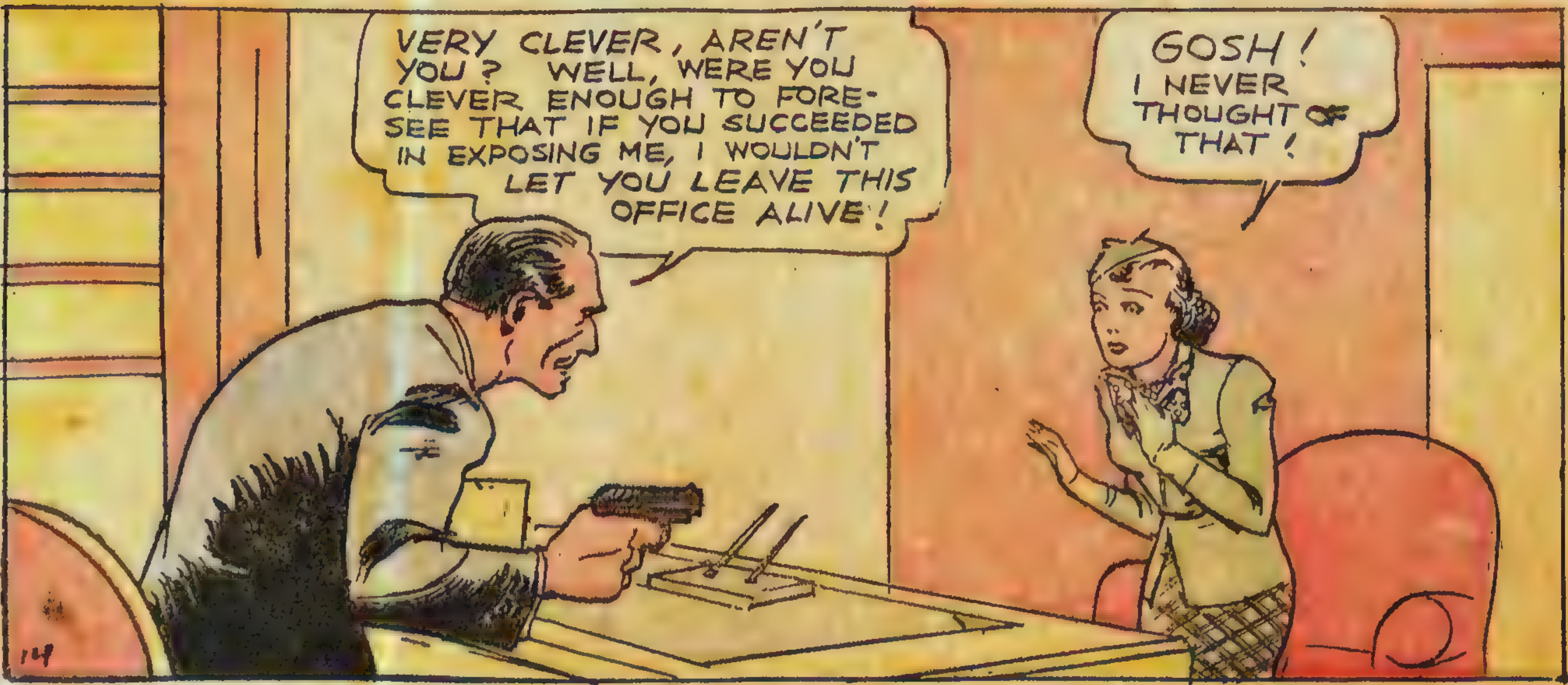


SO ISN'T IT POSSIBLE THAT SOMEONE VITALLY INTERESTED IN THE SALE OF AIRPLANES MIGHT HAVE DESTROYED THE COLOSSUS IN THE HOPE OF PREJUDICING THE GOVERNMENT AGAINST DIRIGIBLES?



A VERY FAR-FETCHED THEORY, I MUST SAY!

NATURALLY, YOU MUST -- BECAUSE **YOU'RE THE MAN WHO SHOT DOWN THE COLOSSUS!**



VERY CLEVER, AREN'T YOU? WELL, WERE YOU CLEVER ENOUGH TO FORE-SEE THAT IF YOU SUCCEEDED IN EXPOSING ME, I WOULDN'T LET YOU LEAVE THIS OFFICE ALIVE!

GOSH! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!

AT THIS CRITICAL MOMENT BART, WHO HAS BEEN EAVESDROPPING OUTSIDE, LAUNCHES HIMSELF THRU THE WINDOW

BUT I DID!



15

AS HANSON WHIRLS TOWARD BART AND FIRES, SALLY FLINGS HER POWDER-PUFF INTO HIS EYES SO THAT MOMENTARILY BLINDED, HE MISSES HIS TARGET!



16

IT TAKES BUT A FEW MOMENTS TO RENDER HANSON PRISONER...



YOU MAY HAVE CAPTURED ME, BUT JUST TRY AND PROVE THAT I SHOT DOWN THE COLOSSUS!



17

WHILE YOU WERE THREATENING ME I FLIPPED ON THE DICTAPHONE. YOUR OWN RECORDED VOICE WILL SEND YOU TO THE CHAIR!

SALLY, IT HURTS MY PRIDE TO TELL YOU, BUT YOU'RE A WONDER!



LATER... AFTER HANSON HAS BEEN FORMALLY PLACED UNDER ARREST...

BUT HOW IN CREATION DID YOU GET TIPPED-OFF TO HANSON?

BY SIMPLY READING THE NEWS-PAPER, -- LOOK! HERE'S THE ARTICLE!



18

YOU SEE HOW SIMPLE IT WAS, AFTER ALL?

SALLY, I DON'T KNOW WHO HAS MORE FOOL'S LUCK: YOU, OR ME FOR KNOWING AND LOVING YOU!



THE END

SHUSTER

19

Buck MARSHALL

Range Detective

BY H. FLEMING



A REPORT - IN DETAIL
BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE DETECTIVE, IS BUT AN HOUR'S RIDE FROM THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE HE HAS RIDDEN NORTHWARD AND IS NOW SKIRTING A CLUMP OF BOULDERS, TO CUT DOWN THROUGH A DRY WASH THAT LEADS IN A GENERAL DIRECTION TOWARDS THE LITTLE TEXAS TOWN -

SUDDENLY, THE MUFFLED SOUND OF A PISTOL SHOT COMES FROM THE TOP OF A CLIFF, FOLLOWED SHORTLY AFTERWARDS BY SOUNDS OF A RIDER, THRASHING THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH, COVERING THE SIDES OF THE PRECIPITOUS SLOPE, LEADING TO THE GULCH, BELOW -



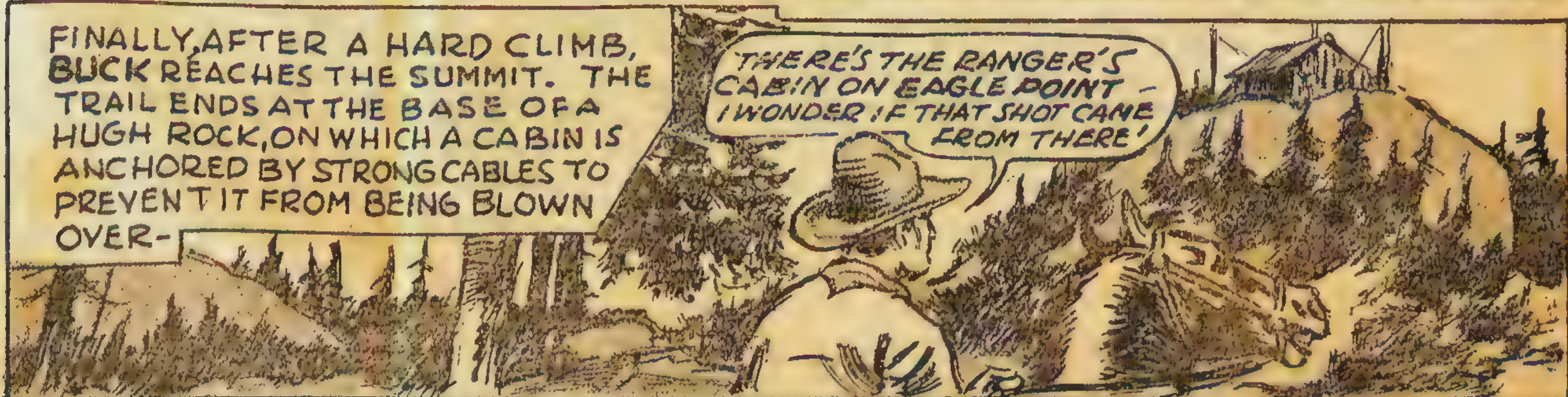
TOUCHING HIS HORSE WITH HIS SPURS, HE DASHES IN PURSUIT, BUT, HAMPERED BY THE ENTANGLEMENT, IS UNABLE TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THE OTHER RIDER -



SHUCKS, HE'S GOT TOO MUCH OF A LEAD - GUESS I'D BETTER GO UP AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED -

FINALLY, AFTER A HARD CLIMB, BUCK REACHES THE SUMMIT. THE TRAIL ENDS AT THE BASE OF A HUGH ROCK, ON WHICH A CABIN IS ANCHORED BY STRONG CABLES TO PREVENT IT FROM BEING BLOWN OVER -

THERE'S THE RANGER'S CABIN ON EAGLE POINT - I WONDER IF THAT SHOT CAME FROM THERE!



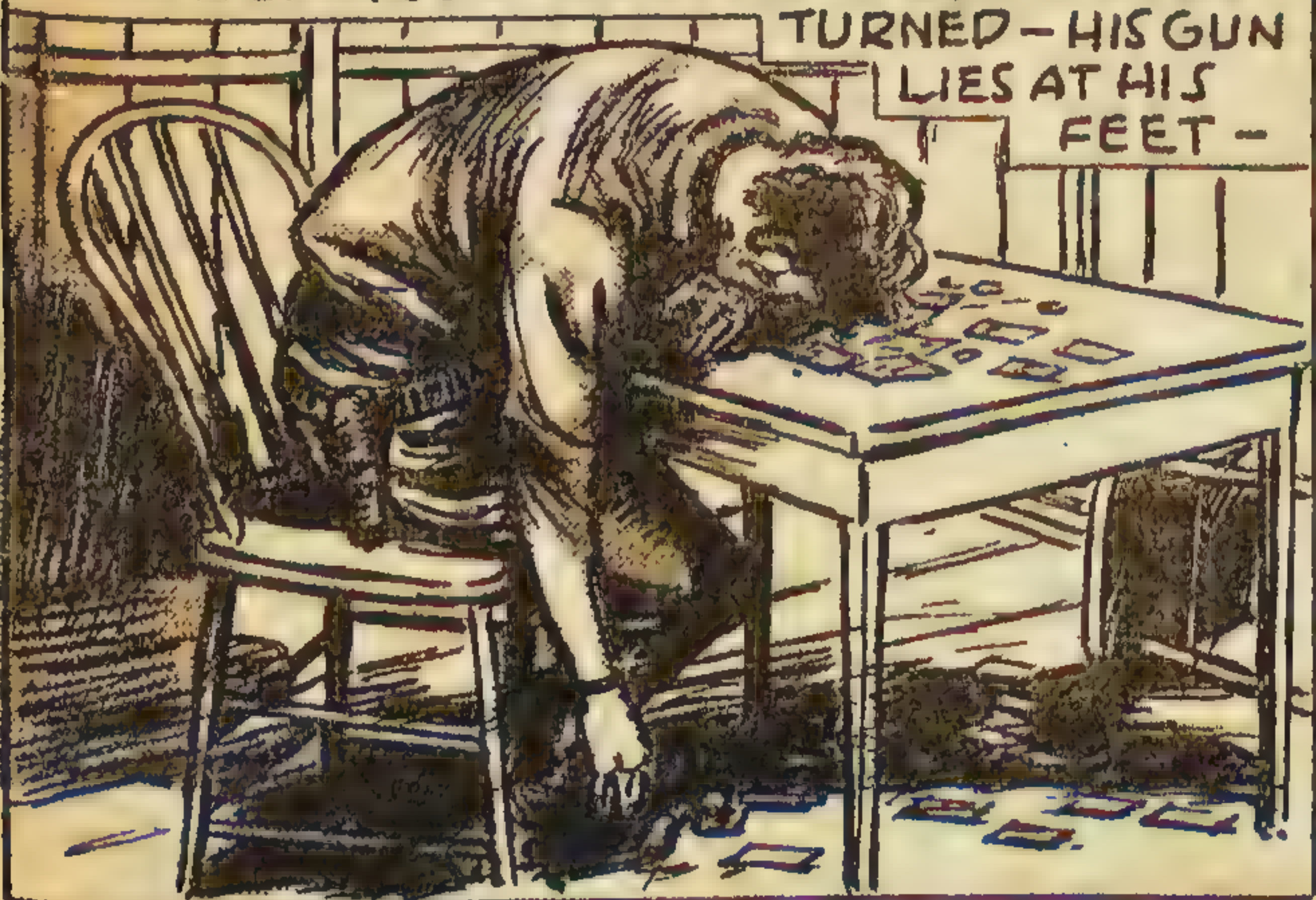
CONCEALING HIS HORSE IN SOME BUSHES AT THE BASE OF THE ROCK, BUCK MAKES HIS WAY UP TO THE CABIN, FROM THE REAR----



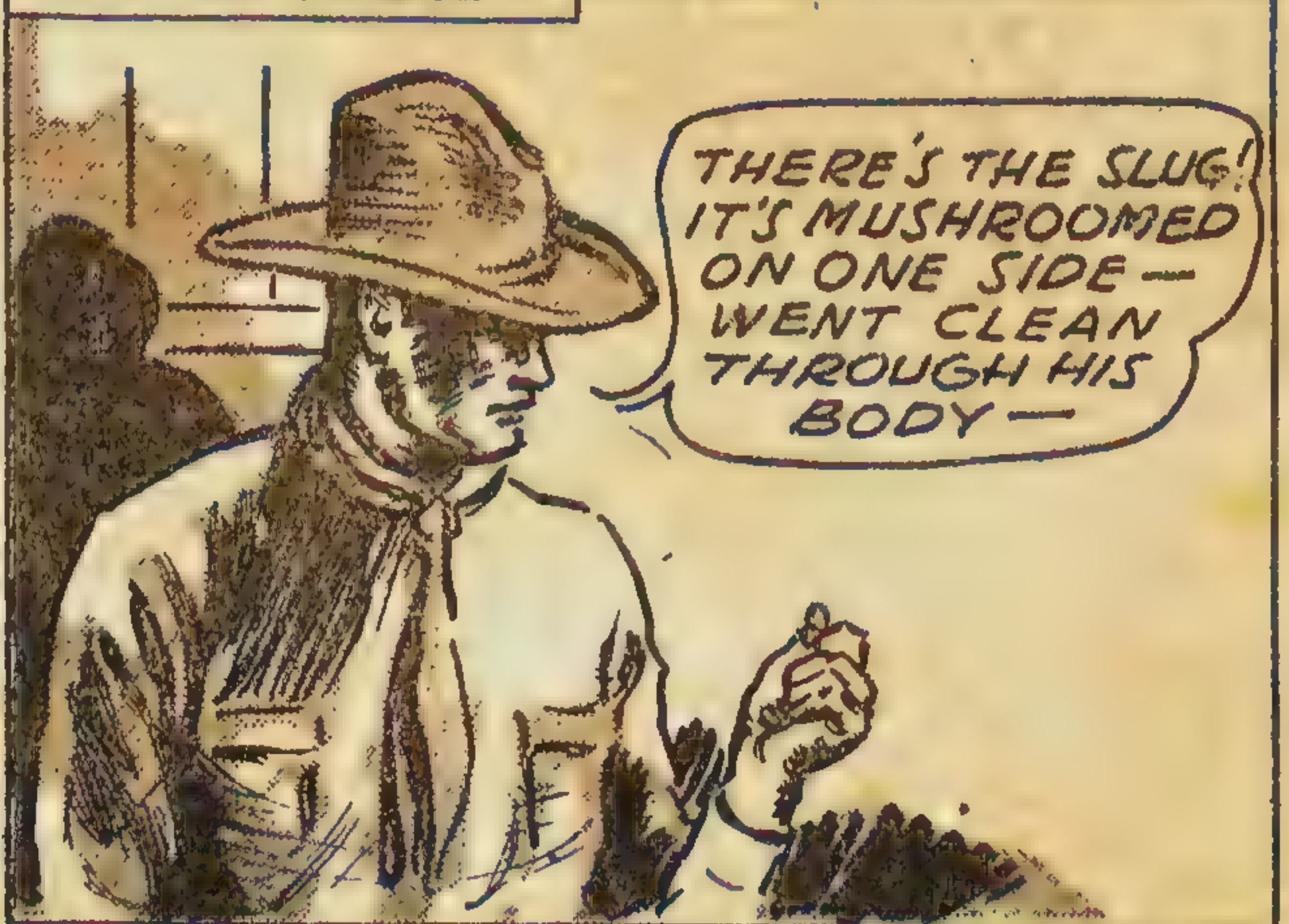
FLATTENING HIS BODY AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE CABIN, HE SLIDES AROUND TO THE DOOR-- THEN, WITH HIS GUN DRAWN, HE SUDDENLY KICKS THE DOOR OPEN.



MEETING WITH NO RESISTANCE, HE WALKS IN-- CRUMPLED OVER A TABLE IS THE BODY OF THE FOREST RANGER - SCATTERED OVER THE TABLE AND FLOOR IS A DECK OF CARDS AND A CHAIR ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE IS OVERTURNED-- HIS GUN LIES AT HIS FEET--



EXAMINING A BULLET WOUND IN THE RANGER'S BACK, HIS GLANCE RESTS ON A SMALL OBJECT LYING AMONG THE CARDS ON THE TABLE--



GOING OUTSIDE, HE LOOKS AROUND FOR FOOT PRINTS BUT IS UNABLE TO FIND ANY BECAUSE OF THE ROCK FOOTING AND THE ABSENCE OF LOOSE DIRT--- HAVING FOUND A KEY HANGING ON A NAIL, HE LOCKS THE DOOR OF THE CABIN AND STARTS FOR THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE--



WHEN HE ARRIVES AT THE OFFICE, HE FINDS THE SHERIFF TALKING TO BEN ELIN, OWNER OF THE DOUBLE E RANCH

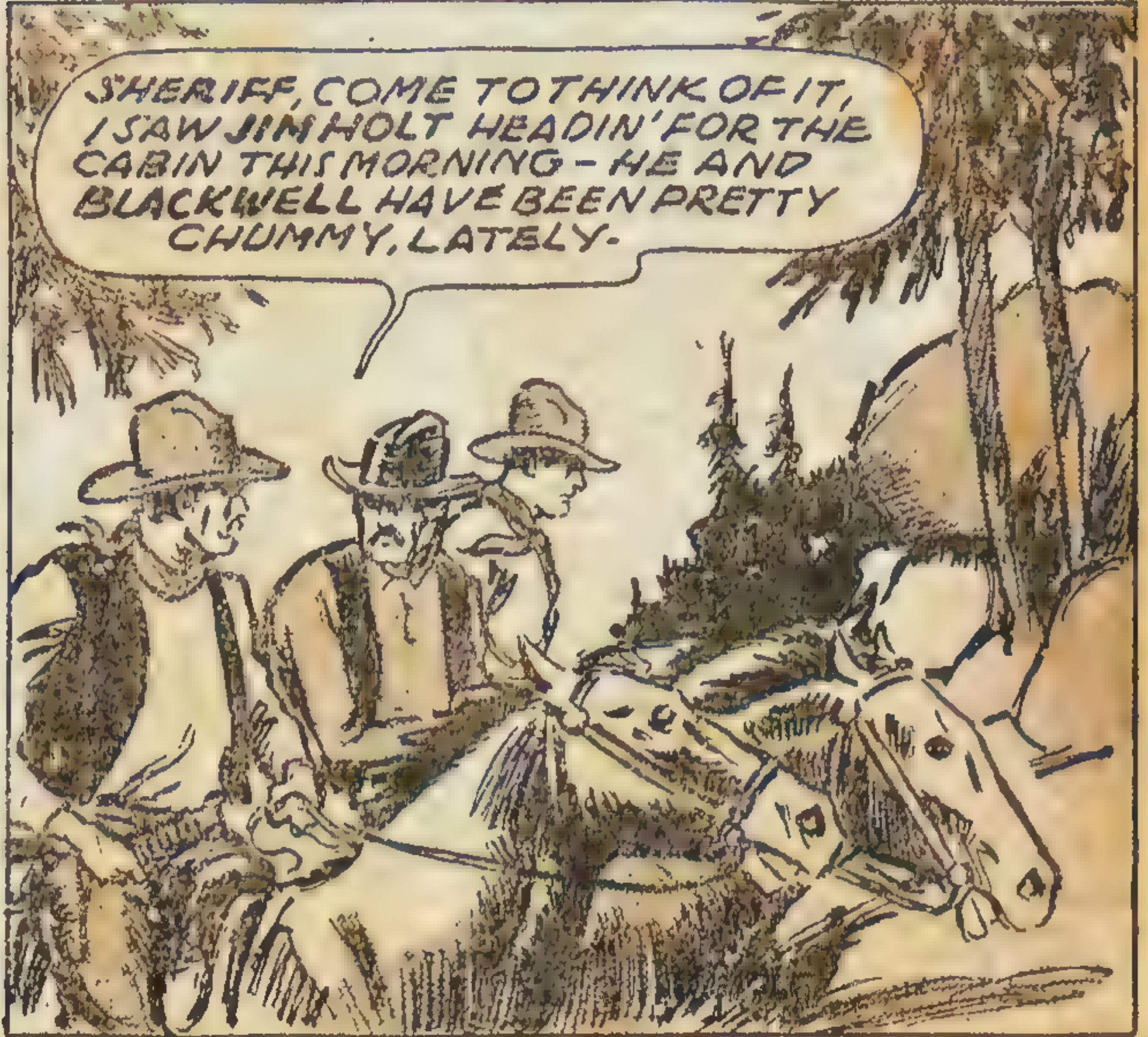


INDIGNANT AT HEARING OF THE KILLING OF HIS FRIEND BLACKWELL, THE SHERIFF LOSES NO TIME IN STARTING ON THE TRAIL OF THE KILLER...

COME ON, BUCK WE'LL GO RIGHT UP TO THE CABIN! WE'LL GET THIS KILLER!

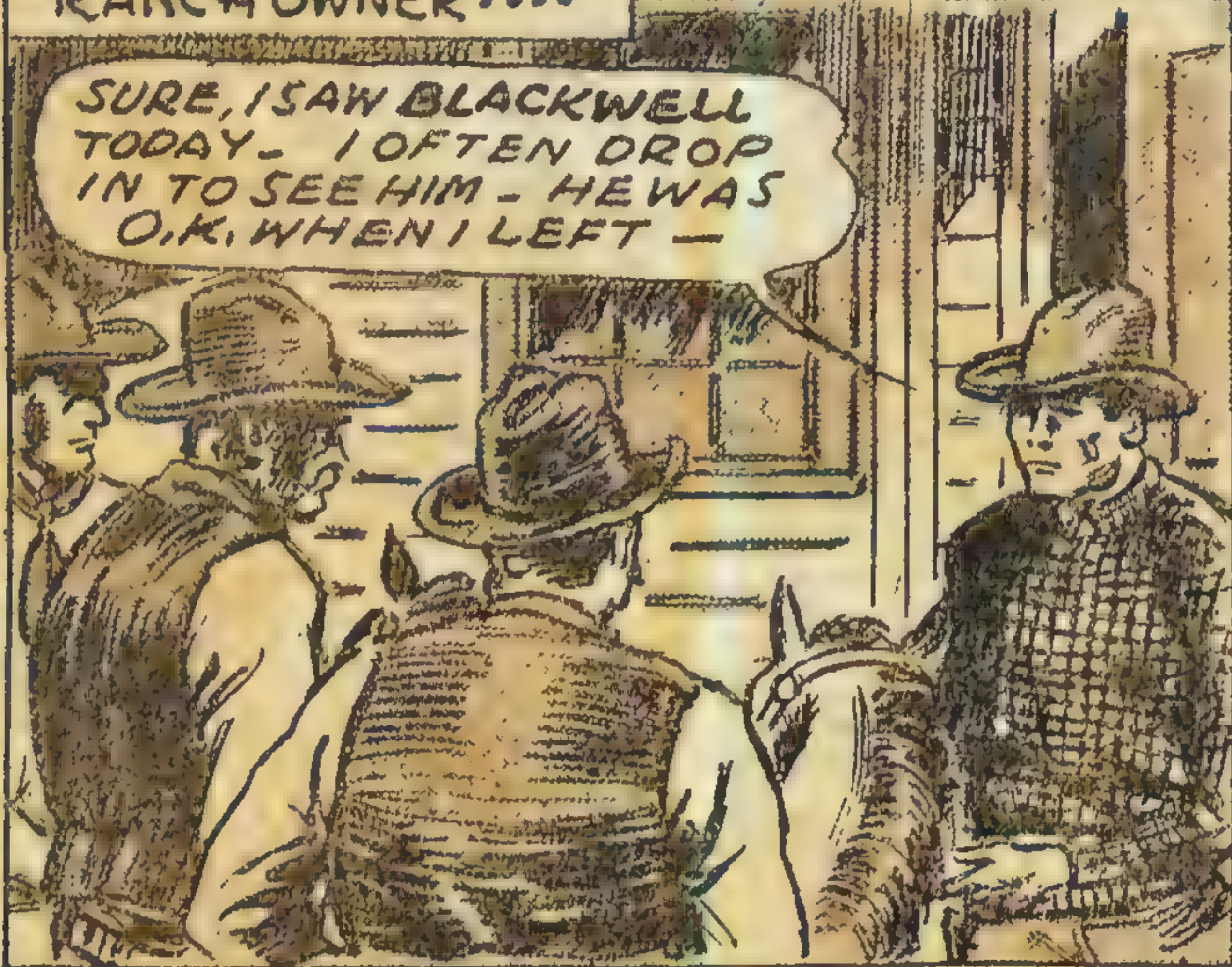


SHERIFF, COME TO THINK OF IT, I SAW JIM HOLT HEADIN' FOR THE CABIN THIS MORNING - HE AND BLACKWELL HAVE BEEN PRETTY CHUMMY, LATELY.



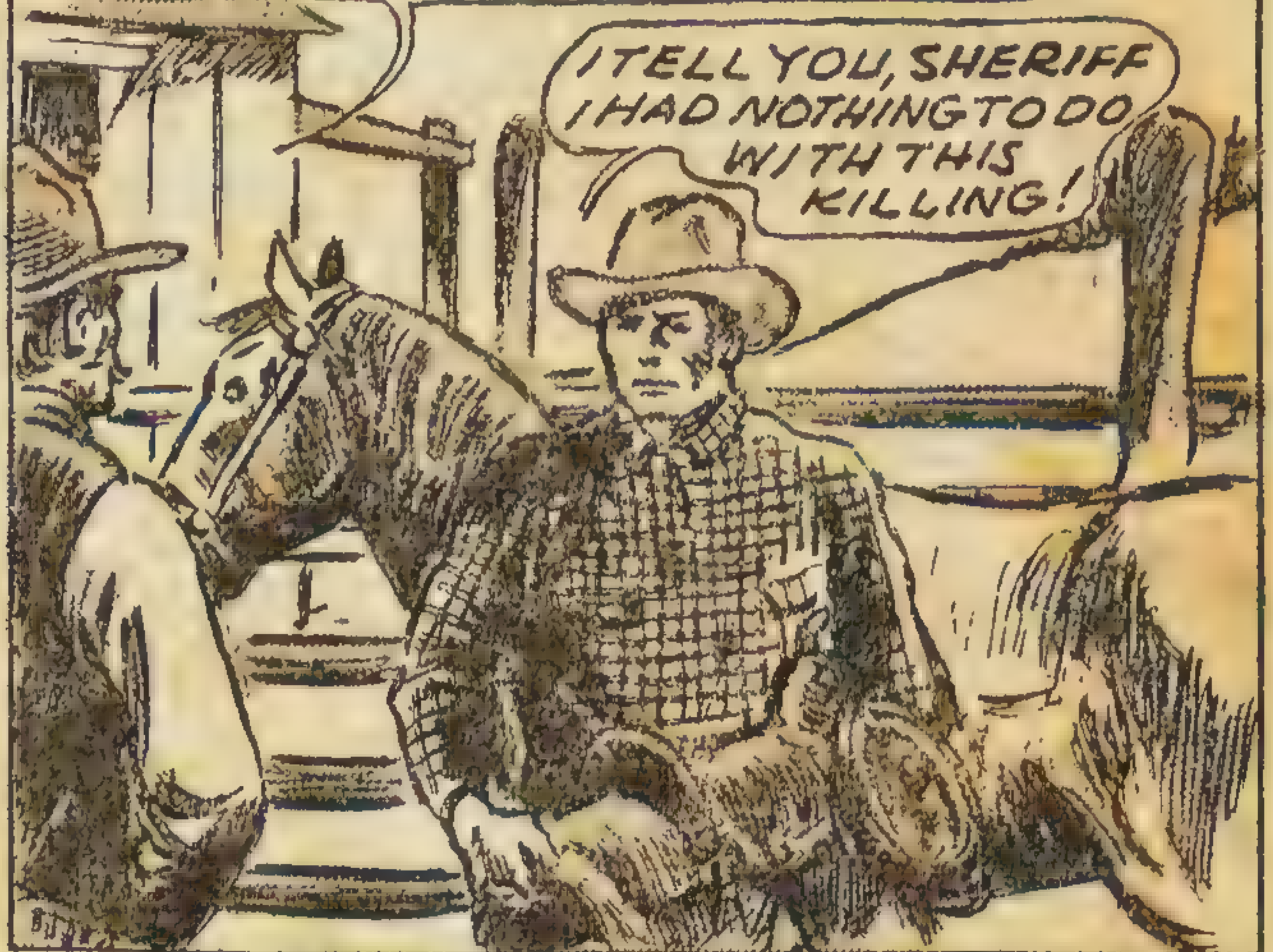
ACTING ON ELIN'S SUGGESTION, THEY RIDE OVER TO SEE HOLT, WHO IS A SMALL RANCH OWNER....

SURE, I SAW BLACKWELL TODAY - I OFTEN DROP IN TO SEE HIM - HE WAS O.K. WHEN I LEFT -



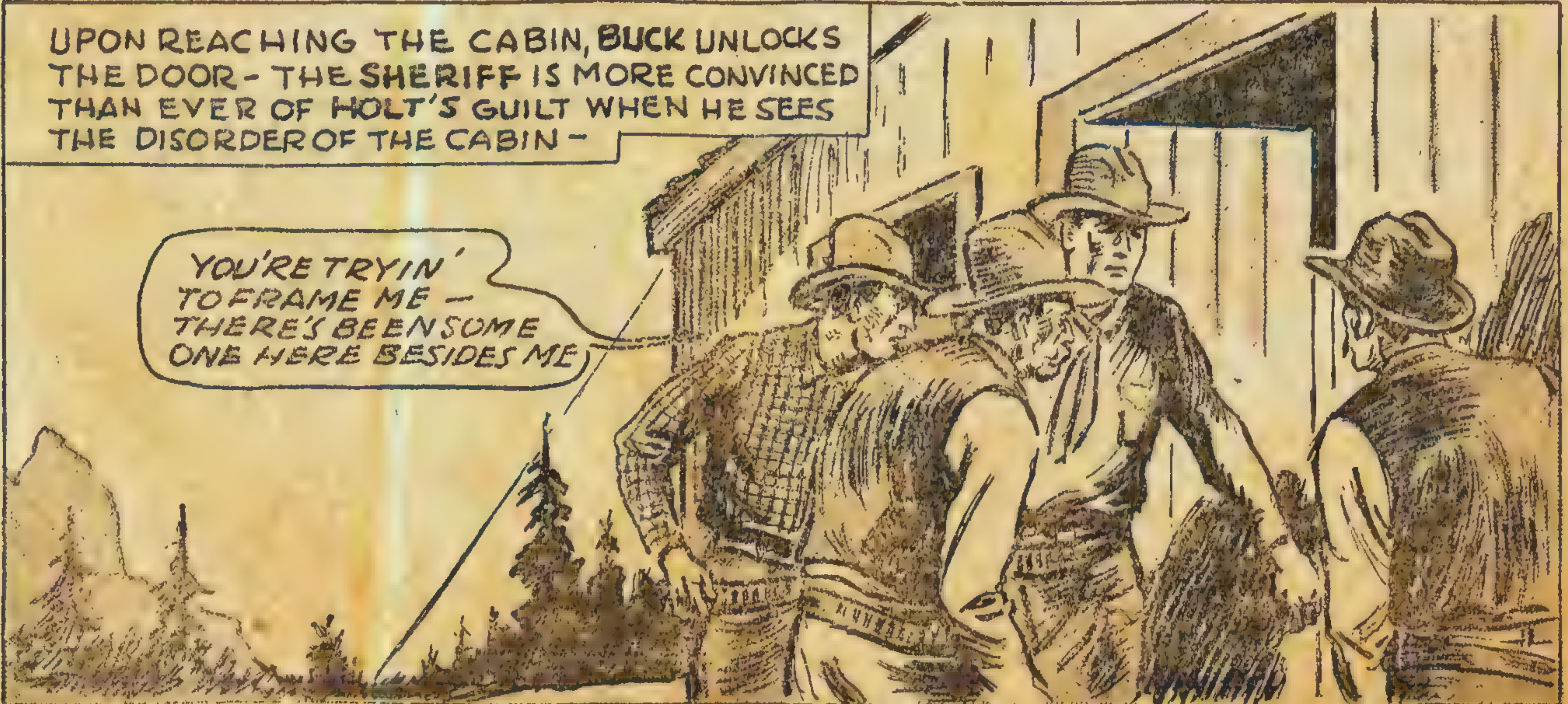
BUCK LEFT THE CABIN AS HE FOUND IT, SO YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHANCE TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING

I TELL YOU, SHERIFF I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS KILLING!



UPON REACHING THE CABIN, BUCK UNLOCKS THE DOOR - THE SHERIFF IS MORE CONVINCED THAN EVER OF HOLT'S GUILT WHEN HE SEES THE DISORDER OF THE CABIN -

YOU'RE TRYIN' TO FRAME ME - THERE'S BEEN SOME ONE HERE BESIDES ME



ENTERING THE CABIN, ELIN LOUDLY DEMANDS HOLT'S ARREST.

WHAT MORE EVIDENCE DO WE NEED? BLACKWELL CAUGHT HOLT CHEATING, BUT HOLT GOT THE DROP ON HIM—
SHERIFF
I DEMAND
HOLT'S ARREST!



STEPPING FORWARD, THE SHERIFF TAKES HOLT'S GUN FROM HIM--

I RECKON IT WILL BE SAFER FOR ALL HANDS TO TAKE YOUR GUN, HOLT UNTIL THIS INVESTIGATION IS OVER



MEANWHILE, BUCK IS PUZZLED ABOUT THE BULLET THAT HE FOUND ON THE TABLE—WHAT CAUSED IT TO BE MUSHROOMED ON ONE SIDE? HE TAKES IT OUT OF HIS POCKET AND EXAMINES IT—

THERE'S A SPLINTER OF WOOD EMBEDDED IN THE END—
GEE! I'VE GOT A HUNCH—



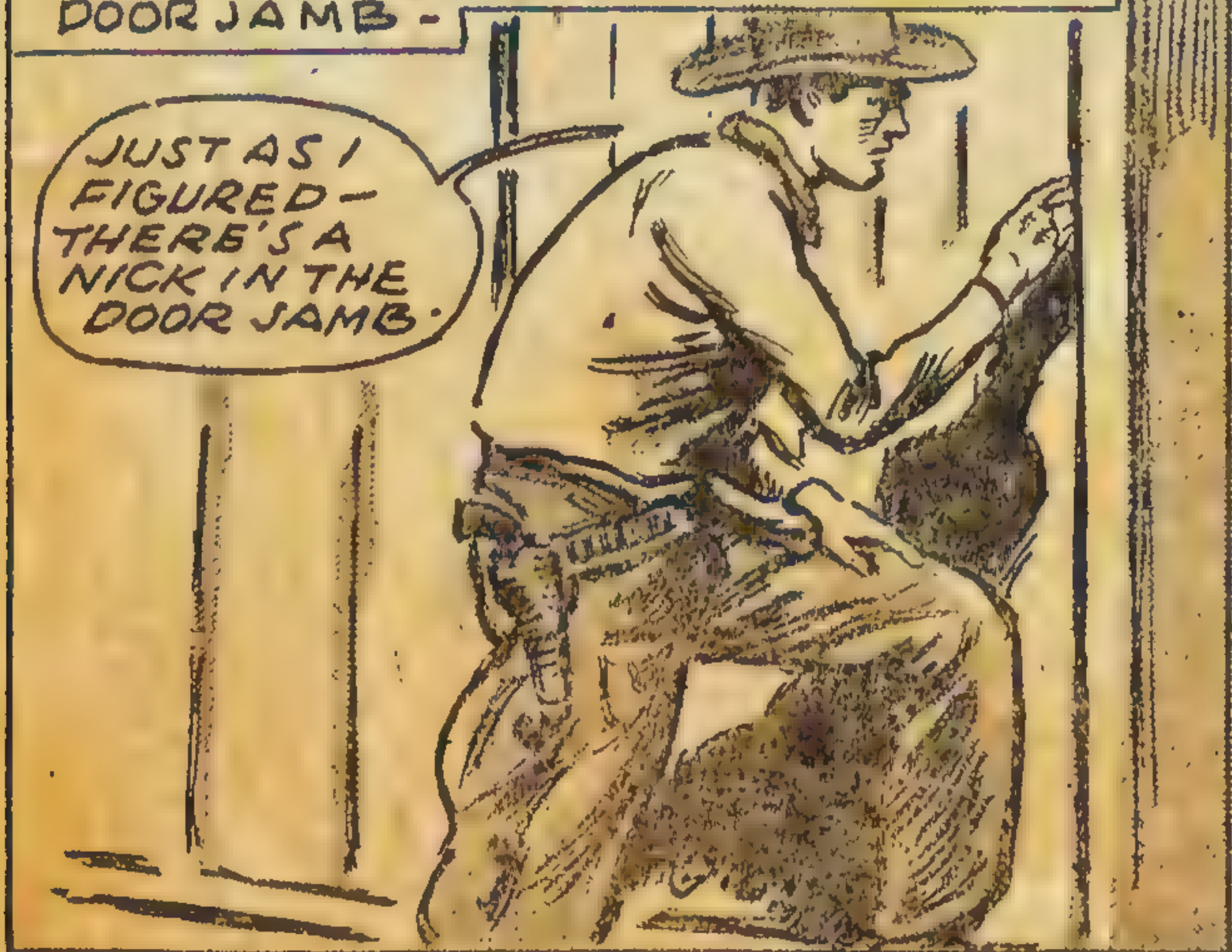
GOING TO THE BACK OF THE ROOM, HE EXAMINES A DOOR THAT APPARENTLY HAS NOT BEEN USED FOR A LONG TIME, AS AN OLD BUREAU STANDS BEFORE IT—

THAT DOOR HAS BEEN JIMMIED



GOING AROUND TO THE REAR OF THE CABIN, BUCK EXAMINES THE DOOR AND SEARCHES ALONG THE EDGE OF THE DOOR JAMB—

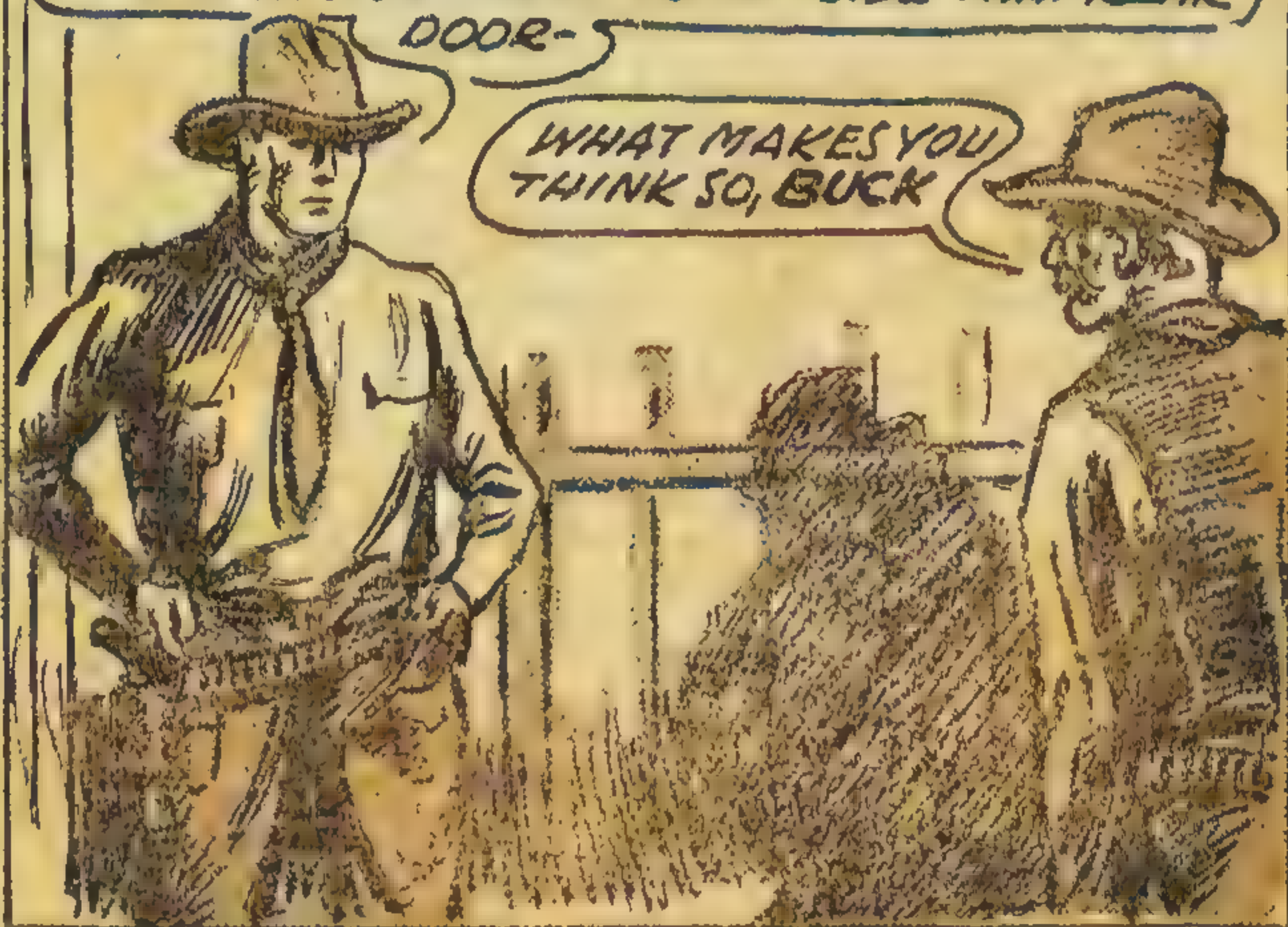
JUST AS I FIGURED—
THERE'S A NICK IN THE DOOR JAMB.



HIGHLY SATISFIED WITH WHAT HE HAS FOUND, HE RE-ENTERS THE CABIN.

SHERIFF BLACKWELL WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY SOMEONE STANDING OUTSIDE THAT REAR DOOR—

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO, BUCK



TAKE A LOOK AT THIS BULLET, SHERIFF, I PICKED IT UP FROM THE TABLE - IT HAD PASSED CLEAN THROUGH THE BODY - YOU WILL NOTICE THAT ONE SIDE IS MUSHROOMED AND A SPLINTER OF WOOD IS EMBEDDED IN THE END.



LEADING THE SHERIFF, ELIN AND HOLT TO THE REAR OF THE CABIN, BUCK POINTS TO A FRESHLY MADE GROOVE IN THE DOOR JAMB

THE KILLER OPENED THE DOOR SLIGHTLY AND FIRED THROUGH - IN ORDER TO AVOID HITTING THE LAMP ON THE BUREAU, HE HAD TO TURN THE BARREL OF THE GUN AND THE SLUG NICKED THE JAMB. THAT'S WHY ONE SIDE IS MUSHROOMED -



WHY, THAT'S HOW THAT SPLINTER OF WOOD GOT IN THE BULLET!

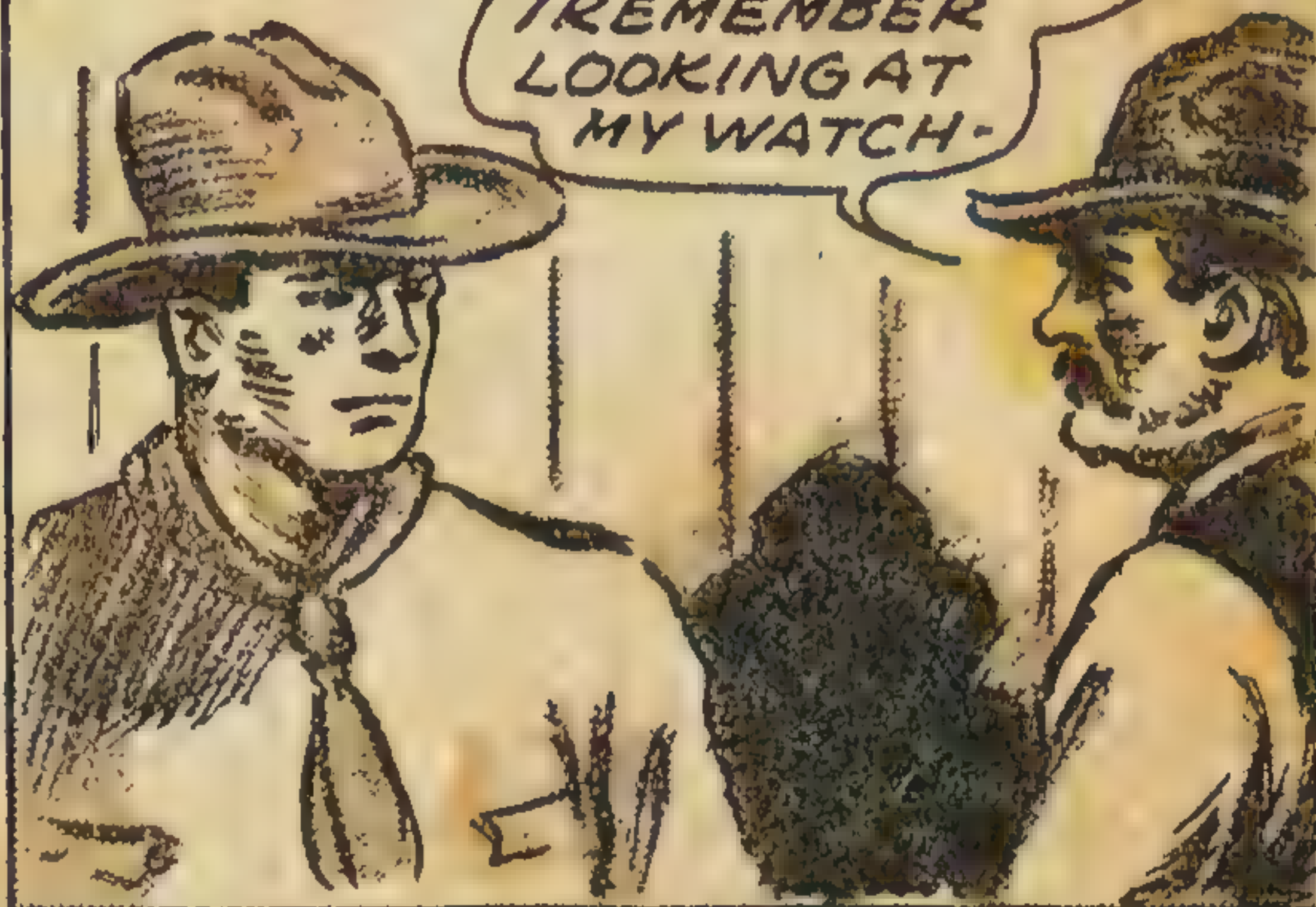
EXACTLY - THEN AFTER HE KILLED BLACKWELL, HE ENTERED THE CABIN, SCATTERED PLAYING CARDS AND CHIPS AROUND ON THE TABLE AND TURNED OVER A CHAIR, TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A GAMBLING BRAWL -



RE-ENTERING THE CABIN, BUCK TURNS TO ELIN

WHAT TIME DID YOU SEE HOLT GOING TO THE CABIN?

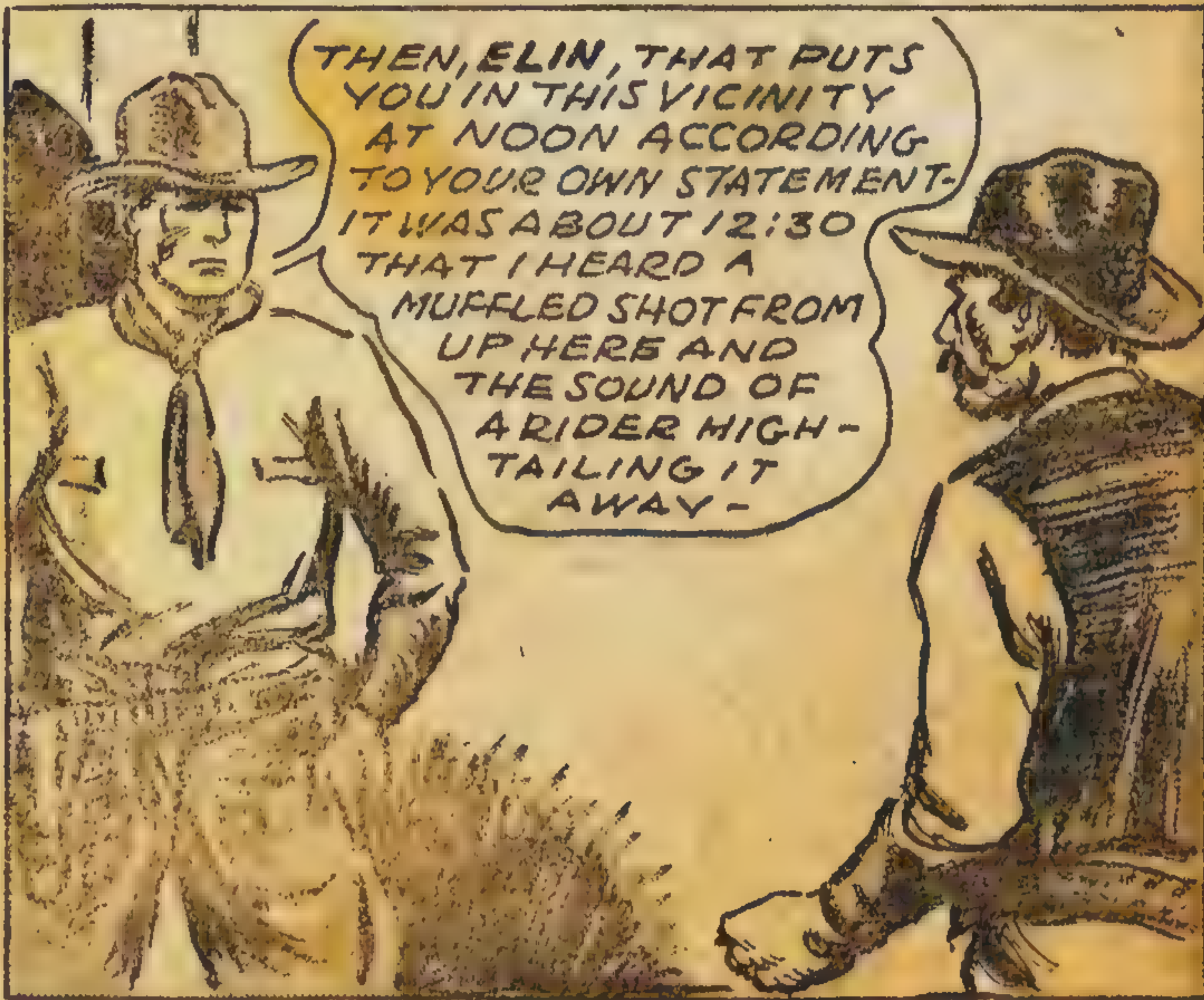
AROUND NOON I REMEMBER LOOKING AT MY WATCH -



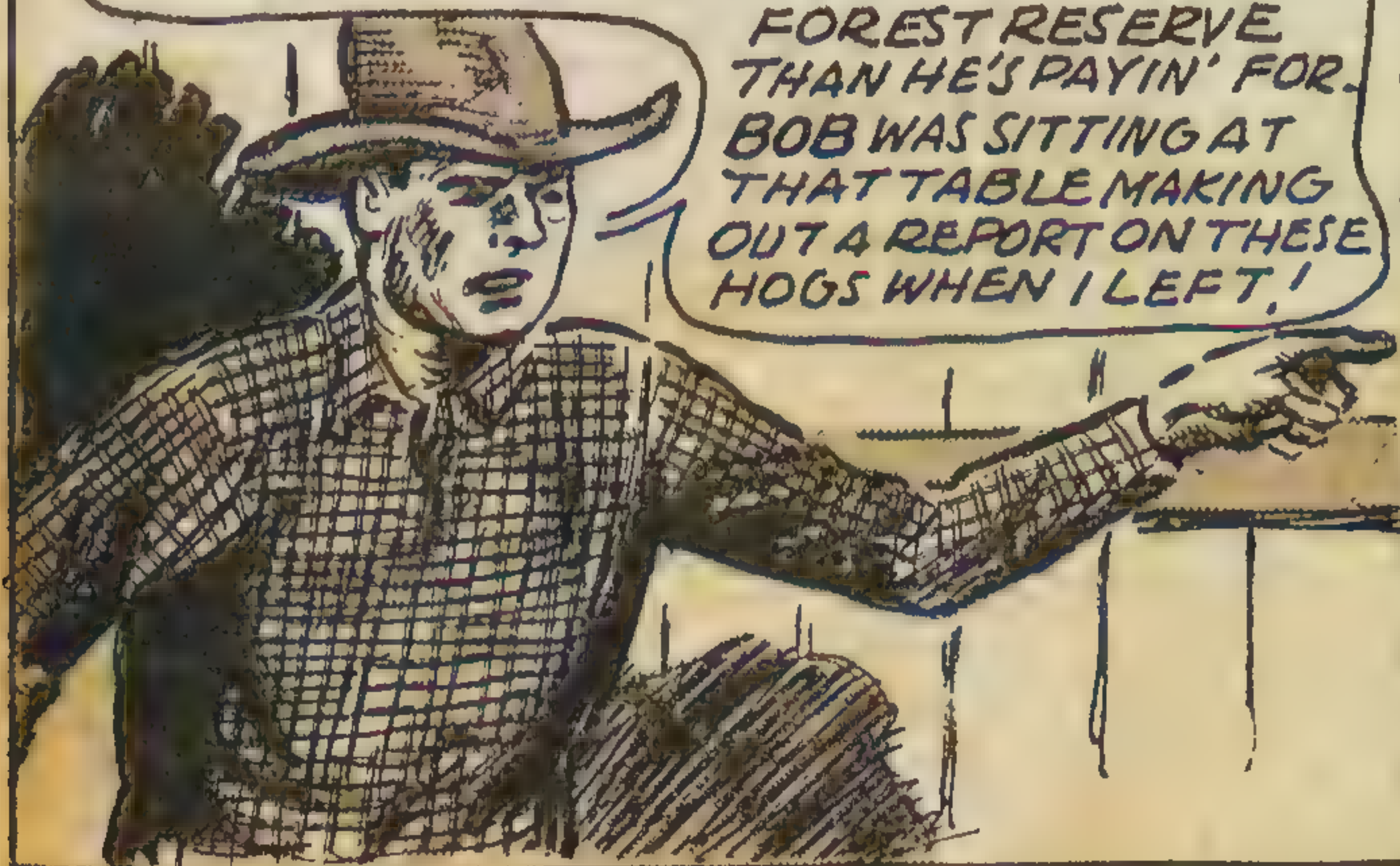
I WAS AT THE BANK AT NOON AND I CAN PROVE IT! I LEFT THE CABIN AROUND TEN O'CLOCK - IF BLACKWELL WAS PLAYING CARDS, IT WAS WITH SOME ONE WHO CAME AFTER I LEFT -



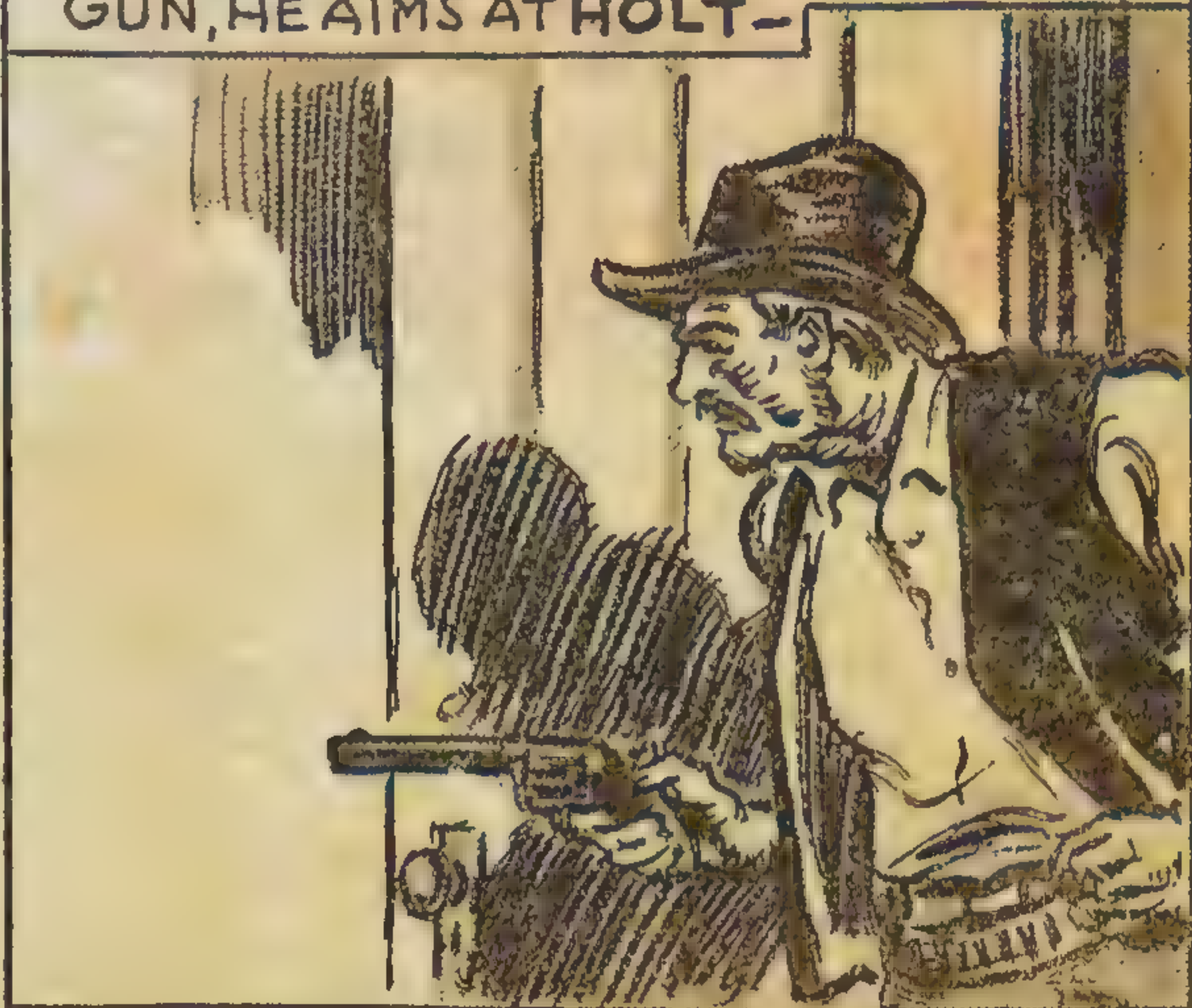
THEN, ELIN, THAT PUTS YOU IN THIS VICINITY AT NOON ACCORDING TO YOUR OWN STATEMENT - IT WAS ABOUT 12:30 THAT I HEARD A MUFFLED SHOT FROM UP HERE AND THE SOUND OF A RIDER HIGH-TAILING IT AWAY -



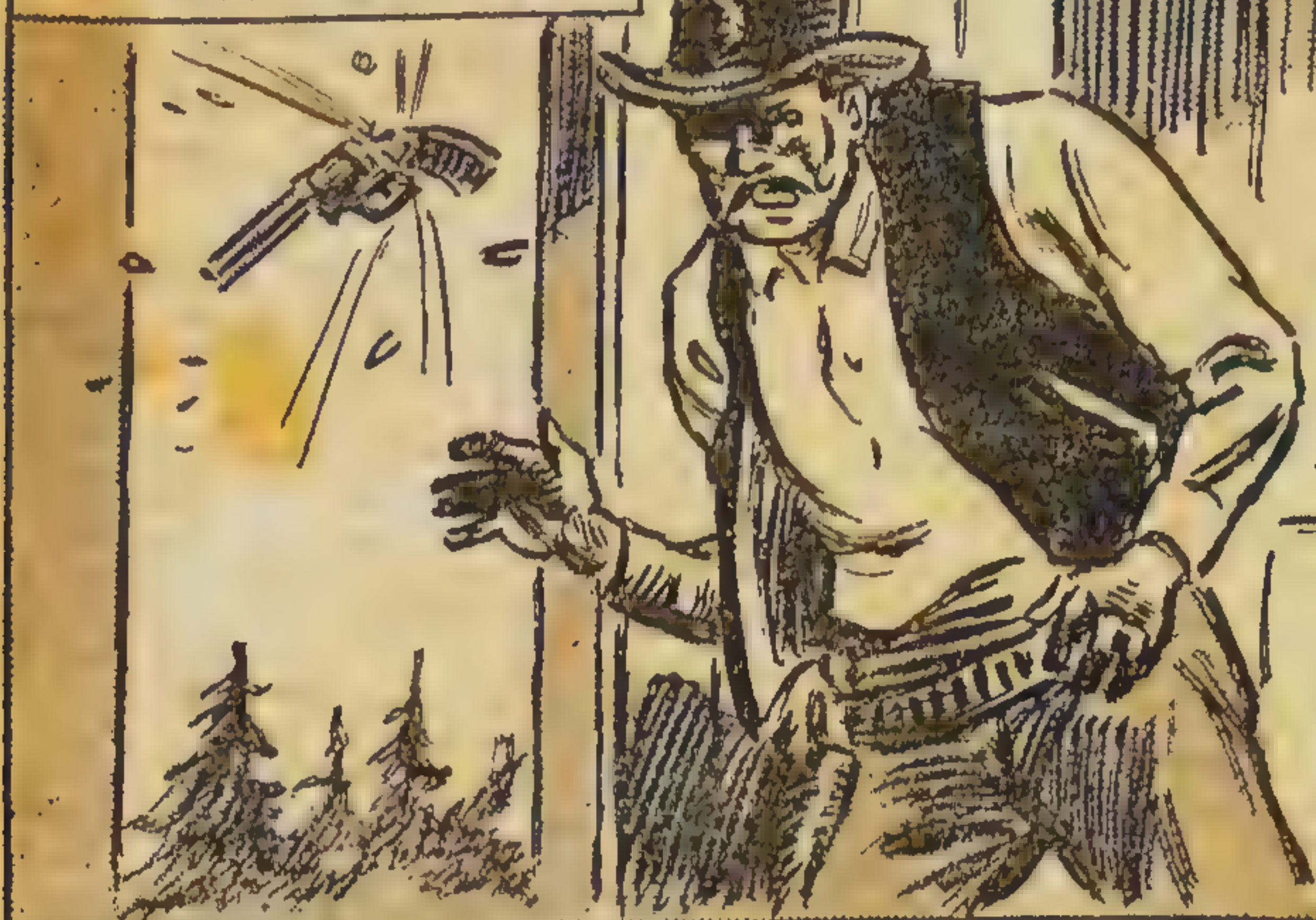
I ACCUSE ELIN OF THIS KILLING! HE SHOT BOB BLACKWELL BECAUSE HE COULDN'T BRIBE HIM--- ELIN IS A GRASS HOG AND WANTS TO GRAZE MORE CATTLE IN THE GOVERNMENT FOREST RESERVE THAN HE'S PAYIN' FOR. BOB WAS SITTING AT THAT TABLE MAKING OUT A REPORT ON THESE HOGS WHEN I LEFT!



WITH A SNARL OF RAGE, ELIN RUSHES TO THE DOOR - WHIPPING OUT HIS GUN, HE AIMS AT HOLT -



BEFORE HE CAN PULL THE TRIGGER, THE SHARP CRACK OF A SHOT COMES FROM BUCK'S GUN AND ELIN'S REVOLVER LEAPS FROM HIS HAND -



I WAS LOOKING FOR THAT, ELIN



THE NEXT INSTANT HOLT IS ACROSS THE ROOM, ELIN'S WRISTS FIRMLY IN HIS GRIP - IN A MOMENT HE HAS HIM TIED -



BUCK, I'M SATISFIED THAT WE HAVE OUR MAN NOW - ANY COYOTE THAT WILL DRAW ON AN UNARMED MAN, WILL SHOOT ONE IN THE BACK.

YES, HE HAS GOOD REASON TO GET RID OF HOLT. HE KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT HIM.



LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

by Will Ely

A NUMBER OF CELEBRITIES HAVE DISAPPEARED— LARRY IS WORKING ON THE THEORY THAT THEY HAVE ALL BEEN KIDNAPPED FOR SOME SINISTER PURPOSE— LARRY AND HIS FRIEND, BILL GRAHAM, WITH THEIR PILOT, TOM, WERE FLYING FROM HOLLYWOOD TO NEW YORK CITY, WHEN THEIR PLANE WAS SHOT DOWN— THEY ALL ESCAPED WITH MINOR INJURIES— LARRY'S FATHER IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE GONE TO NEW YORK TO SEE MRS. STEELE, WHO, HE BELIEVES, IS CRITICALLY ILL— LARRY TELEPHONES HIS MOTHER, WHILE HE AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE RECUPERATING FROM THEIR PLANE CRASH, TO FIND HER IN PERFECT HEALTH— THIS MEANS HIS FATHER HAS ALSO BEEN KIDNAPPED—

LARRY HAS JUST COME FROM THE PHONE BOOTH—

TOM, I'M LEAVING, RIGHT NOW, FOR NEW YORK!



TAKE IT EASY! HERE THEY COME!



TOM, YOU STAY AND LOOK AFTER BILL

AS SOON AS HE CAN LEAVE WE'LL JOIN YOU IN NEW YORK—



I'LL HIRE A CAR AND MAKE FOR THE AIRPORT IN KANSAS CITY

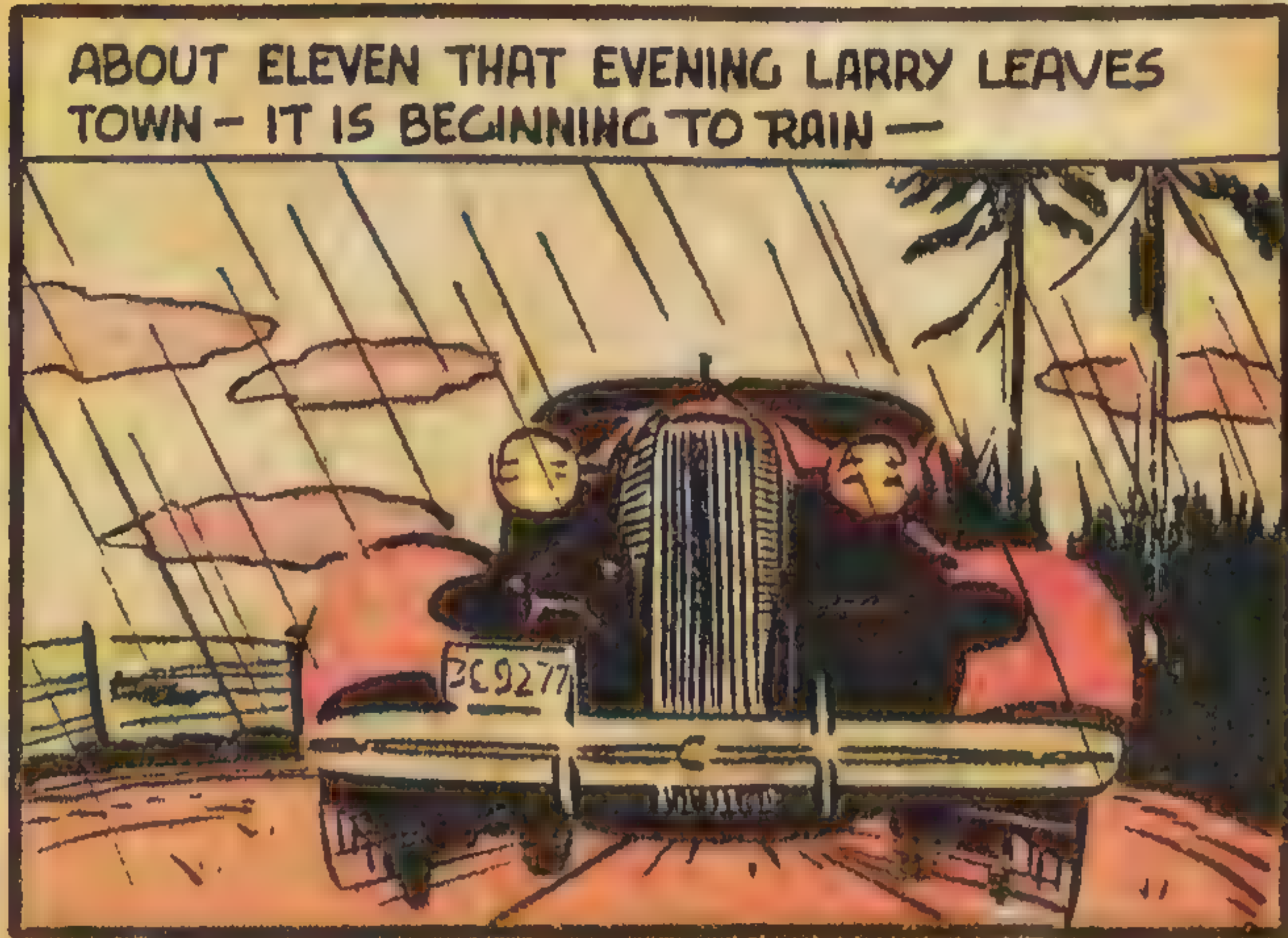


COME ON— WE'LL DO THE JOB ON THE ROAD— IT'S SAFER—

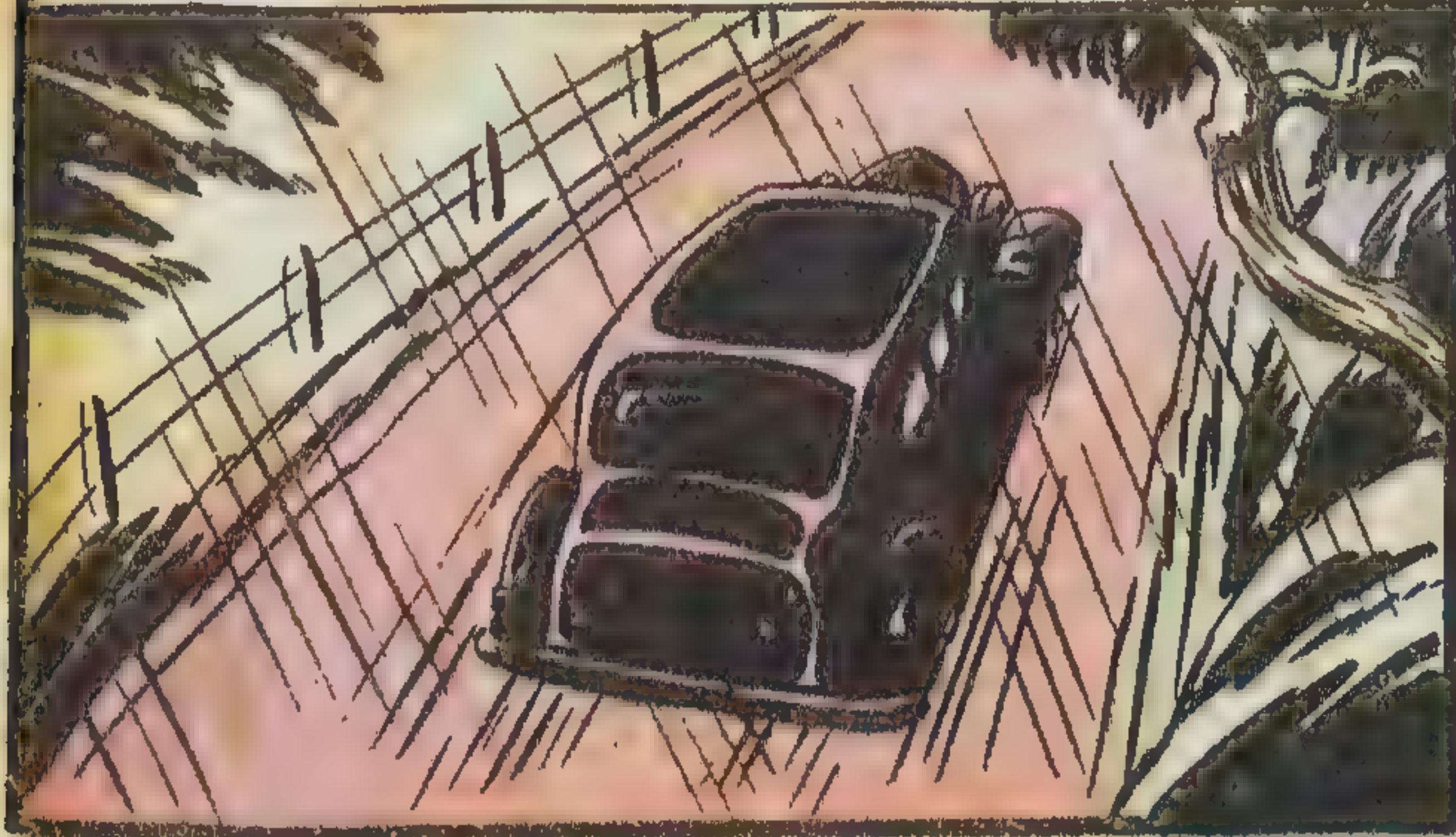
O.K. SQUINTY—



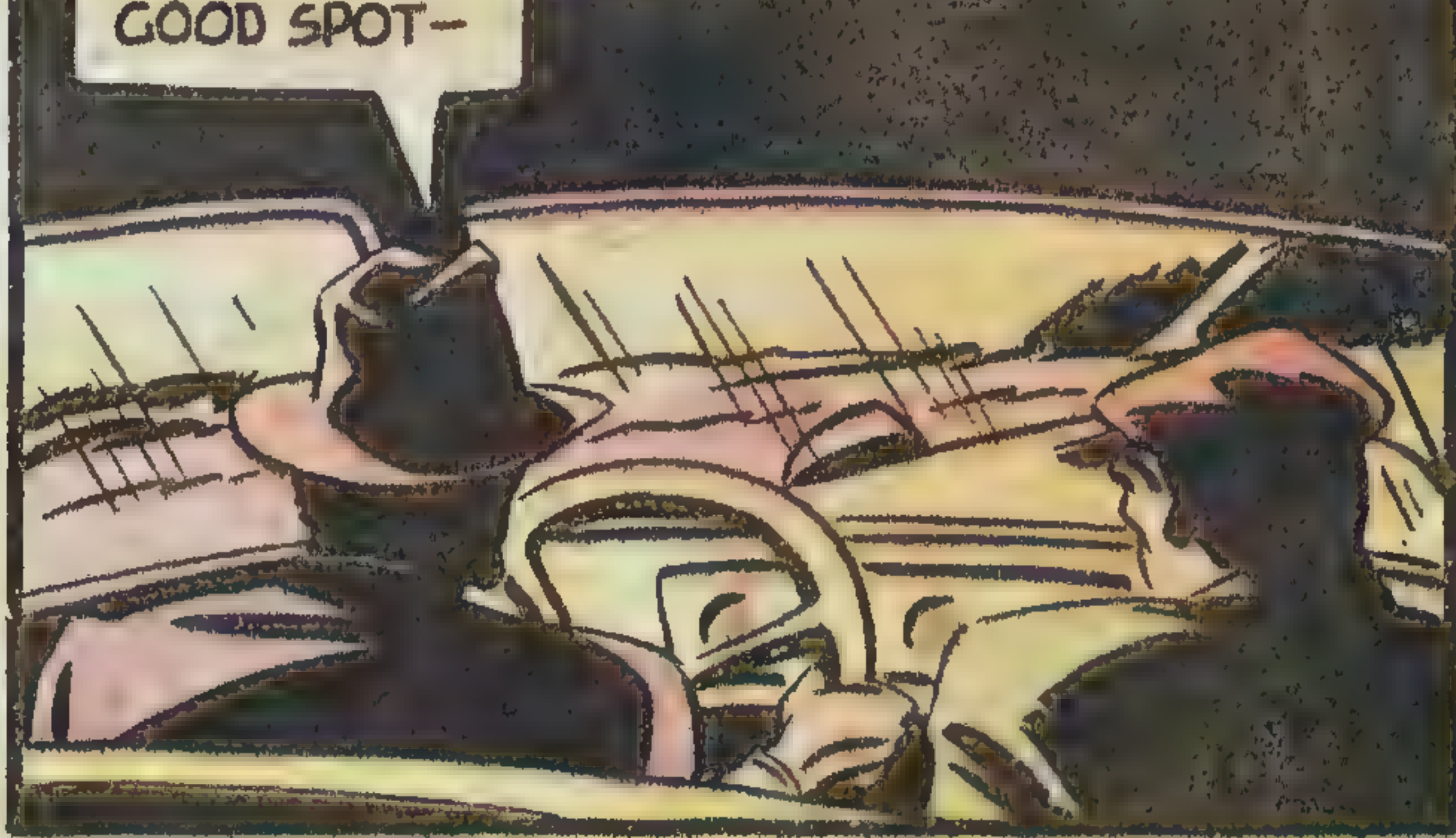
ABOUT ELEVEN THAT EVENING LARRY LEAVES TOWN— IT IS BEGINNING TO RAIN—



HOWEVER, SQUINTY AND DUTCH ARE AHEAD OF HIM, PLANNING HIS DESTRUCTION—



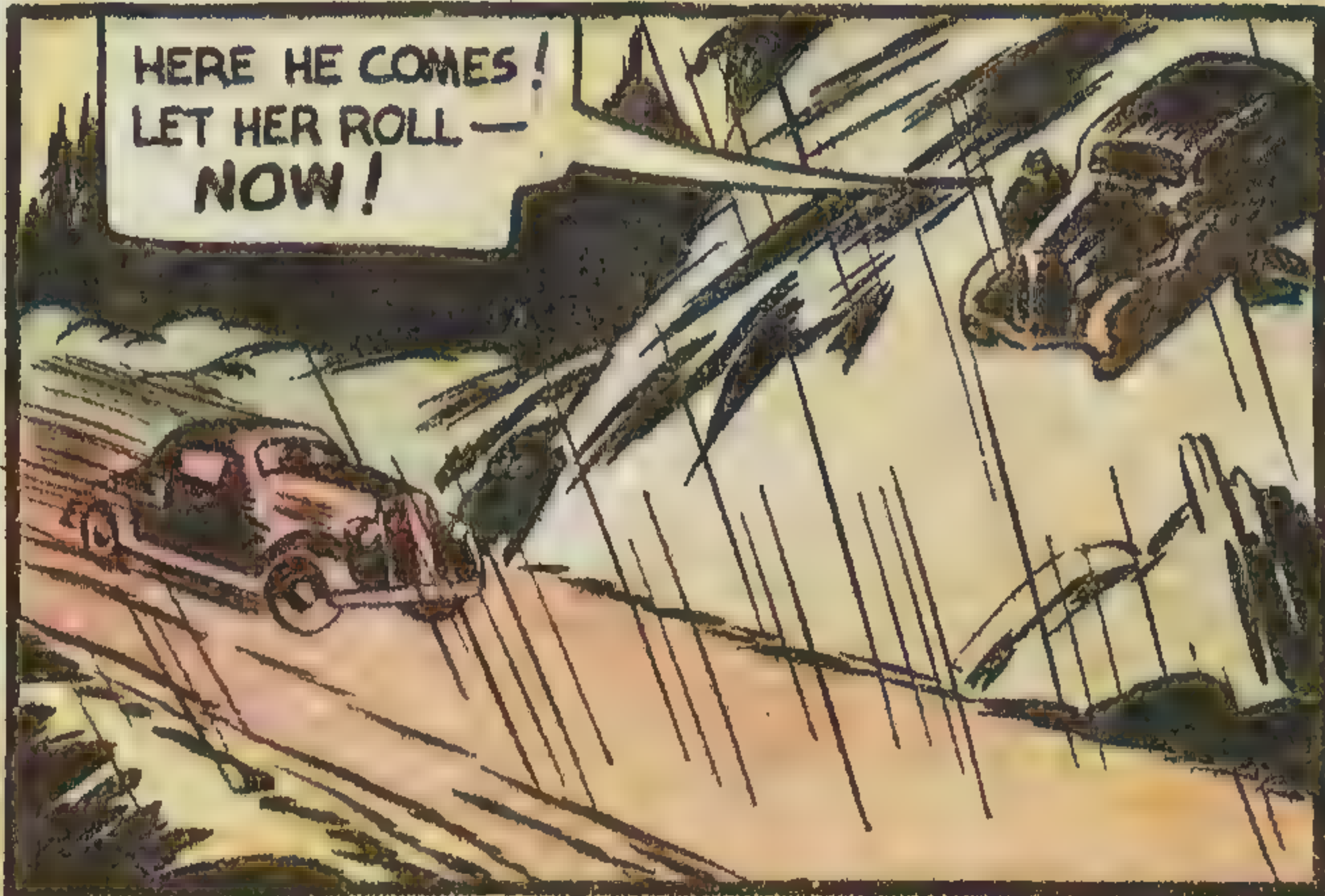
WE'LL STOP HERE—
THIS'LL BE A
GOOD SPOT—



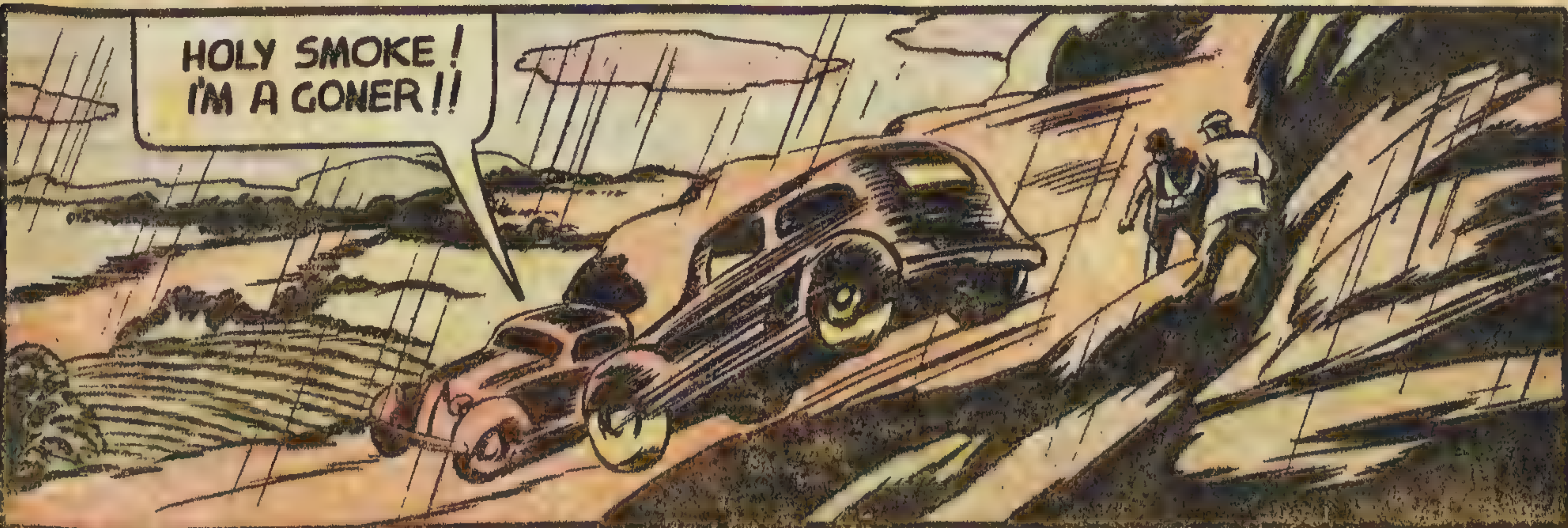
LARRY COMES ON AT BREAKNECK SPEED,
UNAWARE OF THE DANGER AHEAD OF HIM—



HERE HE COMES!
LET HER ROLL—
NOW!



HOLY SMOKE!
I'M A GONER!!



THE CARS
COLLIDE
WITH A
SICKENING
CRASH!

②



CRASH!

LARRY IS FLUNG WIDE OF THE WRECK — —



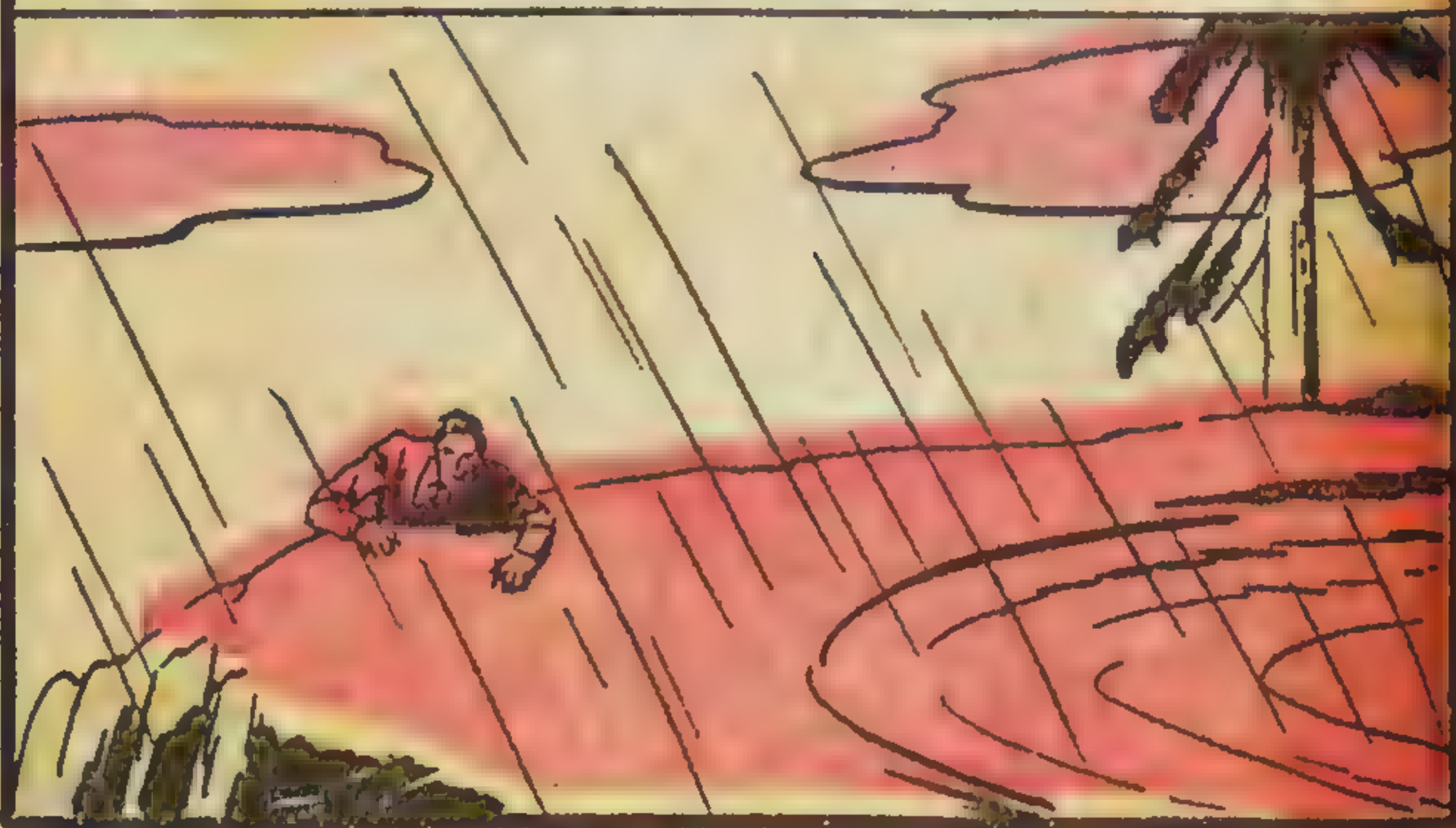
A PROTRUDING BRANCH ARRESTS HIS FALL —



THAT'S OVER WITH—
LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!



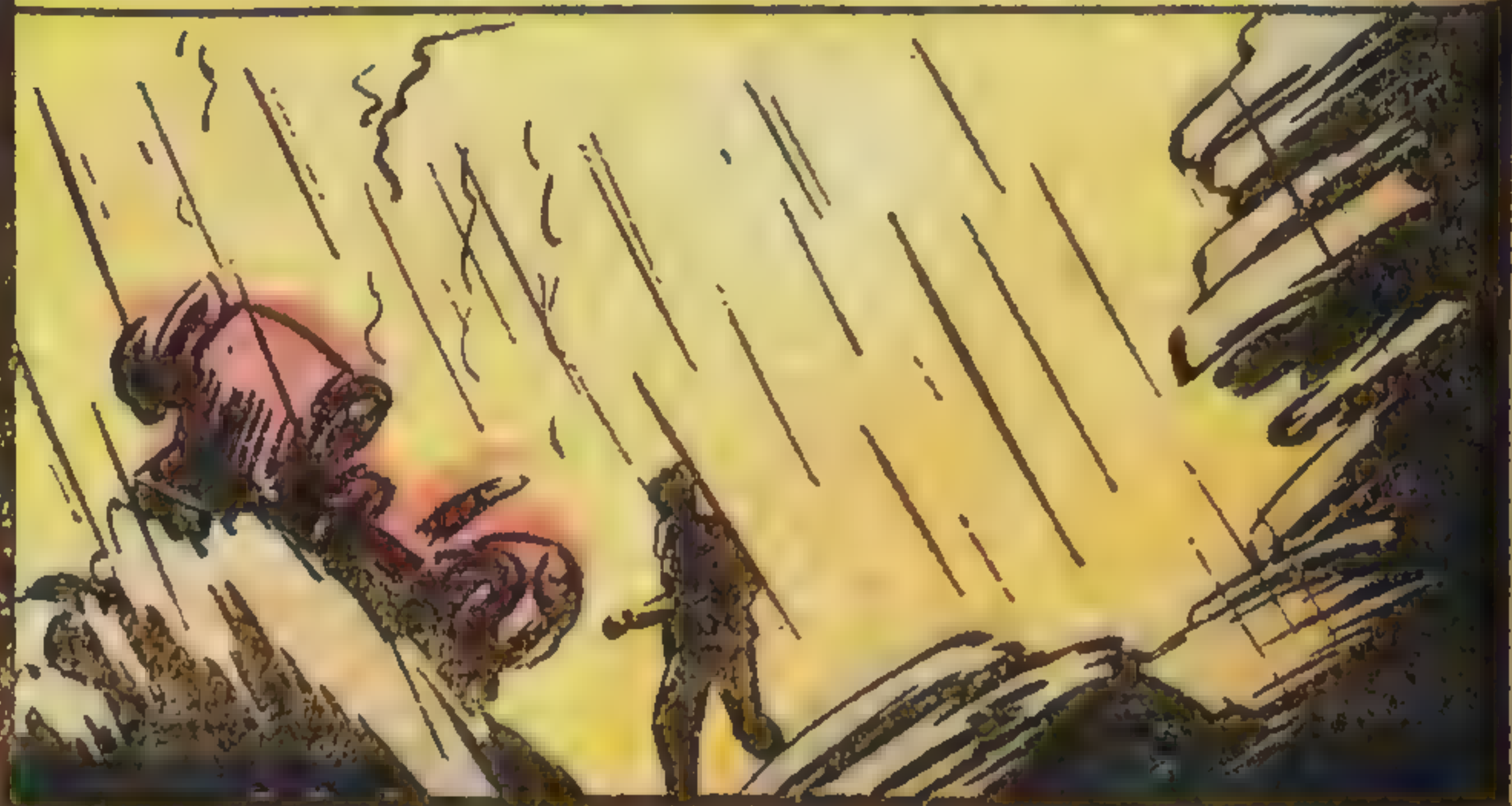
LARRY CLIMBS TO THE BRINK OF THE CLIFF
AFTER THE GANGSTERS HAVE DISAPPEARED—



I HEARD NO CAR—
THEY MUST HAVE
LEFT ON FOOT—
THE RAIN HAS
ERASED ALL SIGNS
OF FOOTPRINTS



LARRY DECIDES TO SEARCH THEIR CAR FOR
CLUES—HE REACHES THE WRECKAGE, AFTER
A ROUNDABOUT DESCENT—

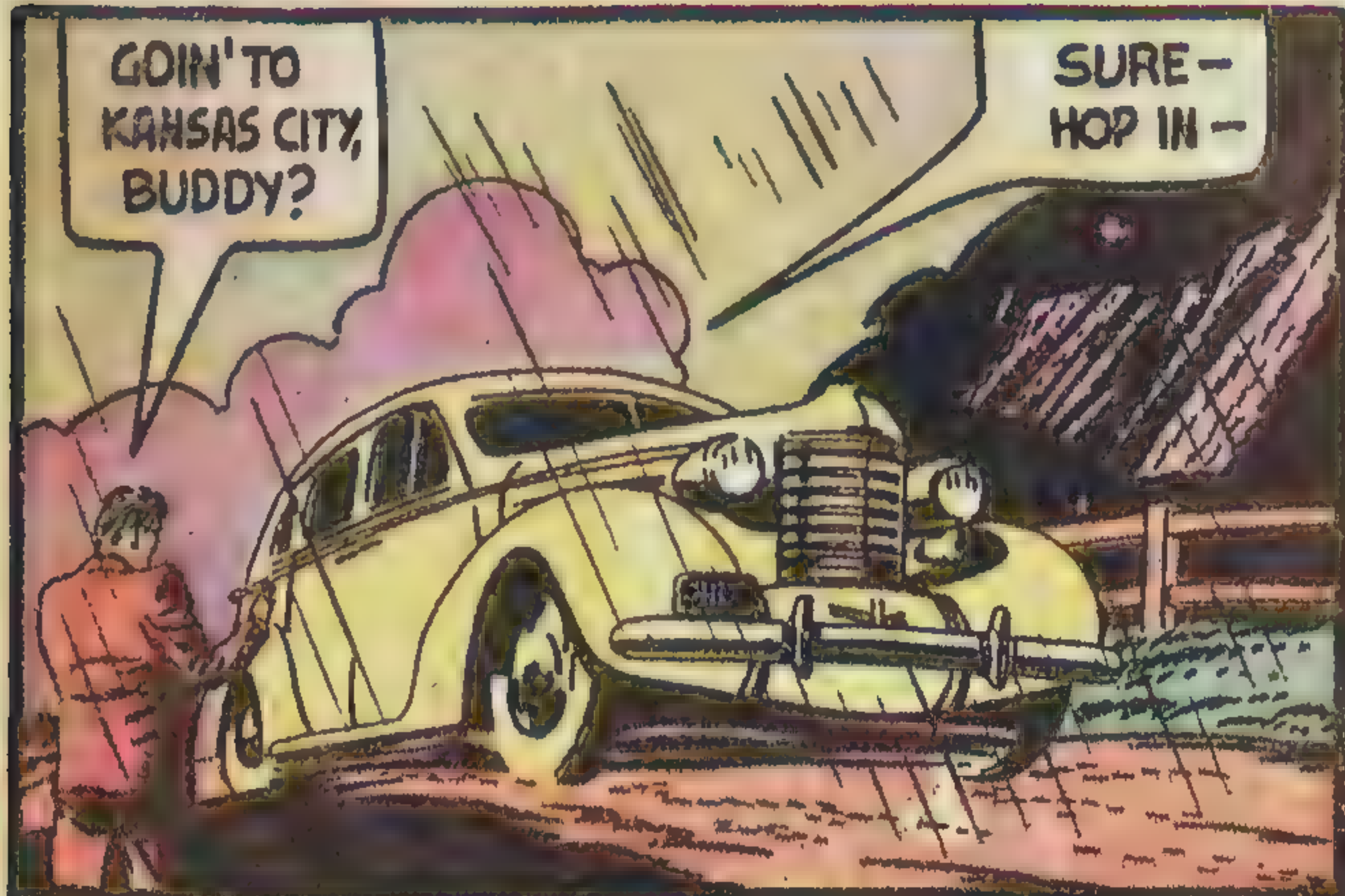




LUCKY FOR ME
I'M NOT STILL
IN THIS CAR!

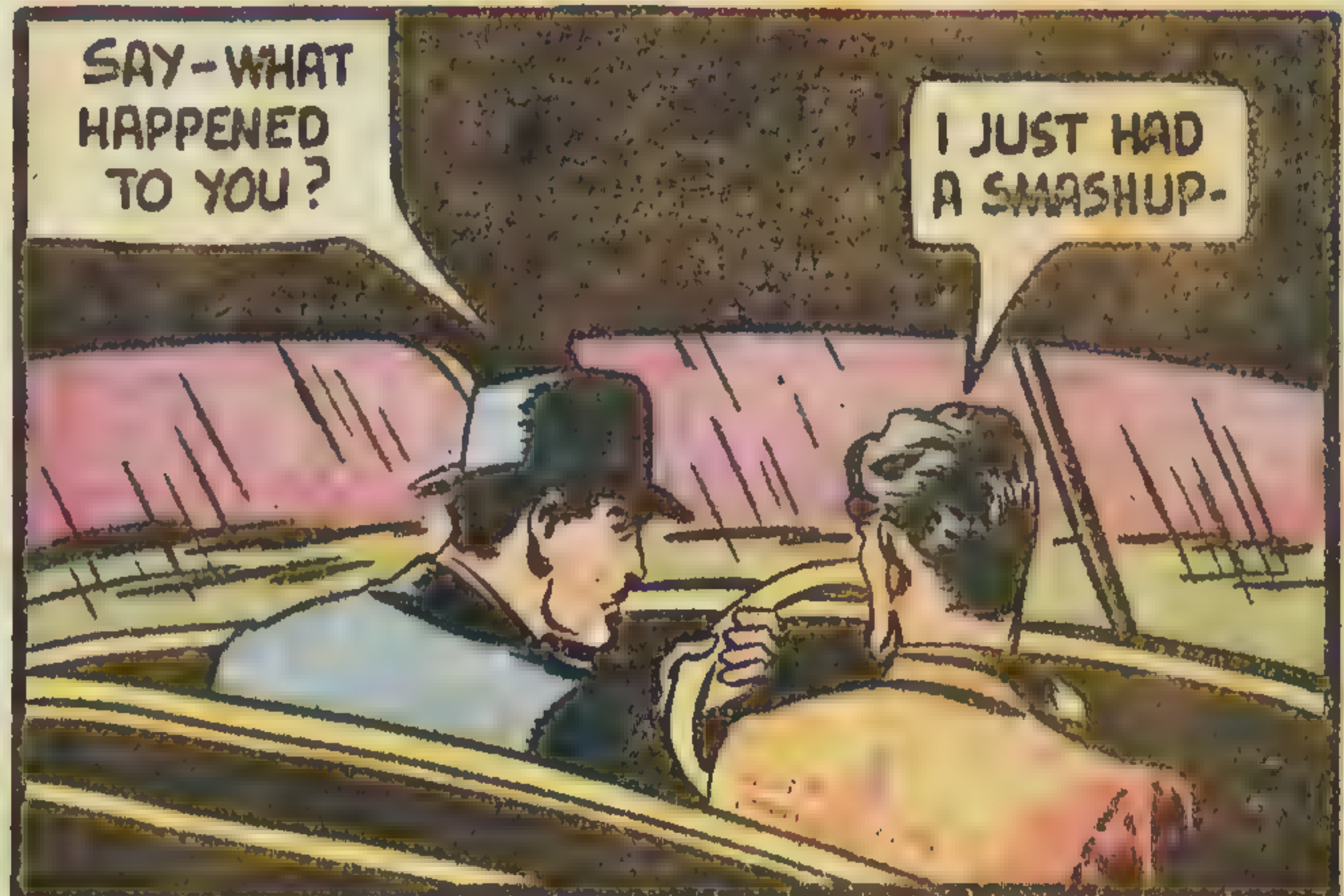


HMM - A WINE LIST FROM
"THE PURPLE DRAGON" -
IF I REMEMBER
CORRECTLY, THAT'S
A WATERFRONT
DIVE IN BROOKLYN -
IT MIGHT LEAD
TO SOMETHING -



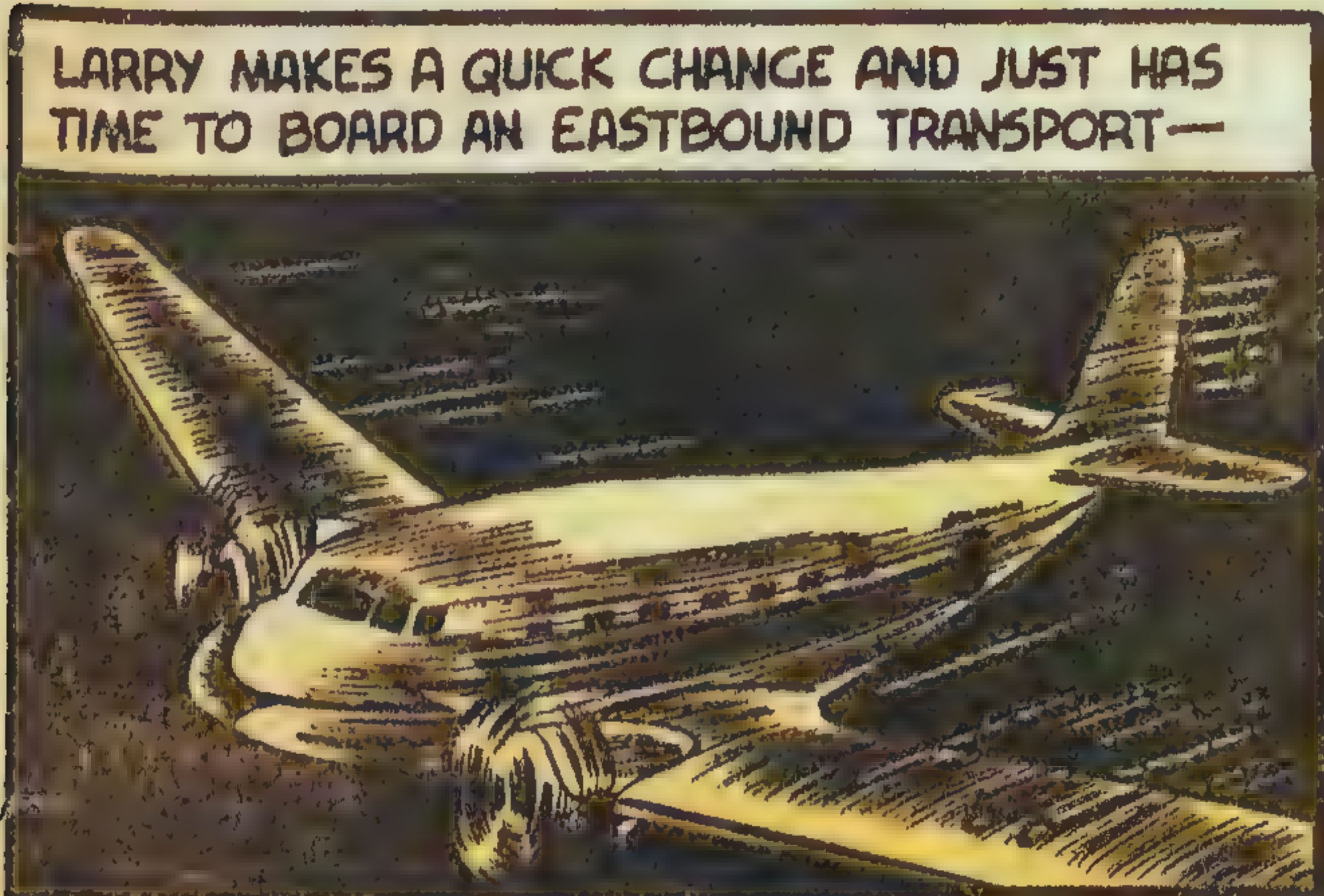
GOIN' TO
KANSAS CITY,
BUDDY?

SURE -
HOP IN -

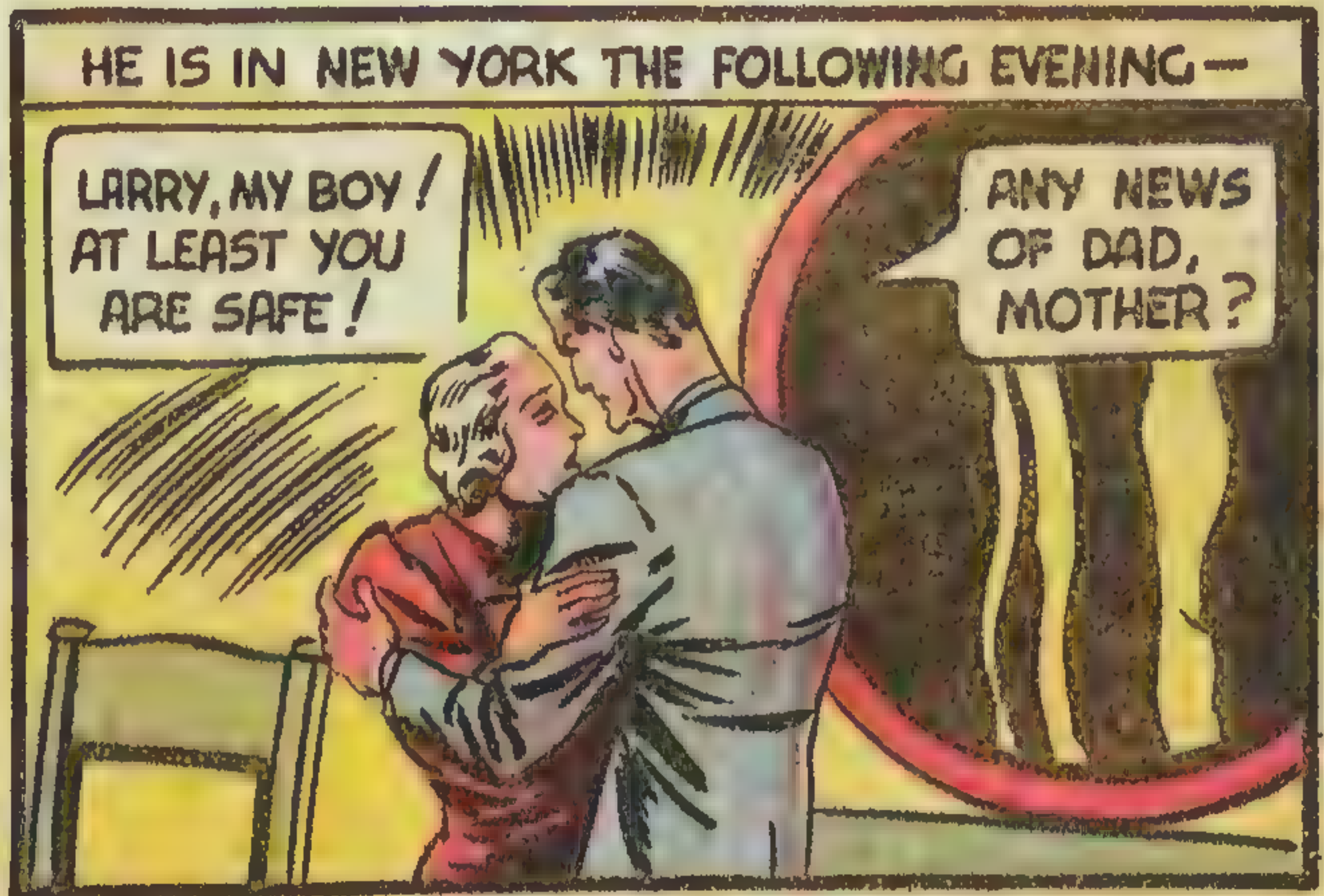


SAY - WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU?

I JUST HAD
A SMASHUP -



LARRY MAKES A QUICK CHANGE AND JUST HAS
TIME TO BOARD AN EASTBOUND TRANSPORT -



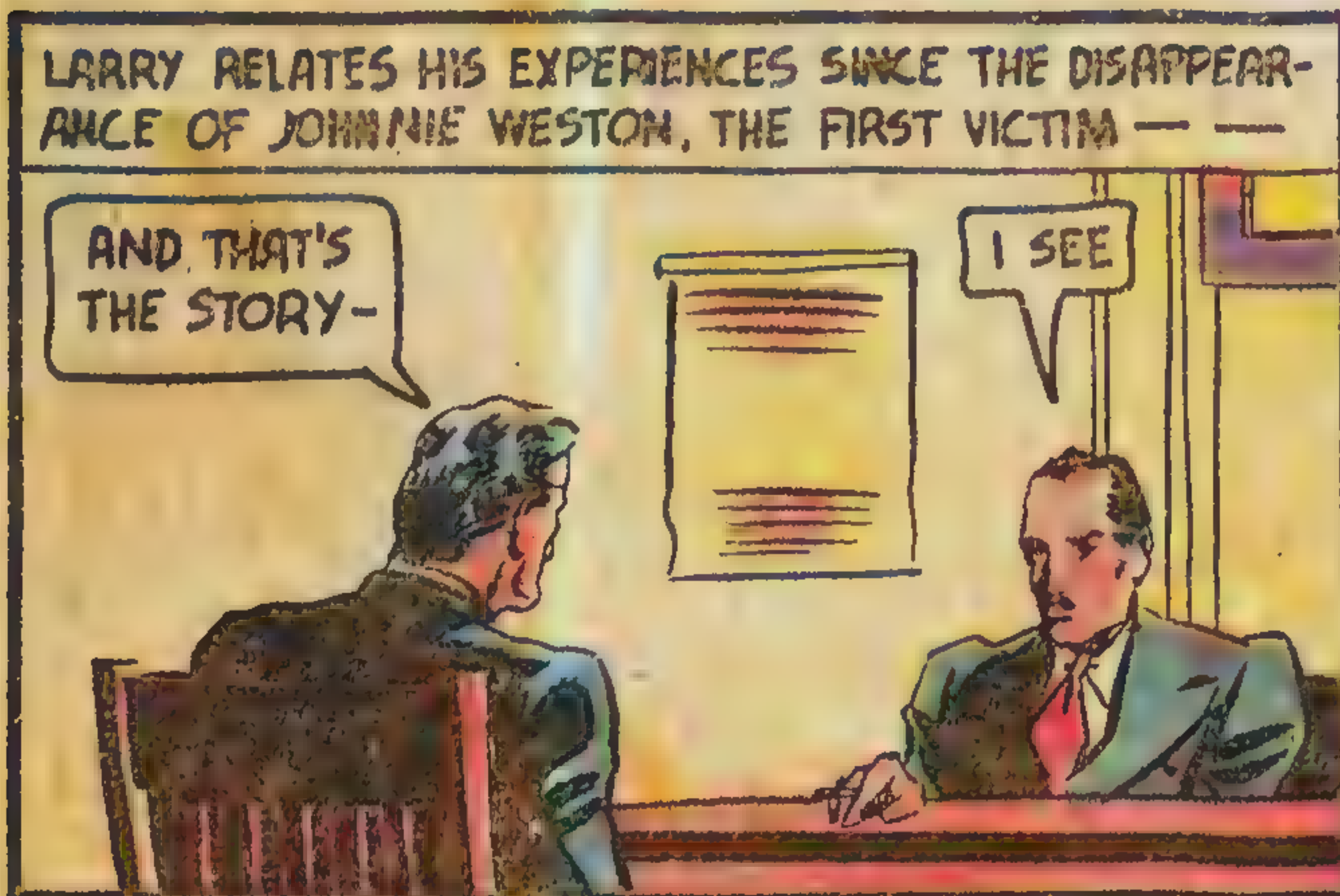
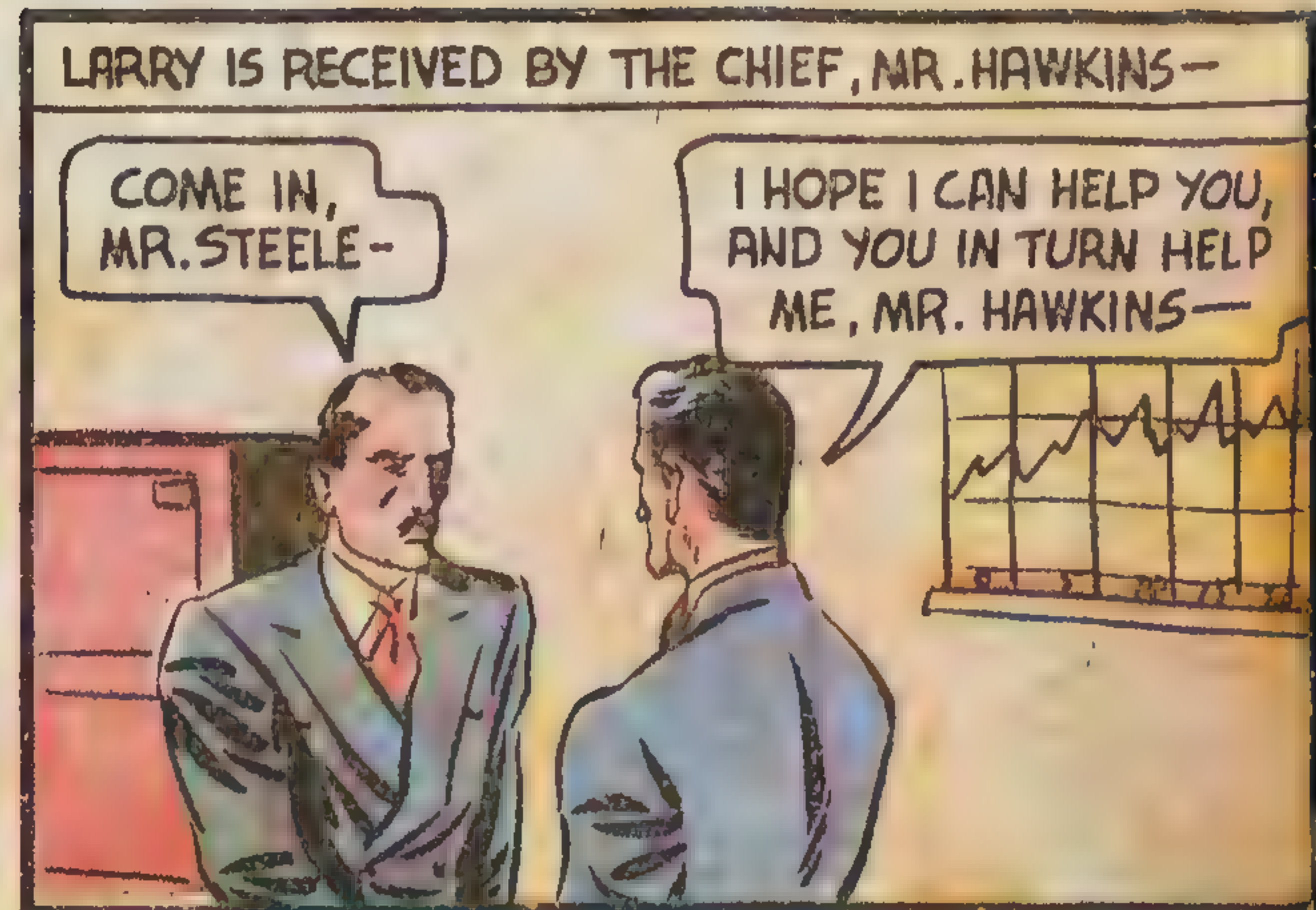
LARRY, MY BOY!
AT LEAST YOU
ARE SAFE!

ANY NEWS
OF DAD,
MOTHER?



NO, DEAR - THE FEDERAL
MEN HAVE BEGUN A
NATION-WIDE SEARCH
FOR HIM ALONG WITH
THE OTHERS, BUT IT
SEEMS THEY HAVE NO
CLUES TO WORK ON -

THERE'S SOMETHING
INCOMPREHENSIBLE
BEHIND ALL THIS!
WHY HAVEN'T THE
KIDNAPPERS ASKED
FOR RANSOM?





~ CONTINUED ~

SPEED SAUNDERS

AT THE



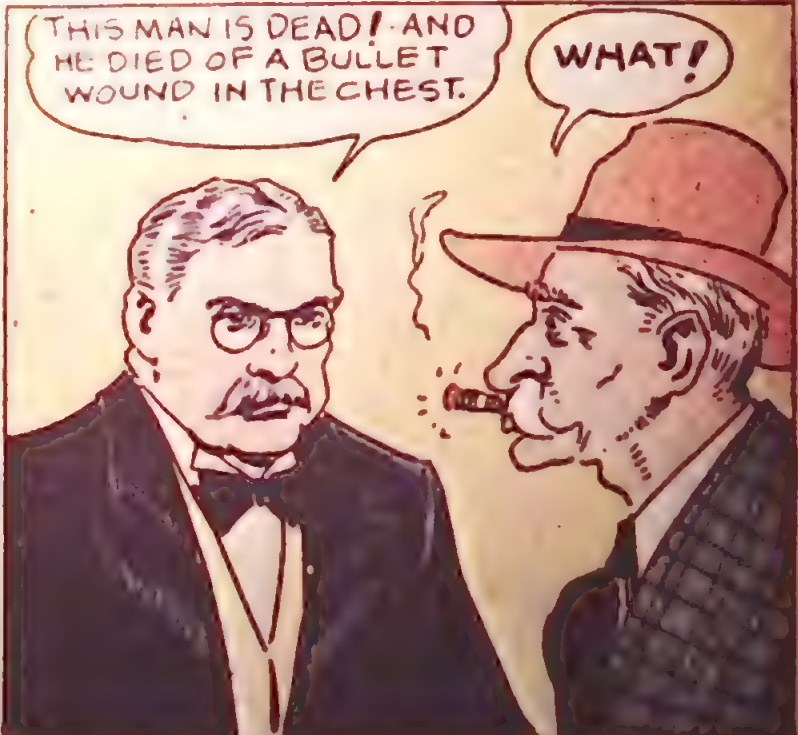
"TEX" DALLAS, CHAMPION BRONC
BUSTER, IS THRILLING THOUSANDS
AT AN EASTERN RODEO WITH A
SUPERB DISPLAY OF HORSEMANSHIP
WHEN HE SUDDENLY TUMBLES FROM
HIS SADDLE - AND LANDS IN AN
INERT HEAP ON THE TANBARK.



IS THERE
A DOCTOR IN
THE HOUSE?

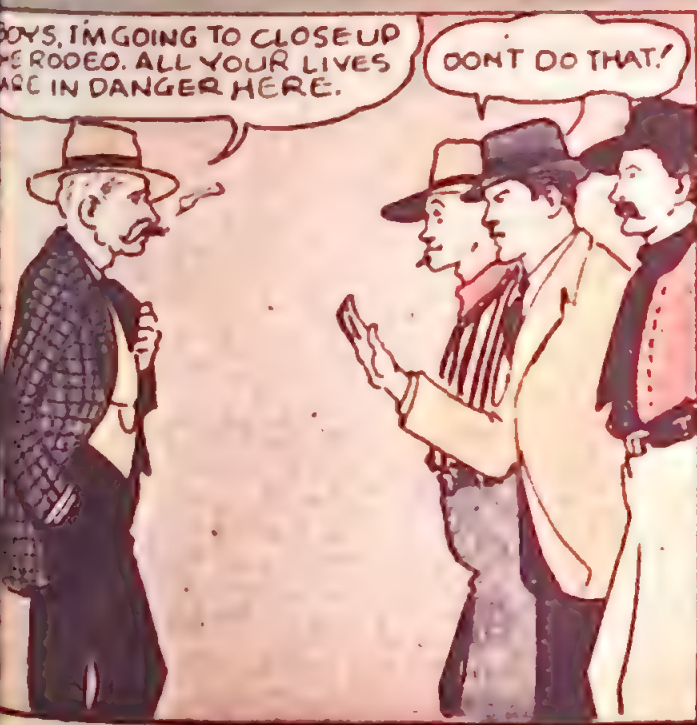


TEX DALLAS NEVER
FALLS OFF A BRONCO.
SOMETHING MUST
BE WRONG.



THIS MAN IS DEAD! AND
HE DIED OF A BULLET
WOUND IN THE CHEST.

WHAT!



BOYS, I'M GOING TO CLOSE UP
THE RODEO. ALL YOUR LIVES
ARE IN DANGER HERE.

DON'T DO THAT!

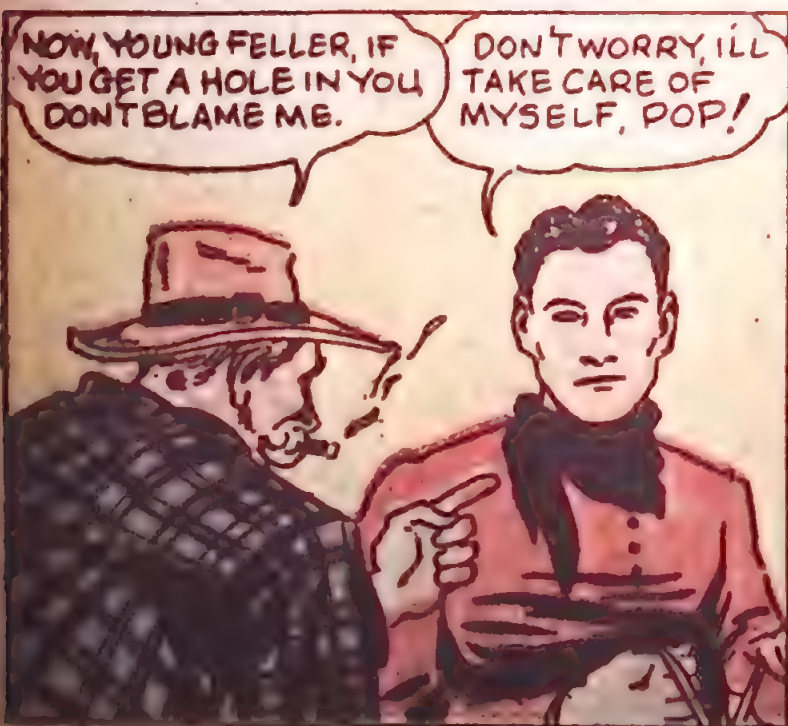


SUH, I RECKON
YOU CAINT TELL
ME WHAT TO DO!
WHO ARE YOU?

I AM SPEED SAUNDERS.
I WANT TO HELP YOU.
DON'T CLOSE THE RODEO
FOR THE BOY'S SAKE AN
I THINK I CAN FIND THE
KILLER.

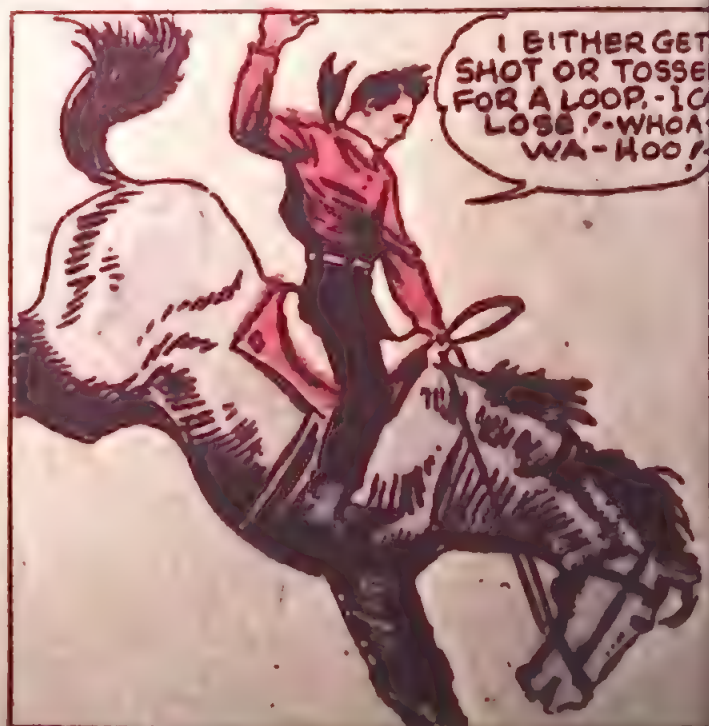


THE SHOW MUST GO ON! THE COWBOYS DO THEIR ACTS FACING POSSIBLE DEATH



NOW, YOUNG FELLER, IF YOU GET A HOLE IN YOU DONT BLAME ME.

DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE CARE OF MYSELF, POP!



I EITHER GET SHOT OR TOSSED FOR A LOOP. - I'LL LOSE. - WHOA - WA-HOO!

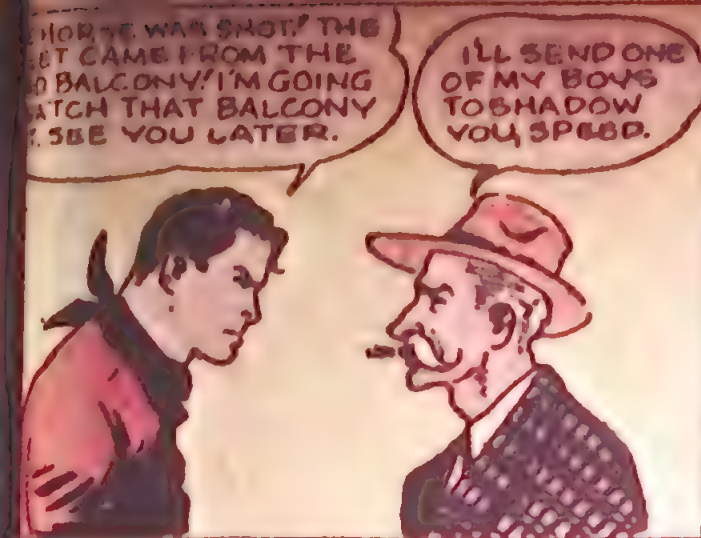


AS SPEED STRUGGLES TO STAY IN THE SADDLE A SHOT RINGS OUT!



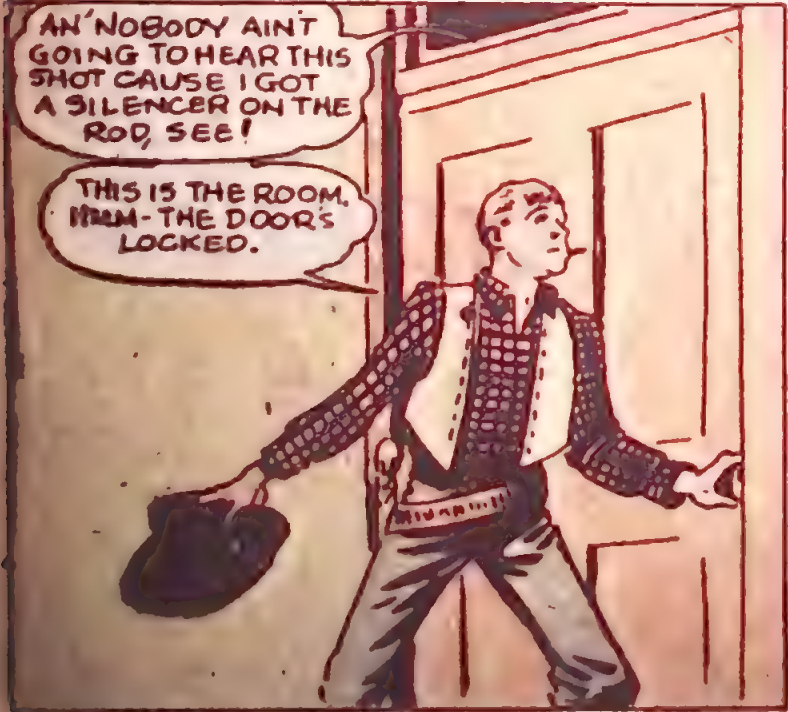
HERE GOES NOTHING!

SUDDENLY THE BRONCO STUMBLES, THROWING SPEED SAUNDERS TO THE TURF! - !!!



SPEED FOLLOWS HIS SUSPECT INTO THE CITY PARK THE MAN'S
NATIVE HASTE MAKES SPEED MORE CERTAIN OF HIS GUILT.





AS THE GUNMAN TURNS TO SHOOT THE COW-
BOY- SPEED GOES INTO ACTION!

AH-HERE'S A ROPE. CANT USE MY GUN- SO I'LL ROPE THE COYOTE, PRONTO!



UP, YOU GO! HOW'S THAT FOR GOING A STEER SPEED?

HEY!

GOOD WORK SHORTY!



O.K. SPORT!

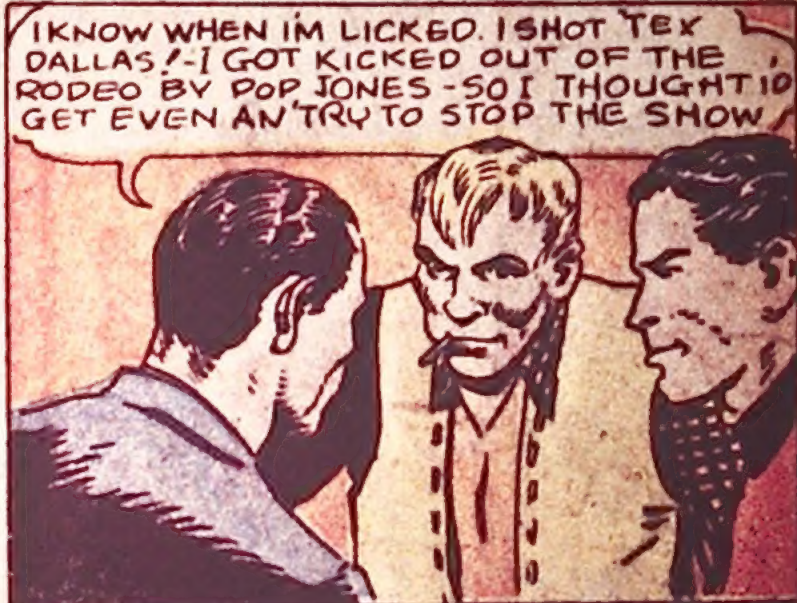
PLUG IN THAT ELETRIC IRON, SPEED AND WE'LL BRAND THIS HOMBRE!



OKAY-I'LL TALK I'LL TALK! - TAKE IT AWAY, IT'S HOT! YOU'LL BURN ME, YE-OW!



I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED. I SHOT TEX DALLAS! - I GOT KICKED OUT OF THE RODEO BY POP JONES - SO I THOUGHT I'D GET EVEN AN' TRY TO STOP THE SHOW!



-The End-

SILLY SLEUTHS

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE
CHEESE AND THE TRAP?

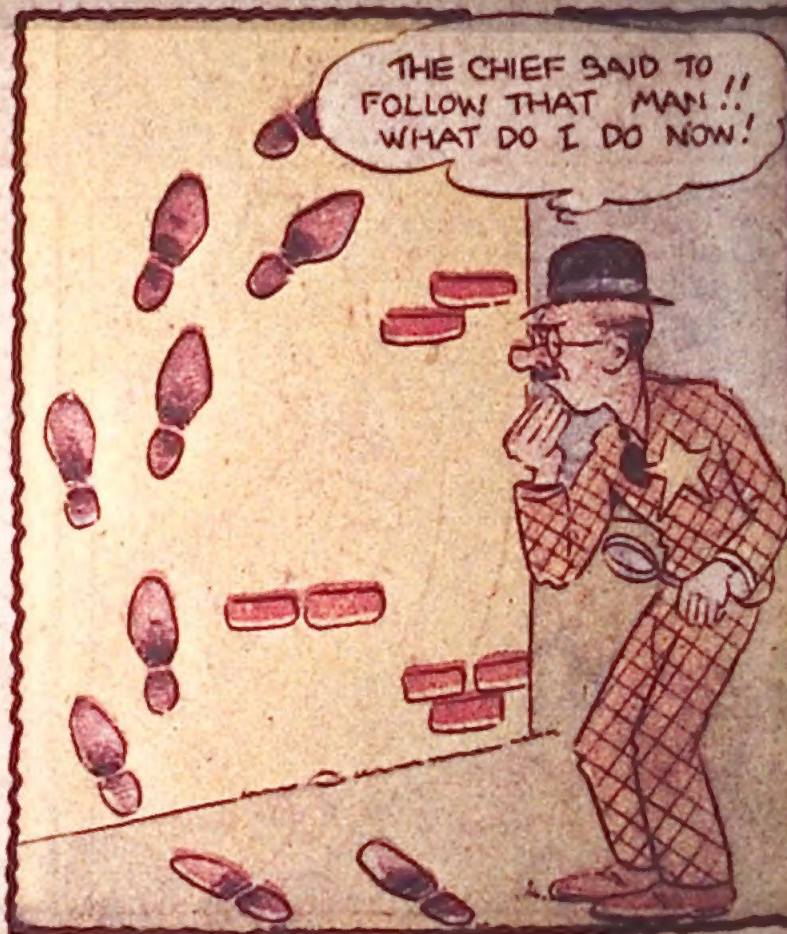
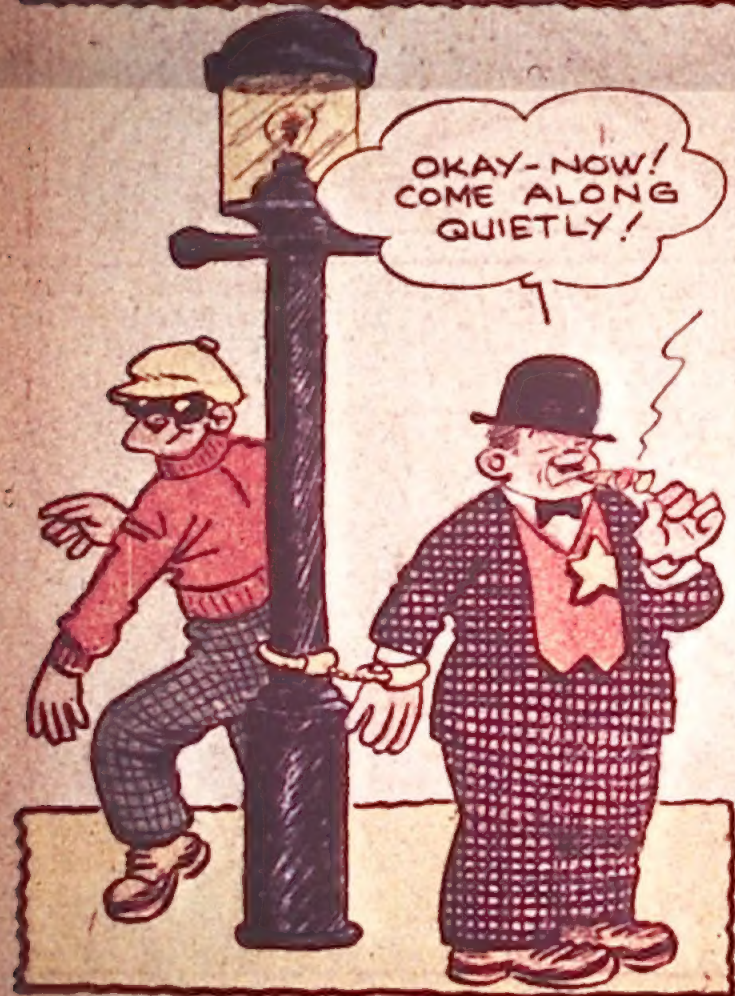
I'M OUT TO CATCH
GOE SPUMONI! THEY
SAY HE'S A
RAT!

I'M GETTING PRETTY
SICK OF YOU AND THAT
MAGNIFYING-GLASS —
SCHULTZ! THERE HASN'T
BEEN ANY GLASS IN IT
FOR TWENTY YEARS!



OKAY-NOW!
COME ALONG
QUIETLY!

THE CHIEF SAID TO
FOLLOW THAT MAN!!
WHAT DO I DO NOW!





NEXT MONTH

ALL YOUR FAVORITES WILL
BE BACK AGAIN IN FAST-
MOVING, HIGH-POWERED
ADVENTURES, JUST THE
SORT YOU ALWAYS FIND
IN EVERY ISSUE OF

DETECTIVE COMICS



